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THE NEW YORKER

KYRIDER
FlyI

Mary McCarthy
Esprit Customer and Floral Designer
Age: 31

I was first attracted to Esprit because of the photography and comfortable clothes. I have a strong sense of intuition and an outrageous side that has made me go to Greece on the spur of the moment. I enjoy designing and working with flowers and I think that beauty is something sensual and positive. Being a single parent is a survival trip, and as Jessica gets older the more fun it is.

Jessica McCarthy
Esprit Customer and 7th grader
Age: 11

I always look for Esprit ads in magazines because they're funny. I'm a neat kid most of the time, but when I'm not and my mom gets mad, I know she still loves me. I'm scared of swamps and nuclear war, but I like Marilyn Monroe. My boyfriend is in the middle of being shy and outrageous at the same time.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the sizable cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting two plays in alternating weekly repertory—**SAVAGE IN LIMBO:** The scene is a bar in the Bronx, and many of the rackety customers are in personal trouble of one sort or another. John Patrick Shanley's play is often funny, though seldom quite believable. The production, under Mark Linn-Baker's direction, is splendid; with Mary McDonnell, Deborah Hedwall, and Randle Mell, among others. (10/7/85) Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 16-18, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27. . . . **FILTHY RICH,** a play by George F. Walker: Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19-20, and Tuesday through Friday, Oct. 22-25. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 247-5361. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. With Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charles Repole. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Goodbye Freddy—A comedy by Elizabeth Diggs, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

The Iceman Cometh—An unexpectedly lifeless production of a play that is, in the best of circumstances, more notable for duration than content. With Jason Robards, Donald Moffat, and Barnard Hughes, and directed by José Quintero. (10/7/85) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two *old men who share a bench in Central Park is* given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Friday, Oct. 18, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 3:30 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3:30: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE GONDOLIERS.** . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3:30 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3:30: Rudolf Friml's **ROSE MARIE.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180.)

Long Time Since Yesterday—A revised versio the play by P. J. Gibson that was preser last winter at this theatre. (Henry St Settlement's New Federal Theatre, Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through S days at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and S days at 3.)

A Map of the World—An expatriate Inc novelist of more or less conservative vi confronts a young English journalist fro socialist publication at a conference on w poverty in Bombay. David Hare's p becomes muddled at times, but it is no dull, and the acting of the large cast is v good. Roshan Seth and Željko Ivanek splendid in the leading roles. Mr. Hare rected. (10/14/85) (Public, 425 Lafay St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mond at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays 3.)

The Marriage of Figaro—The Beaumarc comedy, translated and adapted by Rick Nelson, and starring Anthony Heald, D Ivey, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Christopher Reeve. The director is An Serban. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. wes Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through

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urdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Normal Heart—Joel Grey has now assumed the leading role in this interminable, insulting non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette Ave. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Once Is Never Enough—A sequel to R. A. Shiomi's beguiling parody-mystery, "Yellow Fever," this new thriller is bleak and ominous. The production by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Raul Aranas, is good in every way. Marc Hayashi and Lane Kiyomi Nishikawa collaborated with Mr. Shiomi on the script. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 2.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

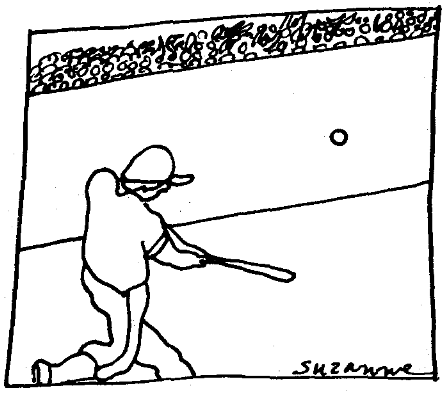
The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Short Change—Four undergraduates—3m., 1f.—who move into an apartment near their college are the characters in Geoffrey Gordon's sit-comedy. The performance lacks urgency, in spite of a number of entertaining lines and engaging, if sometimes inaudible, actors. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Solo Voyages—Robbie McCauley stars in this one-woman show, for which Joseph Chaikin has adapted and directed three monologues from three short plays by Adrienne Kennedy. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 7 and 9.)

Song and Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a *lot* and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are in vain—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh play, with Tammy Grimes, Carole Shelley, and Lee Richardson. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 16, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 10. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Yours, Anne—An asinine musical based on Anne Frank's diary. (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring Van Johnson and Walter Charles. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,600 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreo raphy by the late Gower Champion and a fe classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pa tiche of the Warner Brothers movie th made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SH OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 19 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, th exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free camp. The score is by Alan Menken, an Howard Ashman directed and wrote the bo and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed t menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Av at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 1 Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CA CUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that pu port to give us a refreshing view of sex and not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-230 Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Su days at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Mary Martin—Carol Channing, Bern dette Peters, Helen Hayes, Bob Hope, an Robert Preston will be among those honorin Miss Martin in a performance to benefit t Friends of the Theatre Collection at the M seum of the City of New York. (Shubert, 2 W. 44th St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7. For info mation about tickets, call 534-5794.)

New Amsterdam Theatre Company—Peggy Ca Mia Dillon, Patrice Munsel, and others in benefit program of songs and sketches fro various episodes of "George White's Sca dals." (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-282 Sunday, Oct. 20, at 4.)

New York Greek Drama Company—Presenti Euripides' "Medea," in Greek. (Triplex 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Thursday, O 17, at 8; Friday, Oct. 18, at 3 and 8; Satu day, Oct. 19, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the so parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pa son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-740 Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Frida and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Su days at 8:30.)

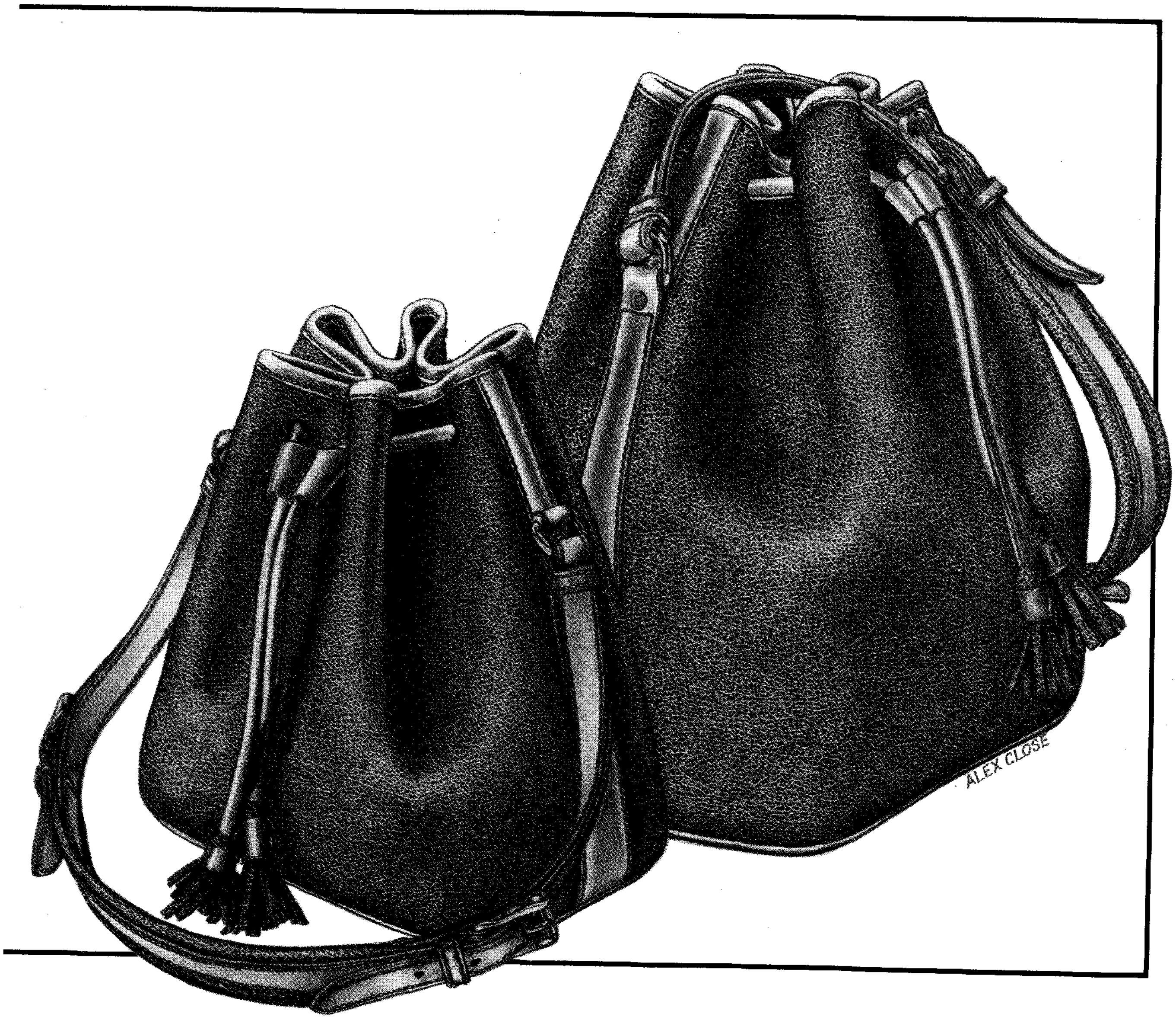
DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of an e gagement that will run through Sunday, No 10—Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30: "Suite Sai Saëns," "Forgotten Land" (New York pr mière), and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, O 23, at 8: "Reflections," "Arden Court," an "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thu day, Oct. 24, at 8: "Light Rain," "Forgott Land," and "Jamboree." . . . ¶ Friday, O 25, at 8: "Italian Suite," "Love Songs," an "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, 8: "Dream Dances," "Arden Court," an "Offenbach in the Underworld." (City Cent 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday ev nings, Oct. 16-17, and Friday and Saturd evenings, Oct. 25-26: "Against the Sky" an two premières—"Aurora I" and "Aurora II . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18, and Sund matinée, Oct. 20: "The Grand Canon," "I promptu," "Adieu," and "Les Noces." . ¶ Saturday and Sunday evenings, Oct. 19-2 and Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "The Env lope," "Caught," "Medium:Rare," "Retu to Maria La Baja" (company première), an "Intermezzo No. 1." . . . ¶ Tuesday evenin Oct. 22, and Thursday evening, Oct. 24: " Footstep of Air," "Impromptu," "At Mi night," and "The Jig Is Up." (Joyce Theat 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tue days through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Su day, Nov. 3.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dance singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Th atre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:3 Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

Houston Ballet—Final performances of the e



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gagement—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, at 8: "Symphony in D," "Beads of Memory," and "Daphnis and Chloe." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3: "Peer Gynt." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

JANE COMFORT—With her dance company, in a new full-length work, "T.V. Love." (Danspace at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 17-20, at 8:30. For tickets, call 674-8112.)

SLASK—A Polish folk troupe of a hundred singers, dancers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Monday, Oct. 21, at 3 and 8.)

KRISHNATTAM—A program of South Indian dance dramas. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8. 288-6400, Ext. 253. A half hour before the dance program, the audience is invited to the ritualistic preparations of costuming.)

LILLO WAY DANCE COMPANY—"Canterbury," "Night Dances," and "No Occasion." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

NANETTE BEARDEN CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE—In three programs. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 24, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderful, convincing singer and a worldly-wise or vulnerable (whichever is called for) interpreter, concentrates on the music of the Gershwins right now. She performs in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, **JAKI BYARD,** the back-to-basics-yet-out-there piano professor, and his trio; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, **JIM MC NEELY'S** trio; Sunday, Oct. 20, Howard Hernstadt; Monday, Oct. 21, the Mark Barash trio; Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Bryan Welles duo; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23-24, pianist **FRED HERSCH** and a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, the John Vitale quartet. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. **CARMEN MC RAE** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 20; on Monday, Oct. 21, pianist **MIKE ABENE** will head up a combo; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 22, alto saxophonists **RICHIE COLE** and **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will perform together with a rhythm section. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 16, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (known to the rock world as David Johansen) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Thursday, Oct. 17, **DO'A WORLD MUSIC ENSEMBLE** and violinist Didier Lockwood; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, **NRBQ** and Loup Gurou; Monday, Oct. 21, Warren Zevon; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 22-23, the harmonizing **ROCHE SISTERS;** Thursday, Oct. 24, **MAYNARD FERGUSON** (whose high-pitched trumpet solos may make you ask, "Is it Memorex or is it Maynard?") and his big band; Friday, Oct. 25, Cousin Brucie and Ronnie Spector; and Saturday, Oct. 26, blues-folk-reggae-ologist **TAJ MAHAL.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** is here with bassist **WALTER BOOKER** through Saturday, Oct. 19, and on Monday, Oct. 21, **JIM MC NEELY** and **STEVE LA SPINA** will take over the piano-bass chores. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is an elegant little room. It's where **BOBBY SHORT** has come home to perform for a while, and where tuxedos are worn by some of the patrons as well as by Mr. Short, his bassist **(BEVERLY PEER),** his drummer **(ROBBIE SCOTT),** and the headwaiter. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is back in the Bemelmans Bar at the piano, soloing and singing, from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

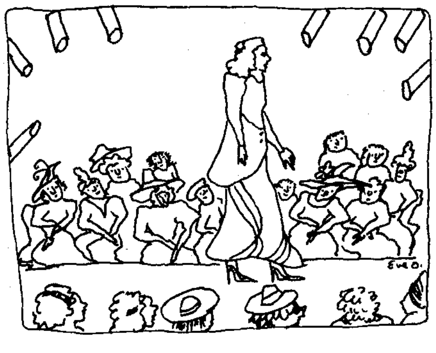
CHINESE TEA ROOM, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be heard again, here in the Carnegie Hall–Hard Rock Café district, playing his pretty, delicate piano solos nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Noel Pointer, a rhapsodic, electronic violinist, performs with his band through Sunday, Oct. 20, and on Tuesday, Oct. 22, bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with his quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Thursday, Oct. 17, David Massengill; Friday, Oct. 18, **CHRISTINE LAVIN** and John Gorka; Saturday, Oct. 19, Jim Dawson; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 20-21, **CRIS WILLIAMSON** and Tret Fure; Tuesday, Oct. 22, Joan Madden; Wednesday, Oct. 23, **MOJO NIXON** (a wild and flaky rock-and-roller whose mom probably didn't name him Mojo), the Windbreakers, and the Wygals; Friday, Oct. 25, singer **MIMI FARIÑA.** Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran and John Arbo; Sundays, Leslie Pintchik and Scott Hardy play duets; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that features Johnny Varro at the dining-room grand through Saturday, Oct. 19; starting Tuesd Oct. 22, the wonderful **JAKI BYARD** will ta over the keyboard. Sundays are claimed pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thu days from eight-thirty, and Fridays and S urdays from nine.



KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in piano-bass district. Right now, through S urday, Oct. 19, there are two pianists—**E** **MAYS** and **FRED HERSCH**—and two pianos. Sta ing Tuesday, Oct. 22, pianist **MIKE ABENE** v be on hand with bassist Russell George. M sic from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (2 1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hang for expatriate Texans and French touris where they celebrate Texas Independen Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday a Thursday, Oct. 16-17, reggae-ists **JIMMY RI** **& THE WAILERS;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 1 19, Pure Prairie League; Sunday, Oct. drummer **STEVE GADD'S GADD GANG;** Monday a Tuesday, Oct. 21-22, Chicago-blues m sicians **LONNIE BROOKS, LUTHER (GUITAR JUNI** **JOHNSON,** and **PAUL BUTTERFIELD;** Wednesday, O 23, **ALBERT KING** and **JOHNNY COPELAND;** Thursd Oct. 24, Gary Puckett & the Union Gap; a Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, **COMMAN** **CODY.** Music after nine nightly. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**K** **BALLARD** sings with support from singer-pian **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** as they both pay tribute to l icist E. Y. (Yip) Harburg Tuesdays throu Saturdays at *nine-thirty and eleven-thir* On Monday nights from nine-thirty to m night, Woody Allen is likely to show up play celebrity clarinet with a New Orlea style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (8 8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-bl haunt. Wednesday, Oct. 16, Ellen Germai & Francesco Ceneno; Thursday, Oct. Jimmy Landers; Friday and Saturday, O 18-19, drummer **STEVE GADD** and his rhyth and-blues group, which usually inclu pianist **RICHARD TEE** and guitarist **CORN** **DUPREE;** Monday, Oct. 21, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesd Oct. 22, Rhythmotion; Thursday, Oct. percussionist **RAY MANTILLA;** and Friday and S urday, Oct. 25-26, pianist **MC COY TYNER** a his trio. Music from about ten until two. Di ing.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fan (but the appropriate dress is black sneak rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, co plete with eighties video, that presents pa *present, future, past-perfect, present-perf* future-perfect, and imperfect forms of ro and roll. Thursday, Oct. 17, fifties guitar **DUANE EDDY** and the **RAYBEATS;** Friday, Oct. 1 the great New Orleans R. & B. singer a pianist **FATS DOMINO;** Saturday, Oct. 19, **N** **LOWE;** and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-2 L. A. rockabillyists the **BLASTERS.** Shows beg at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, f sion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 1 Marc Wagnon's Shadow Lines; Thursd *through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, the* **BOB MINTZ** band; Sunday, Oct. 20, Mike Gerber; Tue day, Oct. 22, Sheryl Zacharia; Wednesda Oct. 23, Southern Exposure; Thursday, O 24, Duda Band; and Friday and Saturda Oct. 25-26, guitarist **HIRAM BULLOCK,** bassi **JACO PASTORIUS,** and drummer **VICTOR LEW** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** o chestra. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houst St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind authentic Brazilian (and African and sal and reggae) exuberance that makes it fe like *carnaval* every weekend (and during t week isn't exactly dullsville, either). The m sic: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-1 reggae, with **BURNING SPEAR;** Friday, Oct. 1 **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Saturday, Oct. 19, **PE-DE-B** Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 22-2 singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Friday, Oct. 25, Tab Combo; and Saturday, Oct. 26, **MIKATA.** Mus from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mo days.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Sou

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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African pianist and composer **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** guides his band, **EKAYA (CARLOS WARD, RICKY FORD, CHARLES DAVIS, DICK GRIFFIN, CECIL MC BEE,** and **BEN RILEY),** through his lovely, rhythmic, and mesmerizing tunes until Sunday, Oct. 20. On Wednesday, Oct. 23, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** will arrive from New Orleans with their inviting repertoire of Ellington, Monk, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael). Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—Your simple basic bar-and-backroom blues-and-rock haunt, even though the canopy reads "Irish." The lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 16, Kahn & White; Thursday, Oct. 17, Cakewalk, with Joe Bidewell; both Fridays and Saturdays (Oct. 18-19 and 25-26), Big Jay Mc Neely; Sunday, Oct. 20, Nearly Missed and Desolation Angels; Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Bullies; Wednesday, Oct. 23, Firesign; and Thursday, Oct. 24, Kristie Rose. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Oct. 21, **TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE, BOBBY RODRIQUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and **LIONEL HAMPTON,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, percussionist **MTUME** will head his band. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **KENNY BARRON** and **BUSTER WILLIAMS** work together until Sunday, Oct. 20; on Tuesday, Oct. 22, **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer-pianist, will move in. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** and saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 20; on Tuesday, Oct. 22, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will descend the stairs with his quintet. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A fixture for years on upper Broadway where Columbia University students go to ponder the meaning of life. The swing-music, bebop, and funk schedule: Don Leight & his Masters of Swing through Sunday, Oct. 20, and starting Wednesday, Oct. 23, Harlem's own **PAZANT BROTHERS.** Mondays belong to Bill Spilka & the Rowdy Rooters, and Tuesdays, to Percy France. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek piano-bass (and, sometimes, guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. Pianist Pete Maliverni and bassist Calvin Hill perform through Saturday, Oct. 19. On Sundays and for the week beginning Tuesday, Oct. 22, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will be on hand, playing their cheerful brand of chamber music—a mix of classical, jazz, and rock. Mondays belong to Brian Torff and Jim Roberts. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SUPERTRAMP—With the Motels. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

PURNA DAS BAUL—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.

JON HENDRICKS AND ROGER KELLAWAY—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

BOBBY WOMACK and **THE MANHATTANS**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8 and midnight.

JOE CHAMBERS AND NY PRIME—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.

EXPRESSIONS '85—Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: Willie Colon, Afrika Bambaataa, and Tabou Combo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: Judy Mowatt, Tania Maria, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

MICHAEL FRANKS—With Paquito D'Rivera. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

CLANCY BROTHERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.

ZORAIDA SANTIAGO—With Pablo Nieves. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

JAY MCSHANN BIG BAND—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8 and 10.

AIR SUPPLY—Radio City Music Hall. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8.

KNITTERS and **THE LAST ROUNDUP**—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 9.

STEEL PULSE—With Yellowman. (Radio City Music Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 7:30.)

RONNIE GILBERT—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.

LEROY JENKINS—Great Hall, Cooper Union. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.

EAST COAST ASIAN/ASIAN-AMERICAN JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: Haruko Nara, Sumi Tonooka, Kuni Mikami, the Bob Kenmotsu quartet, and Jason Hwang & Glass Shadows. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: The Jon Jang trio, the Kiyoto Fujiwara quintet, and Fred Houn & the Asian-American Art Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 7:30: Eiko Ono and Satoshi Inouye, Jason Hwang, the East of the Sun Orchestra, and others. (Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

RUBÉN BLADES—With the Kip Hanrahan band and Jack Bruce. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

RAPHAEL—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.

I GIULLARI DI PIAZZA—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

NICOL ALLAN—Sumi-and-sepia-ink drawings, plus collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

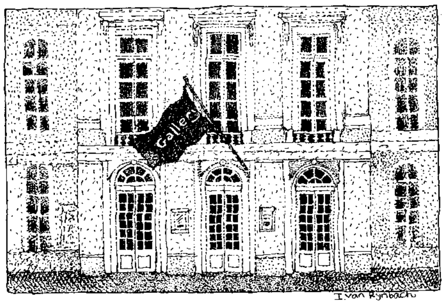
TADASHI ASOMA—Recent landscape and figure paintings. Through Nov. 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE / LYONEL FEININGER (1871-1956)—Abstract steel and bronze sculptures, some with brown and green patinas. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. / Oil paintings recently recovered from East Germany and dating from the years when the artist worked in Germany. Through Nov. 20. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

ALICE DALTON BROWN—Realist paintings of Greek Revival porches and other features of Victorian-era homes. Through Oct. 30. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Monumental ceramic abstractions based on the figure. Through Oct. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

HEIDE FASNACHT—Irregularly shaped wall sculptures made from unfinished wood. Throug Nov. 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 81st St.)



ADOLPH GOTTLIEB (1903-74)—*Fourteen paintin* that, as a group, just about summarize h career. Through Oct. 31. (Knoedler, 19 70th St.)

ASGER JORN (1914-73)—Paintings by a Dani Cobra artist. Through Nov. 16. (Lefebre, E. 77th St.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Large Expressionist paintin and a pastel series. Through Nov. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALUN LEACH-JONES / GILAD OPHIR—Abstra geometric paintings and drawings. / Expe imental photographs of light and tree Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Urdang, 23 74th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—A new set of abstract painting Through Nov. 16. (Gimpel, 1040 Madis Ave., at 79th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Aquatints, linoleu cuts, and etchings. Through Oct. 30. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

LIUBOV POPOVA (1889-1924)—Works on pap and two oils by an artist who was a memb *of the Russian avant-garde in the twenti* Through Nov. 2. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79 St.)

ROBERT QUIJADA—Collage-constructions. Throug Saturday, Oct. 26. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

LUCY SALLICK—Paintings of Reid State Park Maine. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Einstei 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOAN SNYDER—Eighteen paintings in mix mediums. Through Oct. 30. (Hirschl & Adl Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

RAPHAEL SOYER—Figures painted in his studio a veteran realist now in his eighties. Throug Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79 St.)

ROBIN WINTERS—A group of a hundred and fi figure drawings is titled "Metropolitan A quaintances," and a group of ninety-ni such drawings laid on the Hoffeld galle floor and covered with a sheet of Plexiglas titled "Death Draws." Through Saturda Oct. 26. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., 79th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings and works on paper artists who gathered at Mabel Dodge's sal in New York between 1913 and 1917— Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Ma Weber, and others. Through Nov. 2. (Mathe 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

BEN BERNS—Landscapes of North Carolin Through Nov. 2. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 57th St. Open Mondays.)

FRED BRATHWAITE—Cartoonlike figures applied canvas with spray paint and brushed- paint. Through Nov. 2. (Holly Solomon, 72 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—Two shows of sculpture Silvery, angel-like steel figures, plus relate ink drawings. Through Tuesday, Oct. 22. (D Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Iridescent stai less-steel shapes approximating draper folds. Through Nov. 9. (Bromm, 90 We Broadway, at Chambers St.)

ROY DE FOREST—Paintings, drawings, and a co struction. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

JOELLYN DUESBERRY—Among the paintings this pleinairist are views of the cornfield near her home in Millbrook, New Yor Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Tatistcheff, 5 W. 57th St.)

NORRIS EMBRY (1921-81)—Expressionist work in mixed mediums, most on loan from museums and private collections. Through No 2. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

OMAR GALLIANI—Large allegorical painting and drawings (Prometheus, for instanc done in dark tones by an Italian artis Through Friday, Oct. 25. (Herstand, 24 W 57th St.)

***ALBERTO GIACOMETTI** (1901-66)—Painting* sculptures, and drawings, eighty-three work in all. Through Nov. 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57t St. Open Mondays.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Abstract and landscap

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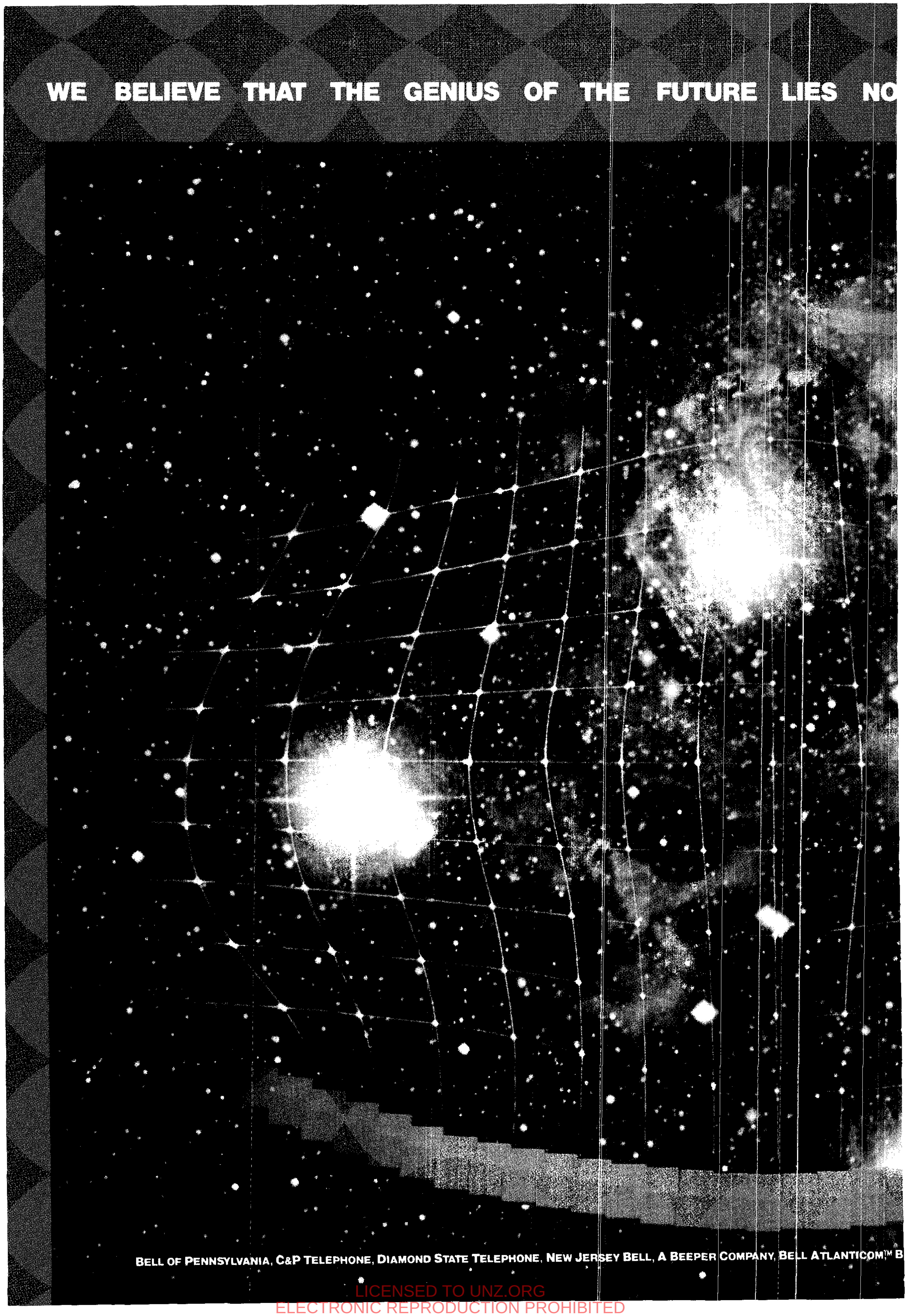
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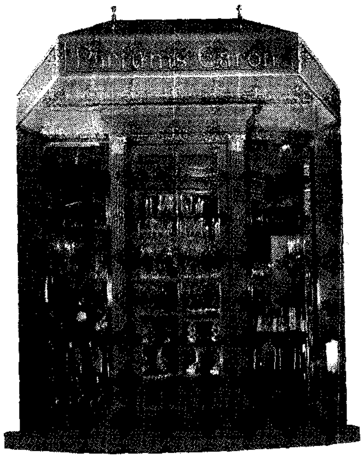
of a thousand
flowers drifts
in a whisper.
As each descends,
it strikes
a single note.
Slowly…
softly…
the music begins.
Romantic,
languid sounds
that beckon.
Nocturnes de Caron.
Let the dream
play on.

Nocturnes de Caron

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

. Held / David Hockney—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. / Seven paintings from the early sixties. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

vid Humphrey—Fantasy paintings of grossly distorted human figures and vegetation—nightmarish works in conception but sober and straightforward in execution. Through Oct. 30. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

n Kessler—Large, illuminated kinetic wall pieces in mixed mediums. Through Nov. 9. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

t Lasch—Fragile wall constructions, all of them heart-shaped and covered with baroque ornamentation, plus a series of unusually graphic drawings of Leda and the Swan. Through Nov. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

yndham Lewis (1882-1957)—Paintings and drawings (prizefights, lovers, dancers, abstractions) by a Vorticist who was a pioneer of modern art in England. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

inifred Lutz—Handmade paper-and-wood sculptures. Through Nov. 9. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

sie Manville—Orderly still-life paintings—pitchers, teapots, cups, vases, and an occasional plant or piece of fruit. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ug Ohlson—Works on paper from the past five years. Through Nov. 9. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

te Omlor / Will Insley—Paintings on window screening. / A new group of twelve-inch-square paintings representing wall fragments, plus drawings of buildings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

ulio Paolini—An installation created with slide projections, plus collages, by an artist associated with the Italian movement Arte Povera. Through Nov. 2. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

abor Peterdi—A small retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

regorio Prestopino (1907-84)—Sweeping impressions of figures in landscapes. Through Nov. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

lla Rebay (1890-1967)—Nonobjective paintings and collages by the first director of the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

ott Richter / Ilse Bing—Large wall sculptures, more or less based on the human figure, made of pigmented beeswax caked on armatures of wood, foam, and wire. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. / Vintage fashion photographs, which were commissioned by *Harper's Bazaar* in Paris in 1933 and 1934. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

dney Ripps—Richly textured abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

uce Robbins—Paintings combining oil, encaustic, canvas, wood, aluminum, plaster, and wire mesh. Through Nov. 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

aniel Bennett Schwartz—Realist paintings of people at the beach or running (there's one of the artist himself trotting along), plus portraits and figure studies. The work has a sleek, illustrative quality. Through Oct. 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

avid Shapiro—Works on paper. Through Nov. 9. (Getler-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

ura Shechter—Precisionist still-lifes and interiors. Through Oct. 30. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

ufino Tamayo—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ane Wilson / Harvey Gordon—Paintings of Long Island vistas. / Still-lifes and interiors painted on Plexiglas. Through Oct. 30. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

obert Zakanitch—New abstract paintings, mostly floral in inspiration, done on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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Group Show—Drawings and watercolors by early-twentieth-century European Expressionists, such as Oskar Kokoschka, Egon Schiele, and George Grosz. Through Nov. 23. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Bates—Large paintings of the Louisiana and Texas backwoods—raw-boned Cajun fishermen, timber cutters, swamps full of herons and cranes. Some of the works incorporate reliefs carved in wood. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Janice Biala—Landscapes by an artist who catches the special atmospheres of Paris, Venice, and Cape Cod. Through Nov. 2. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Paul Brach—Large oils of Western mesas at twilight, most of them with a frieze of galloping horses pursued by a lone rider, and a couple in frames carved with Navajo motifs. Through Nov. 2. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—Nature is the theme of these romanticized paintings—a lone gull in the mist, for instance, or a spindly tree struggling for survival in the city. Through Nov. 9. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Howard Buchwald—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

William N. Copley—Paintings from the past thirty years. Through Nov. 2. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jiri Georg Dokoupil—New figurative paintings and pastel drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Dudley—Large abstractions, based on crystalline structures and cut from wallboard. The works were designed for the space where they are being shown. Through Oct. 30. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Kevin Franke / Gary Jacobson—Realist paintings of flowers appropriated from slipcovers, linoleum, tapestries, and other non-garden sources. / Wood constructions that seem to have been made of tornado wreckage, except that they are acrawl with armadillos, rhinoceroses, birds, lizards, and odd human figures, partly drawn and partly sculpted. Through Nov. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In other rooms are bright-colored abstract paintings by Kenneth Morgan, and marble sculptures, by Roland Baladi, of old radios, a Coke vending machine, a gum-ball machine.

Fujii Chuichi—Sculptures in which massive, rough logs of Japanese cypress and Japanese cedar have been bent, like umbrella handles. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Christopher Hewat—Painted- and inlaid-wood constructions, bright in color and deft in design, that are pleated, like screens, but meant to hang on the wall. Through Oct. 30. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionist paintings and drawings in a retrospective that includes works from as far back as 1949. Through Nov. 3. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Vincent Longo / Elizabeth Harms—Abstract pattern paintings. / Pastel abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Gerhard Merz—Large triptych paintings, mainly, with enlarged photoscreens of Alpine scenery in the middle and solid-color panels on either side. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Mike Metz—Word play is the subject of aluminum sculptures cast from Styrofoam molds. Through Nov. 2. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Judy Rifka / Joseph Nechvatal—Nude figures painted on canvases constructed in such a way that the image is slightly raised from the surface. / Six paintings in which dense line drawings have been silk-screened onto the canvas and colored with acrylics. Through Nov. 6. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Keith Sonnier—Seven large abstract sculptures, angular and foursquare in shape, made of painted industrial metal. The only curves are some circular openings cut through their sides. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Andrew Spence—New abstract paintings. Through Nov. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Andy Warhol and Jean-Michel Basquiat—Large collaborative paintings in which, say, Warhol puts in a well-known logo (GE's or Arm & Hammer's) and the younger artist takes off from there. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At **BOONE,** 417 West Broadway: Paintings by Brice Marden and Georg Baselitz, and drawings by Joseph Beuys. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: The thirtieth show of works on paper by emerging artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St.: Drawings and paintings by Russian artists associated with the abstract movement Suprematism, among them Malevich, Rodchenko, Chashnik, and Tatlin. Through Nov. 9. . . . **FELDMAN,** 31 Mercer St.: Several works each by six painters and one photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.

Sculpture—At the **INGBER,** 415 West Broadway: Wit in sculpture is the basis for a show of pieces by Red Grooms, Rosemary Cove, George Sugarman, and others. Through Nov. 2. . . . **SZOKE,** 164 Mercer St.: Photographs and other documents attesting to contemporary public sculptures by Aycock (Maryland), Norvell (Connecticut), Holt (Virginia), Robert Longo (Toronto), and others. Through Nov. 1. (Opens Saturdays at noon.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Works by Biederman, Kendrick, and LeWitt, together with three large drawings by Aycock and installations by Buren and Haacke. Through Saturday, Oct. 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Buckley / John Duff—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases. / Clay and bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Max Coyer—Oil paintings with images borrowed from Jean Cocteau's drawings. Through Nov. 9. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dan Freeman—Paintings of dogs and frogs who are swimming, eating, etc., as though they were humans. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (M-13, at 440 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Antony Gormley—Drawings by a sculptor. Through Nov. 8. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Stefan Roloff—Painted surreal sculptures created from found objects. Also on view, an

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

animated video of a painting by the artist. Through Nov. 2. (Art Palace, 611 Broadway.)

Italo Scanga—Abstract paintings on paper, and a seven-foot-high sculpture of wood and rope. Through Nov. 3. (Mō David, 436 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Russell Sharon—Bright-colored landscapes of Minnesota that have three-dimensional aspects; for instance, trees and picket fences made of wood sticks extend from the canvas. The artist's familiar figurative wood sculptures are also on view. Through Nov. 3. (Adams, 504 E. 12th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Francesc Torres—Political images drawn on canvas and paper with liquid aluminum that hardens to create a three-dimensional effect. Through Oct. 27. (P.P.O.W, 216 E. 10th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at noon.)

Arte Povera—Organized by Germano Celant, the critic who invented the term, this is the first full-scale show in this country given to an Italian art movement that is roughly analogous to Minimalism and Conceptualism. The works of twelve artists occupy every space of the not exactly confining P.S. 1. Through Dec. 15. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and photographs selected from the slide file here by art critic Kay Larson. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: "Letterism and Hypergraphics: The Unknown Avant-Garde 1945-1985," put together by a French curator, Jean-Paul Curtay, is composed of French drawings, books, sculptures, and other works created with letters of the alphabet, words, and figures. Through Dec. 7. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, at 1 Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Capa (1913-54) / **Henri Cartier-Bresson**—A retrospective that includes forty Spanish Civil War prints. / Sixty portraits spanning fifty years, Colette, Truman Capote, and Saul Steinberg among them. Through Nov. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Mike Disfarmer (1884-1959) **and Bill Burke**—Photographs of the rural South taken during the nineteen-forties by the former and in 1979 by the latter. Through Nov. 9. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Allan McCollum and Laurie Simmons—Prints showing magnified dolls' heads and reflecting his ideas about photographic reproduction conveyed through her ideas about subject matter. Through Oct. 27. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6:30.)

Ray K. Metzker—Prints from his student days and the years just after. Through Nov. 16. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Photographs and photogravures. Through Nov. 15. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Ten vintage gelatin-silver prints. Through Nov. 16. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—New work, probably her most melodramatic to date. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Boyd Webb—Surreal photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Fashion photographs from the forties and fifties by Genevieve Naylor, Wilhelm Maywald, Richard Avedon, and Carl Perutz. Through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Still-lifes and architectural abstractions by photographers who were associated with Clarence White and worked early in this century. Through Nov. 2. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A display of black-figure vases by the Amasis Painter, active in Athens in the sixth century B.C. Through Oct. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Paintings and works on paper, primarily from the sixties and seventies, by abstractionist Alfred Jensen. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations by nine emerging American artists. Both shows through Nov. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set, never exhibited before, to an Apple IIc personal computer. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective includes paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Starts Friday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ A display of abstractions painted on cigar-box lids by Richard Diebenkorn in the late seventies. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ A selection of contemporary American prints acquired by the museum this year. Through Dec. 2. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar, who encouraged artists and artisans to depict his reign and who, not surprisingly, appears in these depictions as a heroic figure—whether a three-year-old wrestler, a leader of an army, a visitor to a Muslim shrine, or an overseer of a building in his capital city. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of modern Finnish glass. Through Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission chai after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display seventy-six *kawari kabuto,* Japanese helm worn by warlords between the sixteenth ce tury and the nineteenth and distinguish not so much by their protective capacity by their daring, highly individualistic signs: a crouching rabbit, a boy's topknot morning glory, and so forth. Starts Thursd Oct. 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show drawings and watercolors from the Thaw c lection, representing such artists as Re brandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, a Klee. Also from that collection, a small sel tion of bronzes, silversmith works, and paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily cept Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through S urdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St. An exhibit of sixty paintings by Americ naïve artists of the eighteenth and nineteer centuries, among them Ammi Phillips, Er tus Salisbury Field, and Edward Hicks. Fr the collection given to the National Galle of Art by Edgar William and Berni Chrysler Garbisch. Through Dec. 1. (Op daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesda 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge af 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A retrosp tive of Conceptualist Allen Ruppersber works, including his 1974 piece with the co plete text of Oscar Wilde's "The Picture Dorian Gray" written across twenty six-f panels. Through Nov. 10. (Open Wednesda noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, no to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. "Ten Centuries of Spanish Books," exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, fi editions and manuscripts, maps, and prin including an eleventh-century Book of Ho belonging to King Ferdinand I, a first editi of "Don Quixote," and poems in the hand García Lorca. On loan from Spanish librari Through Dec. 30. (Open daily, except Su days, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, a combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671 Vernita Nemec (performance), Thursda Oct. 17, at 8:30; Nigel Rolfe (performanc Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 47 5288—Pat Oleszko (performance), Thursd through Sunday, Oct. 17-20, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolit Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully H 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rain Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museu Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Ka mann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexingt Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merk Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 1 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-offi numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Gail Dubi baum, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Ta dei; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thu day, Oct. 17, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in Englis with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, E ward Sooter, and Graham Clark; Vaclav Ne mann. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "D Rosenkavalier," with Gail Robinson, Gwyne Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, and Aage Hau land; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 1 at 1:30: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, G Dubinbaum, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Gi seppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturda Oct. 19, at 8: "Kovanshchina," with Natal Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, a Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Monda Oct. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Barba Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thom Fulton. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Jenůf (in English), with Judith Haddon, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and Graham Clark; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Gail Robinson, Gwyneth Jones, Tatiana Troyanos, and Artur Korn; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Falstaff," with Carol Neblett, Brenda Boozer, Fiorenza Cossotto, and Giuseppe Taddei; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1:30: "La Traviata," with Barbara Daniels, Luis Lima, and Leo Nucci; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Khovanshchina," with Natalia Rom, Helga Dernesch, Wieslaw Ochman, and Martti Talvela; Neeme Järvi.

:w York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Jane Shaulis, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; conducted by David Abell. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gail Dobish, Richard Leech, Frederick Burchinal, and Jeffrey Wells; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7: "I Puritani," with Jenny Drivala, John Aler, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "I Puritani," with Jenny Drivala, John Aler, Robert McFarland, and Harry Dworchak; Edoardo Müller. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Edith Davis, Jon Fredric West, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Jon Garrison, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

l Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting the first of two performances of Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour," staged by Frank Corsaro. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. 279-4200. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

:w York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a Wagner-Schumann-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; and Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello). . . . ¶ Riccardo Chailly conducting a Bussotti-Beethoven-Prokofieff program on Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 7:30 (all with André Watts, piano).

:troit Symphony Orchestra—Gunther Herbig conducting a Beethoven-Shostakovich program, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

unich Philharmonic—Loren Maazel conducting this orchestra, in its first appearance here. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8, a Mozart-Bruckner program. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8, a Weber-Hindemith-Beethoven program.)

-IK Symphony of Japan—Yuzo Toyama conducting, with Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall, Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

:w York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

:w School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Michael Parloff, flute, and Diane Lesser, oboe. (66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sell Davies conducting the first in a series of four concerts, this one with Keith Jarrett, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting the first in a series of five concerts, this one with Alan King as narrator for Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals," and Pamela Paul and Craig Ritchey, duo-piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—Richard Westenburg directing two in a series of concerts—Saturday, Oct. 19: A performance of three Bach cantatas by the chorus and orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26: A Bach-Handel program performed by the chamber orchestra. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the first in a series of four concerts. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Harmonic Choir and Orchestra—David Hykes directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing the New York première of Handel's oratorio "The Choice of Hercules" and a Bach cantata on the same theme. With Julianne Baird, soprano; Marianna Busching, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; and Frank Hoffmeister, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Yale Bach Society Chorus and Orchestra—David Stern directing a Mozart-Brahms-Beethoven program. (Church of Our Savior, Park Ave. at 38th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in the last two in a series of Schubert lieder programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesdays, Oct. 16 and 23, at 8.)

Marian Hahn—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord, in the last two in a series of Bach-Scarlatti concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursdays, Oct. 17 and 24, at 8.)

Yin Cheng-Zong—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8.)

Maria Meirelles—Piano, in two programs of Beethoven sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 17, and Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the recital.)

North / South Consonance—Max Lifchitz acting as conductor and pianist for an ensemble and soloists performing a program of American music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Katsuya Yokoyama—Shakuhachi (vertically held bamboo flute). (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

Christine Schadeberg—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Lockenhaus Festival—The second in a series of four concerts by musicians from Gidon Kremer's four-year-old Austrian-based festival. With Mr. Kremer, violin; Tabea Zimmermann, viola; Nancy Allen, harp; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Irina Arkhipova and Vladislav Piavko—A joint recital by this mezzo-soprano and tenor from the Bolshoi Opera. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Yuval Waldman—Violinist-conductor, with an ensemble, in a program that includes a staged performance of Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat," with Keir Dullea in the title rc
(Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amst
dam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Oct. 19,
7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hа
92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

José Feghali—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturda
Oct. 19, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—A Haydn-Moza
Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rog
Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Sat
day, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber mus
(Washington Irving High School, Irving
at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8. For ti
ets, call 586-4680.)

Jean Sibelius Quartet—A Sibelius-Kalevi Ah
Mozart program by this group from Finla
(Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodm
House. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Toshiko Kiryu—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hа
Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

Robert Cohen—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hа
92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

New York Trumpet Ensemble—The first in a ser
of three concerts. (Church of the Holy Tri
ty, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at
Tickets at the door on the afternoon of
concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ke
neth Cooper, harpsichord, and members
the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, O
20, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct.
22, at 7:30.)

Carlo Bergonzi—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Su
day, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Danielle Woerner—Soprano. (New School,
W. 12th St. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8. Tickets
the door on the night of the concert.)

Washington Square Contemporary Music Series
With James Ostryniec, oboe; Christine Scha
berg, soprano; and Christopher Oldfather a
Elliott Schwartz, piano. (New York Univ
sity Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Monday, Oct.
at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of
concert.)

Aurora—A baroque chamber ensemble. (Merl
Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman Hou
Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Jeanie Bowers—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hа
Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct.
at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello a
piano, in the first in a series of three concer
(Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22,
8.)

Young Concert Artists Twenty-fifth Annivers
Concerts—Chamber and solo works p
formed by Marvis Martin, soprano, and B
Holt, baritone; Benny Kim, violin; Car
Brey, cello; and others. (Kaufmann Conc
Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at

Andrei Gavrilov—Piano. (Carnegie Ha
Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in the first in a ser
of five concerts, this one an all-Bach progra
with Ida Kavafian, violin, and Ransom W
son, flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wedn
day, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting
first in a series of three concerts, this o
with Paul Sperry, tenor; Sol Greitzer, vio
Neil Balm, trumpet; and John van Buski
piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goo
man House. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Charles Castleman—Violin, with Barbara L
ter-Sink, piano, and Arthur Haas, harp
chord. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct.
at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Gra
Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolit
Museum. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, in a bene
concert of music by Scarlatti. With Jo
Ostendorf, bass-baritone, and the Bach Fa
ily Strings. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Frida
Oct. 25, at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber mus
(Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th
Friday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.

"Scarlatti Saturday"—Among the participa
in a free eight-hour concert of music by Sca
latti, honoring the tricentennial of the co
poser's birth, will be harpsichordists Edwa

Brewer, Kenneth Cooper, and Colin Tilney; pianists Artur Balsam, Gilbert Kalish, and Ilana Vered; and soprano Julianne Baird. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

acDowell Colony Composers—A benefit concert of works by Jane Brockman, David Hollister, William Mayer, and others. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3. For information about tickets, call 841-9633.)

laudio Arrau—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

chard Goode—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

nsemble for Early Music—A program of sixteenth-century love songs, with the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

ext Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the third annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects. At the OPERA HOUSE—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2; and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8: "The Seven Deadly Sins," an adaptation of the Brecht-Weill work by the PINA BAUSCH TANZTHEATER WUPPERTAL, with Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 7, and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: CAROLYN CARLSON in the American première of her full-length solo work, "Blue Lady." . . . LEPERCQ SPACE—Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 7; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-26, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 2: The MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY performing "Inside Outside" (New York première) and "Pedal Steal" (première). . . . CAREY PLAYHOUSE—Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 22-23, at 8 (previews); Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7 (opening); and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 8: The American première of THE GOLDEN WINDOWS, a play by Robert Wilson. Through Sunday, Nov. 3. (30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, Dec. 8.)

aly on Stage—The first four of seven programs of Italian music and theatre—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: Cecilia Gasdia, soprano; Kathleen Solose, piano; and the Italian Youth Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3: The Ente Teatro Cronaca of Naples performing Robert De Simone's musical "La Gatta Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 21-22, at 8: The Actors and Technicians Company performing a nineteenth-century melodrama, "I Due Sergenti." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 8: The Teatro Stabile di Catania presenting an operatic comedy, "Pipino il Breve." (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, Lincoln Center. Through Thursday, Oct. 31. For information about tickets, call 688-6070.)

uisa Fernanda"—Performances of a Spanish zarzuela composed by Federico Moreno Torroba. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Saturdays, Oct. 19 and 26, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. Through Tuesday, Dec. 31.)

SPORTS

he box-office number for Madison Square arden is 564-4400.)

aseball—The World Series starts Saturday, Oct. 19, in the home park of the American League champion.

ofessional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Washington vs. San Antonio and Knicks vs. Houston (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 17, at 6. . . . ¶ Atlanta vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Indiana (exhibition games), Saturday, Oct. 19, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 1. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Friday, Oct. 25. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 19, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Thursday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 26. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily at 1; through Monday, Oct. 21. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 19, and the Kelso Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 20. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturday and Sunday between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Daily at 12:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 23, through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Discovery Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Rutgers, Friday, Oct. 18; the Meadowlands Cup, Saturday, Oct. 19; and the Gardenia, Thursday, Oct. 24.

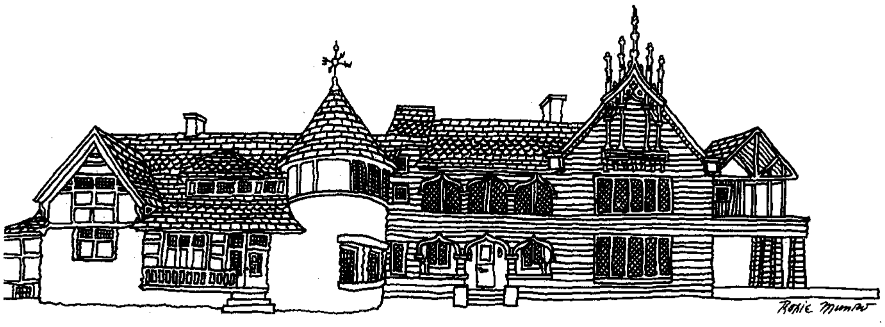
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Les Murray and Joseph Brodsky reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8.) . . . ¶ Hortense Calisher, Madison Smartt Bell, Sharon DuPree, and Veronica Geng reading from their own short stories. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8. For tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ Anthony Hecht and May Swenson reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Koch and Maureen Owen reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Fran Lebowitz reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Grace Paley and Tillie Olsen reading from their own prose. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Fall Antiques Show—The annual Americana show will feature an exhibition of thirty cast-iron windmill weights in a garden setting. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 24-26, noon to 10; Sunday, Oct. 27, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Oct. 18, at 10:15: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 10:15 and 2: The individual hand-colored aquatints from a complete set of John James Audubon's "The Birds of America."



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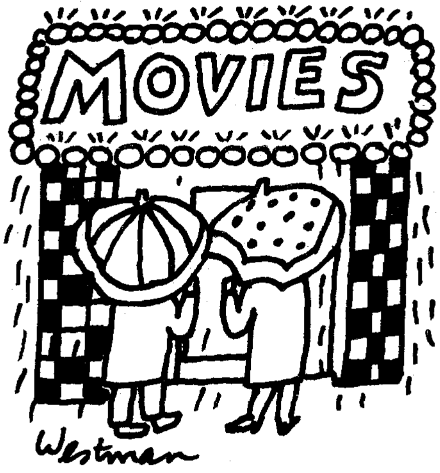
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Paris, Texas" (directed by Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell. (No performances on Friday, Oct. 18.)

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"After Hours" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Plenty" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Compromising Positions" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Marie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 17: "Cocoon" (†).
From Oct. 18: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"After Hours" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 17: "The Doctor and the Devils" (Freddie Francis), with Timothy Dalton.
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters" (Paul Schrader; in Japanese), with Ken Ogata.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 22: "Dreamchild" (†). From Oct. 23: "Plenty" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Wetherby" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweet Dreams" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 22: "Plenty" (†).
From Oct. 23: "Twice in a Lifetime" (Bud Yorkin), with Gene Hackman, Ann-Margret, and Ellen Burstyn.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Marie" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 17: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy Patinkin.
From Oct. 18: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 17: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
From Oct. 18: "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "7 Up" (1963; directed by Paul Almond and Michael Apted) and "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), both documentaries.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 17: "Joshua Then and Now" (Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods. From Oct. 18: "A Sense of Freedom" (John Mackenzie).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 17: "The Emerald Forest" (†). From Oct. 18: "Mixed Blood" (Paul Morrissey).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell. From Oct. 18: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rubén Blades.
Theatre 2: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins" (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 17: "Remo Williams: The Adventure Begins." From Oct. 18: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge."
Theatre 3: "Commando" (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jar Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Fantasia" (†). No performances on Wedne day, Oct. 23.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Colonel Redl" (István Szabó; in German with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 20: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
From Oct. 21: "Plenty" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (75 2280)
Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Year of the Quiet Sun (Krzysztof Zanussi; in English and Polish
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 17: "From Mao Mozart—Isaac Stern in China" (1981 From Oct. 18: "Dreamchild" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (87 4040)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 22: "Crossov Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Rub Blades. From Oct. 23: "Shoah" (Clau Lanzmann), a nine-and-a-half-ho documentary. Part One will be show Wednesdays through Saturdays and Pa Two will be shown Sundays through Tue days.
Theatre 2: "Sheer Madness" (Margaret von Trotta; in German), with Hann Schygulla and Angela Winkler.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (72 6745)
Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pier Richard.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 17: "Came a H Friday" (Ian Mune). From Oct. 18: "Acq e Sapone" (Carlo Verdone; in Italian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (87 3600)
Theatre 1: "Marie" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: "Plenty" (†).
Theatre 5: "After Hours" (†).
Theatre 6: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Ste Holland), with John Cusack and David O den Stiers.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"Remo Williams: The Adventure Begin (Guy Hamilton), with Fred Ward and Jo Grey.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias with Gary Busey.
Theatre 3: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 17: "Compromisi Positions" (†). From Oct. 18: "Re-Anim tor" (Stuart Gordon).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Remo Williams: The Adventu Begins" (directed by Guy Hamilton), wit Fred Ward and Joel Grey.
Theatre 2: "Commando" (Mark Lester), wit Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 3: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†
Theatre 4: "Commando."
Theatre 5: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Ti Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.
Theatre 6: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), wit Michael J. Fox.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Year of the Dragon" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland with Chris Sarandon.
Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 17: "The Stuff" (Larry Cohen with Michael Moriarty.
From Oct. 18: "Cease Fire."

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Silver Bullet" (Daniel Attias), with Gary Busey.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"After Hours" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Silverado" (†). No performances on Wednesday, Oct. 16.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Dreams" (†).
Theatre 2: "Plenty" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Invasion U.S.A." (Joseph Zito), with Chuck Norris.
Theatre 2: "Better Off Dead" (Savage Steve Holland), with John Cusack and David Ogden Stiers.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 17: "Maxie" (Paul Aaron), with Glenn Close and Mandy *Patinkin. From Oct. 18:* "Re-Animator" (Stuart Gordon).
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (Richard Marquand), with Glenn Close and Jeff Bridges.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 17: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; directed by Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 17: "Himatsuri" (1985; Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese).
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Oct. 16: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.
Oct. 17: "Of Mice and Men" (1940; Lewis Milestone), with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele; and "Cry, the Beloved Country" (1952; Zoltán Korda), with Canada Lee.
Oct. 18-19: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.
Oct. 20: "Crime and Punishment" (1970 †).
Oct. 21: "The Judge and the Assassin" (1976; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret; and "Spoiled Children" (1977; Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Michel Piccoli.
Oct. 22: "Don Quixote" (1957 †) and "Ivan the Terrible, Part II" (†).
Oct. 23: "Onibaba" (1963) and "Kuroneko" (1968), both films in Japanese, directed by Kaneto Shindo, with Nobuko Otowa.

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Oct. 24: "Ballad of a Soldier" (†) and "The Cranes Are Flying" (†).
Oct. 25-26: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; *Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with* Eiji Okada; and "No Regrets for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 17: "Repulsion" (1965; Roman *Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve,* Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Oct. 18-19: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
Oct. 20: "The Right Stuff" (1983; Philip Kaufman), with Sam Shepard, Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, and Scott Glenn.
Oct. 21-22: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.
Oct. 23-24: "Blazing Saddles" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Cleavon Little, Gene Wilder, and Madeline Kahn; and "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).
Oct. 25-26: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow and Jeff Daniels; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Morons from Outer Space" (1985; Mike Hodges).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Oct. 17: "The Devil's Brother" (1933; Hal Roach and Charles Rogers) and "The Flying Deuces" (1939; Edward Sutherland), both with Laurel and Hardy.
Oct. 18-19: "Fire Over England" (1937; William K. Howard), with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.
Oct. 20-21: "Maytime" (1937 †) and "Bitter Sweet" (1940 †).
Oct. 22-23: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966; Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis.
Oct. 24-26: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Libeled Lady" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 16: "Early Summer" (1951) and "Good Morning" (1959), both in Japanese, direc ed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Oct. 17: "Head" (1968; Bob Rafelson), wi the Monkees; and "Batman" (1966; Lesl Martinson), with Adam West and Bu Ward.
Oct. 18-19: "Enormous Changes at the La Minute" (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mir Bank); and "Baby, It's You" (1983; Jo Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vi cent Spano.
Oct. 20: "Bellissima" (†); and "Open Cit (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), wi Anna Magnani.
Oct. 21: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; Japanese); and "Harakiri" (1962; Masa Kobayashi; in Japanese).
Oct. 22: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (196 Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch, James M son, Yvonne Mitchell, and Nigel Patric and "The Picture of Dorian Gray" (194 Albert Lewin), with Hurd Hatfield, Geor Sanders, and Angela Lansbury.
Oct. 23: "Cutter's Way" (1981; Ivan Passe with Jeff Bridges, John Heard, and Li Eichhorn; and "Thunderbolt and Ligh foot" (1974; Michael Cimino), with Cli Eastwood, Jeff Bridges, George Kenned and Geoffrey Lewis.
Oct. 24: "George Kuchar: Comedy of the U derground" (1985), a documentary; and program of Kuchar short films.
Oct. 25-26: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-L Godard; in French), with Eddie Consta tine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; ar "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godar in French), with Anna Karina.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (25 7400)
Oct. 16: "Anna Christie" (1930; Claren Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bic ford, and Marie Dressler; and "Anna Ka enina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Gre Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rat bone.
Oct. 17: "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Kei Baxter, John Gielgud, Margaret Rutherfor and Jeanne Moreau; and "Macbeth" (194 Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanette Nola Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall.
Oct. 18-19: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delm Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Laur Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and " Have and Have Not" (1944; Howa Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Laur Bacall, and Walter Brennan.
Oct. 20: "The Long, Hot Summer" (†) ar "Hud" (†).
Oct. 21: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Serg Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Che kassov; and "Ballad of a Soldier" (†).
Oct. 22: "I Wake Up Screaming" (194 H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grab and Victor Mature; and "Boomerang (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrew Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy.
Oct. 23: "In This Our Life" (†) and "I Love I'm After" (†).
Oct. 24: "The Black Orchid" (1959; Mart Ritt), with Sophia Loren, Anthony Quin and Ina Balin; and "Desire Under t Elms" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Soph Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.
Oct. 25-26: "East of Eden" (1955; El Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dea Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalo and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; N cholas Ray), with James Dean, Nata Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Ni Adams.

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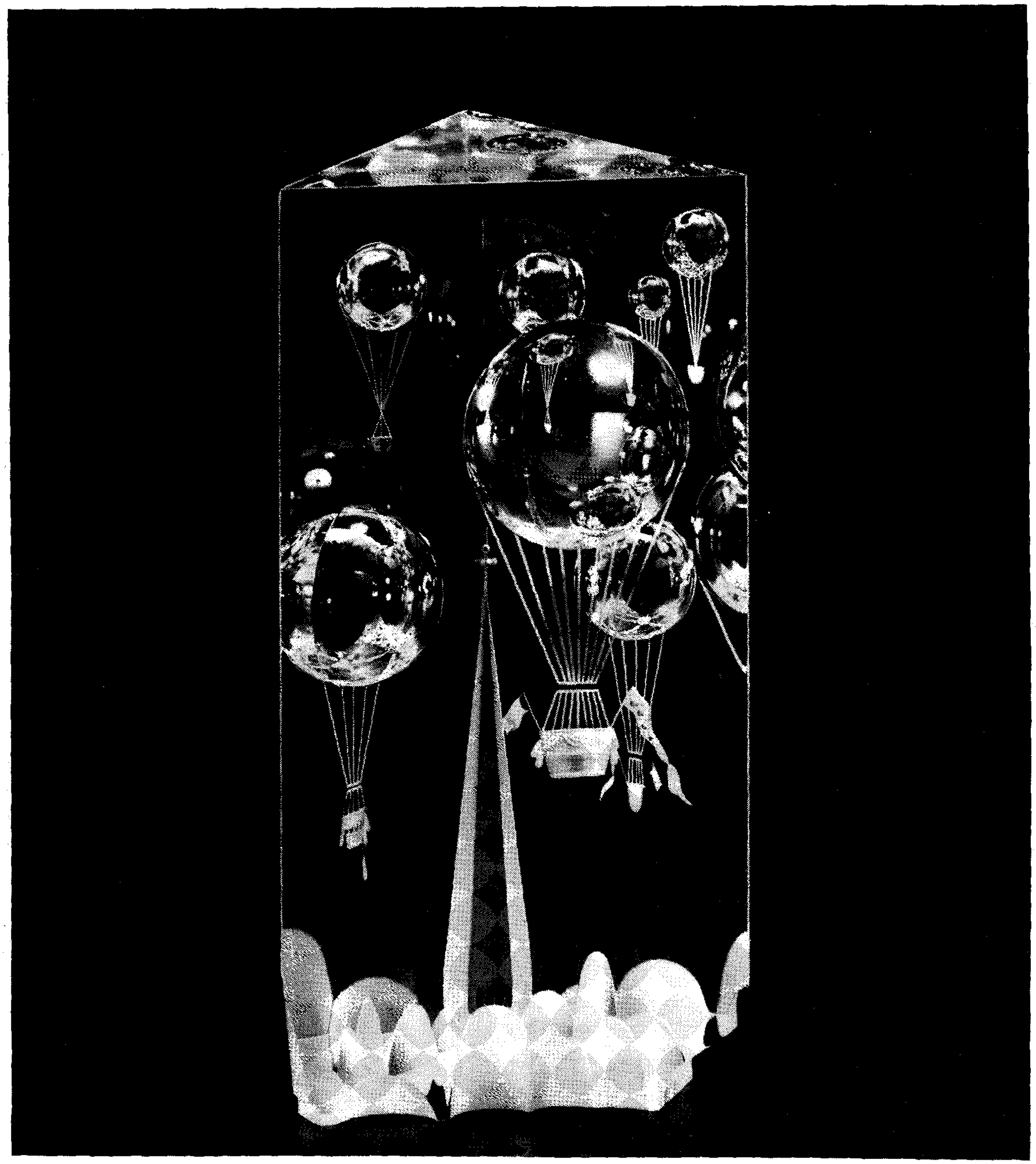
FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Tit Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limi ed number of tickets are available to tho applying for them in person at the museu after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: Oct. 17 at 2:30: "Sounds from t Mountain" (1954; directed by Mikio Na use; in Japanese, with English subtitles . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: "Scattered Clouds (1967; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, wi English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:3 "Street Without End" (1934; Mikio Na use; a Japanese silent film, with English i tertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Hideko t Bus Conductor" (1941; Mikio Naruse;



Balloon Rally

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STEUBEN GLASS

Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 12:30: A program of Elmer Fudd cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2: "Tsuruhachi and Tsurujiro" (1938; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 5: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 12:30: A program of Elmer Fudd cartoons. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2: "Repast" (1951; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5: "Yearning" (1964; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Hideko the Bus Conductor." . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6: "Apart from You" (1933; Mikio Naruse; a Japanese silent film, with English intertitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: "Tsuruhachi and Tsurujiro." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: "Fire" (1948; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6 and Oct. 26 at 1: "The Vagabond" (1951; Raj Kapoor; in Hindi, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 5: "Fire."

Theatre 2: Oct. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Raoul Wallenberg: Buried Alive" (1984; David Harel). . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 3: A program of films by Bamforth and Co. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6:30: A program of early British studio films, 1905–14. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30 and 5:30 and Oct. 20 at 2:30 and 5: A program of German silent films with Karl Valentin. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 6:30: A program of films by Janis Crystal Lipzin, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 3 and 6:30: "The Life and Death of 9413—A Hollywood Extra" (1928; Robert Florey; a silent film); and "Caught" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Bar-
bara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Rob
Ryan. . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 3 and 6:30: "T
Stone Carvers" (1984; Marjorie Hunt a
Paul Wagner), "Garden of Eden" (19
Lawrence R. Hott and Roger M. Sherma
and "Recollections of Pavlovsk" (19
Irina Kalinina). . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 12:30 a
2:30: A program of cartoons directed
Bob Clampett.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th
(570-0537)—"The Allure of the Concentri
(1985), a multichannel video installati
by Rita Myers. Continuous showings Tu
days, 1 to 8, Wednesdays through Saturda
11 to 5, and Sundays, noon to 6. Closed M
days.

Beacon Theatre, B'way at 74th St. (787-1477)
"Flesh and the Devil" (1926; Claren
Brown), a silent film, with Greta Garbo a
John Gilbert. (Oct. 21 at 2 and 8.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Movieland.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (7/29/85) (Loews New York Twin, Quad Cinema, Olympia Quad, and Loews State.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1959)—A lyrical celebration of young love and patriotism set during the Second World War. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai. In Russian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Bellissima (1951)—The film is a satirical view of the movie-studio world of Cinecitta, and is also perhaps Luchino Visconti's warmest comedy. It's marred by a too pat ending, but at its center is the great Anna Magnani as a screen-struck mother, determined to make a star of her plain little five-year-old (Tina Apicella). With Alessandro Blasetti, Walter Chiari, and Gastone Renzelli. From a script by Suso Cecchi d'Amico, Francesco Rosi, and Visconti. The assistant directors were Rosi and Franco Zeffirelli. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 20.)

Bitter Sweet (1940)—Jeanette MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced English girl of eighteen, and Nelson Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the dozens of MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Noël Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Lester Samuels' adaptation of Coward's operetta. The cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, and Felix Bressart. (Regency; Oct. 20-21.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Eastside Cinema; through Oct. 17.)

Compromising Positions—Directed by Frank Perry, from the novel by Susan Isaacs, the movie provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon is the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a lawyer husband; when her smiley-eyed, lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. Judith Ivey is in top form as a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth. And Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as a tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy and frightened eyes. With Edward Herrmann, Raul Julia, and Anne De Salvo. (9/9/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 17.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1957)—This Mikhail Kalatozov film was made during the de-Stalinization period of the late fifties; set during the Second World War, it deals with a beautiful Moscow girl (the lovely Tatiana Samoilova) who is trapped in a loveless marriage with an unpatriotic and hence decadent pianist after her fiancé (Alexei Batalov) goes to the front. Somewhat silly, but with fine sequences, and Miss Samoilova, a grandniece of Stanislavsky, does him honor. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 24.)

Crime and Punishment (1970)—A first-rate Russian version of Dostoyevsky's great novel. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, and Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances onscreen. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoyevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 20.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

Don Quixote (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigori Kozintsev. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Dreamchild—With Coral Browne, directed
Gavin Millar. (Reviewed in this issue.) (C
ema II; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Lincoln Pla
starting Oct. 18.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets
story in Brazil, where the son of an Americ
engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is
ducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe.
ten years, the father searches for the boy
whatever time he can take off from his job
building a giant dam. When, at last,
locates his seventeen-year-old son (played
the director's son, Charley Boorman),
realizes that the boy's consciousness s
passes his own and that the boy's life
superior to anything civilization has to off
And soon the father realizes that the dam
destroying the boy's tribe. The faults t
have plagued Boorman's films—his lack
interest in character, his rather lordly fail
to dramatize the issues that excite him
most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really
up this time, and he doesn't seem able to
any kind of seductive flow going. With
Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Edu
do Conde. (8/12/85) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Wav
ly; through Oct. 17.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd
sortment of collaborators (among them S
kowski, who did it voluntarily, and Strav
sky, who was brought in involuntarily), a
this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts
an attempt to combine high art and m
culture—was publicized as if it were an
tistic landmark. Disney's animators provid
visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata a
Fugue in D Minor" and of hyped-up
cerpts: volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs bat
during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded g
centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Past
al." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuri
Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequen
are first-rate Disney, but the total effect
grotesquely kitschy. (Ziegfeld. No perf
mances on Wednesday, Oct. 23.)

Hud (1963)—Hugely entertaining contem
rary Western, set in the Texas of Cadill
and cattle. The film is schizoid: it tells you
condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Ne
man), who represents modern materialis
but casting Newman as a mean materialist
like writing a manifesto against the banki
system while juggling your investments
make a fortune. The plot involves Hu
wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly
fected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and
father's rectitude in having the cattle slaug
ered. As the ranch housekeeper, Patricia Ne
full-bodied and likable, has an easy, raunc
good humor; the sexual byplay between
and Newman has just the right summerti
temperature—this is some of the best w
the director, Martin Ritt, has ever done. T
script is by Irving Ravetch and Harr
Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's no
"Horseman, Pass By." With Melvyn Doug
and Brandon deWilde. (Theatre 80
Marks; Oct. 20.)

In This Our Life (1942)—Bette Davis as one
those wicked, wicked women again, and
artist at the job. Southern society, wi
Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and De
nis Morgan as victims. Directed by Jo
Huston. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

It's Love I'm After (1937)—A light farce
which Leslie Howard and Bette Davis play

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

shallow, vanity-ridden matinée idol and his hot-tempered leading lady, and relish every hammy, slapstick minute of it. They are surrounded by the millionaires (George Barbier), the valets and butlers (Eric Blore, E. E. Clive), and the silly heiresses (Olivia de Havilland) who were at one time as much of a convention in American comedy as the fops of Restoration theatre. Casey Robinson's script is musty and Archie Mayo's direction is sluggish, but the movie is pleasantly bad. With Bonita Granville, Patric Knowles, and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 23.)

Ivan the Terrible, Part II (1946)—"Part II," which Eisenstein called "The Boyars' Plot," was his last film. Made in 1945-46, censured by the Central Committee and suppressed, it was not released until 1958, five years after Stalin's death (the director, still in disgrace, had died in 1948). In "Part II," the boyars strike again. Ivan has been restored to power with the help of "the people" but, under the leadership of Ivan's ratty old aunt Efrosinia, who hopes to put her (crazy? homosexual? both?) son on the throne, the boyars plot to assassinate Ivan. He outwits them and destroys their power in a big, bloody purge. The conflict in Ivan is between the good man dedicated to the welfare of his people and the power-mad despot (and, given when it was made, it's easy to see a parallel to Stalin). With Nikolai Cherkassov as Ivan. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable—but it's rather charmless. It's constructed like a seventies sitcom, and it has the same kind of forced atmosphere of hilarity. Written by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer. (Regency; Oct. 24-26.)

The Long, Hot Summer (1958)—This amalgam of Faulkner's stories "Barn Burning" and "Spotted Horses" (which is part of his novel "The Hamlet") turned out to be highly commercial and hugely entertaining. The setting is a Mississippi town run by Will Varner (Orson Welles); Paul Newman plays Ben Quick, the stud drifter who comes into town and makes a deal with Varner to marry his tough-minded, virgin schoolteacher daughter (Joanne Woodward). Newman and Woodward have some electric, strong scenes together. Martin Ritt directed from a crackerjack popular screenplay by Irving Ravetch and his wife Harriet Frank, Jr. With Angela Lansbury, Lee Remick, Anthony Franciosa, and Richard Anderson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 20.)

Marie—With Sissy Spacek, directed by Roger Donaldson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Maytime (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in one of their lavish musicals that is enjoyable for more than camp reasons. The picture is too drawn out, the framing story is pitiably artificial, the staging is often suffocating, and the score rots your brain, but John Barrymore brings a bitter edge to the role of MacDonald's husband, and the atmosphere of thwarted passion is compelling. Robert Z. Leonard directed. The huge cast includes Herman Bing, Billy Gilbert, and Tom Brown. The script, by Noel Langley, is loosely based on the 1917 operetta. (Regency; Oct. 20-21.)

Plenty—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Schepisi works with his usual team—the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton—and also with the celebrated production designer Richard MacDonald; together they give the movie a lustrous, sensuous texture. Their craftsmanship is superb. But Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. Angry Young Manhood has become mannerism. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Murray Hill, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Oct. 21. . . . ¶ Cinema II; starting Oct. 23.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture, from a Richard Condon novel, has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Cinema 3; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting Oct. 18.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical sca
goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch
our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nicl
son, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napie
(6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

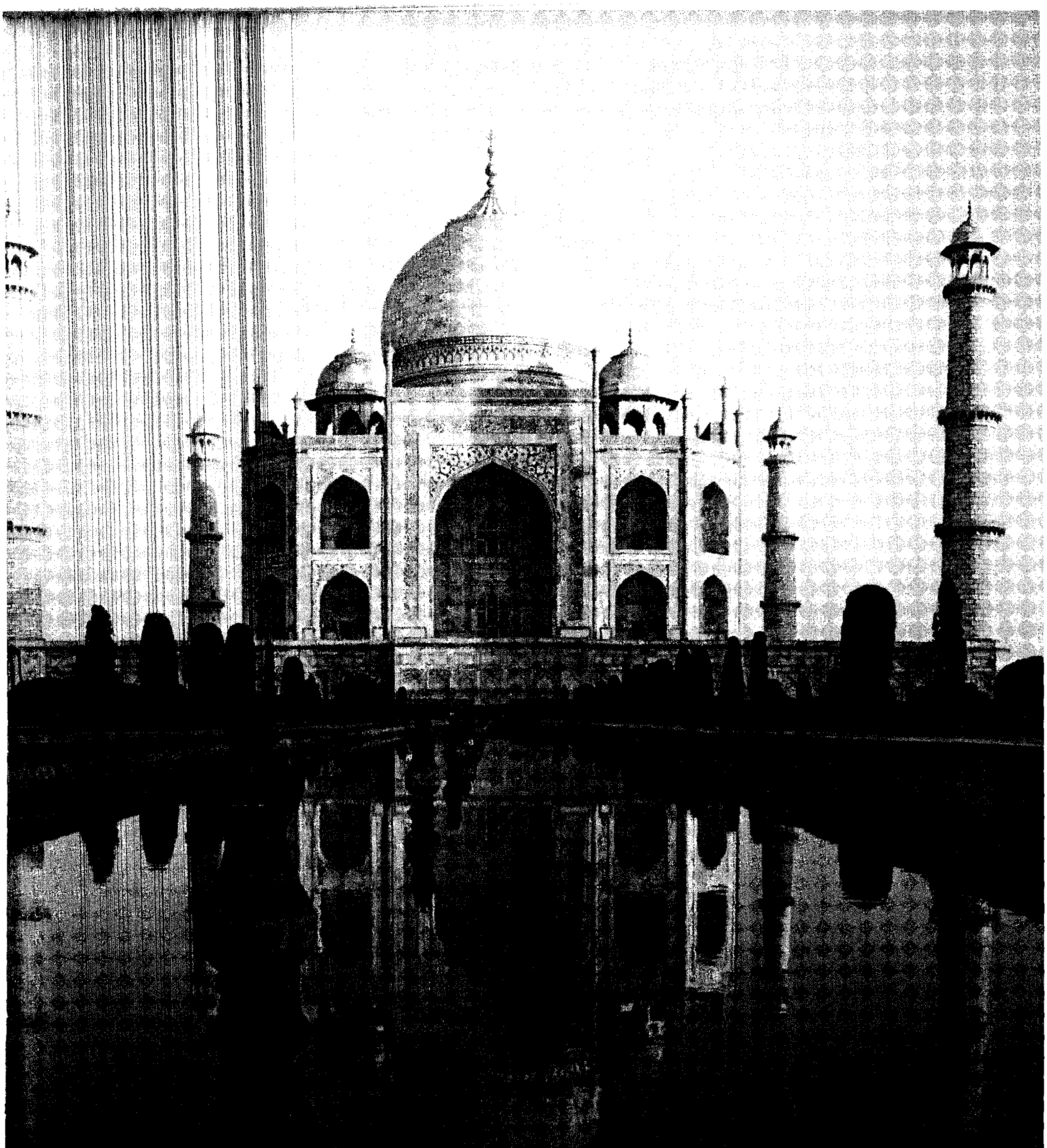
Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasda
uses accomplished actors: the four hero
journeying west to Silverado in the eightee
eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Sco
Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glove
and they're variously involved with Lind
Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Denneh
John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the a
mosphere is arch and uninvolving, and the
actors don't seem sure what their characte
are meant to be. The film is like a homage
the expensive Western; it's so opulent it h
a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/8
(New Embassy 49th Street. No performanc
on Wednesday, Oct. 16.)

Sweet Dreams—With Jessica Lange and E
Harris, directed by Karel Reisz. (Reviewe
in this issue.) (Gemini, Waverly, Loews 84
Street Sixplex, Olympia Quad, and R.K.
Century National Twin.)

To Be or Not to Be (1983)—This remake
Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polis
theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdo
is a mild farce—benign but not really ve
funny. The roles once played by Jack Benn
and Carole Lombard—the husband and wi
who run the theatre and are its stars—a
now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancrof
Bancroft is friendly and sexy, and she seer
more at ease in the general silliness tha
Brooks does. With Christopher Lloyd, Charl
Durning, José Ferrer, Tim Matheson, an
George Gaynes. Directed by Alan Johnso
who doesn't seize his opportunities to wo
up a head of steam. The semi-new script
by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graha
(Cinema Village; Oct. 23-24.)

Wetherby—It's about a younger generatio
whose souls are bombed out, and a middl
aged middle class that's spiritually desicca
ed, but David Hare, who wrote and directe
this English film, devised a who-is-to-blam
mystery structure for his morality tale, an
the interlocking flashbacks that he toys wit
are ingeniously worked out. A sallow, dea
eyed university graduate student (Ti
McInnerny) comes to the Yorkshire village
Wetherby, crashes a dinner party given b
an emotionally repressed secondary-scho
English teacher (Vanessa Redgrave), and th
next day returns to her cottage to blow o
his brains right in front of her, in her kitche
The only real mystery is the radiant sta
shine that Redgrave gives off; she saves th
movie from being a totally arid puzzle. Wit
Suzanna Hamilton, Ian Holm, Judi Denc
Stuart Wilson, and Redgrave's daughter Jo
ly Richardson, who plays the teacher as
young woman in love. (10/7/85) (Gemini.)

Year of the Dragon—Stan White (Micke
Rourke), a New York police captain, is a
signed to put a damper on the murdero
youth gangs who are disrupting life in Chin
town. But Stan—a synthesis of Rambo an
Dirty Harry—can't live with compromise; h
starts to create chaos in the community
that (in some unexplained way) he can tea
out the roots of crime. The movie is a form
hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, yet it isn't i
volving; it doesn't have the propulsion of goo
pulp storytelling. The only performance tha
has any intensity is the quiet one given b
John Lone as the sneaky, new young Chines
Godfather—he's so fine-drawn and elegan
he just about turns the movie upside dow
With Ariane, Ray Barry, Caroline Kav
Dennis Dun, and Leonard Termo. Direct
ed by Michael Cimino. (9/9/85) (Embass
1.)



When Shah Jehan saw the contractor's bid, did he say "Make the pool a little smaller"?

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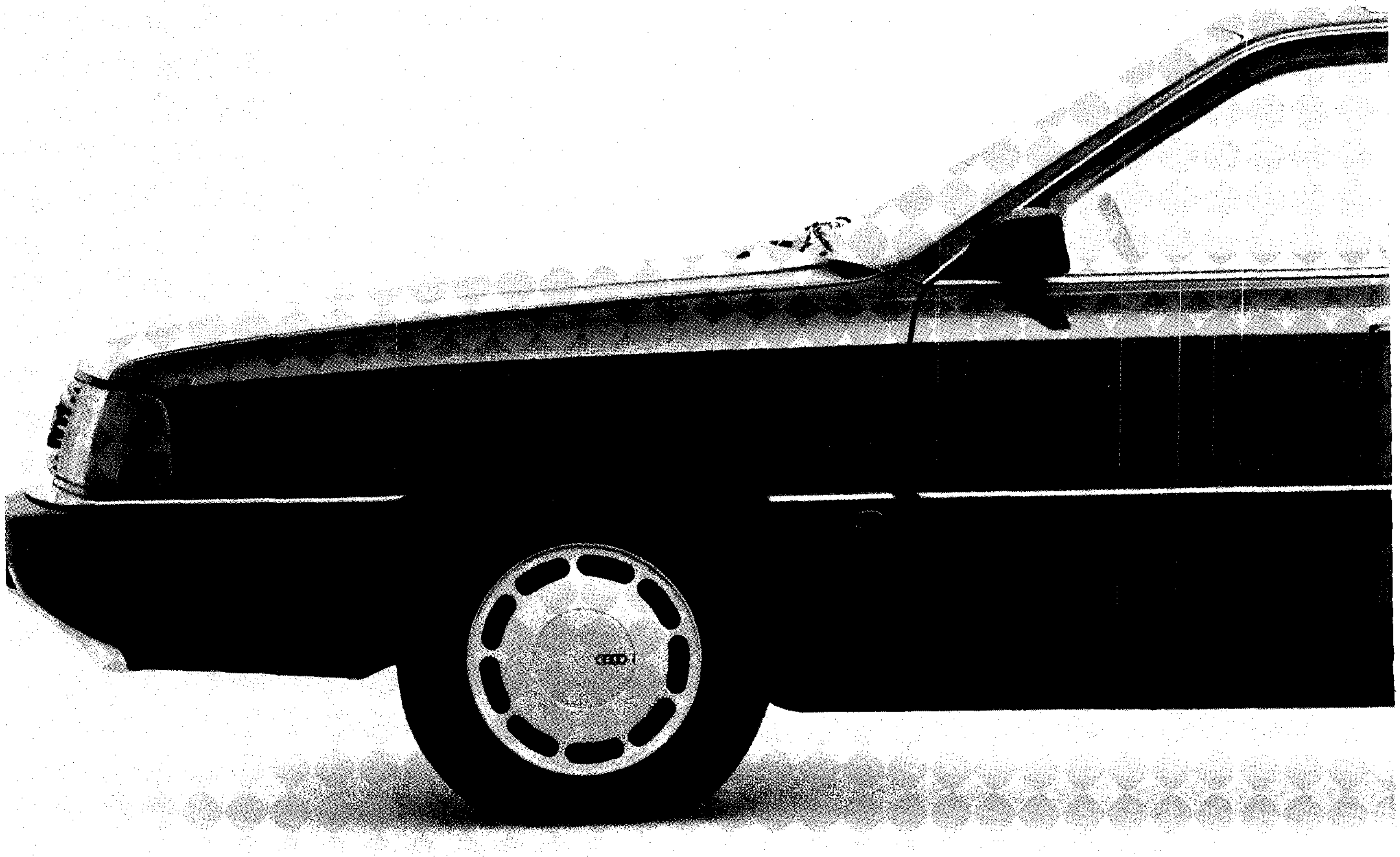

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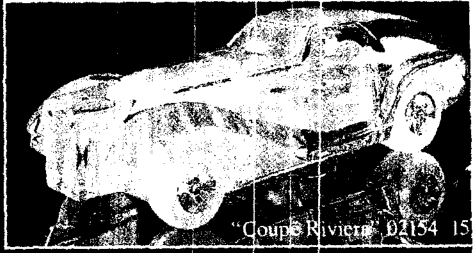

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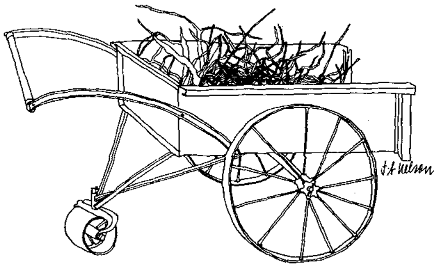
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHEN Mikhail S. Gorbachev, the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, spent a few days in France recently, meeting with President François Mitterrand, holding press conferences, and otherwise making himself visible to Western audiences, the coverage here in the United States was, it seems to us, unusual in its thoroughness and detail. Naturally, his proposals for nuclear-arms reductions were extensively covered, as was his general style of operation. He and his advisers, it was said, had apparently made a study of Western public-relations techniques and adopted not a few of them—the press conference, for one. His skill in these new arts met with a mixed reaction here: American commentators seemed torn between admiring it and fearing it. (*Time's* judicious verdict on whether "Gorbachev would continue to display the skills of salesmanship that have won him a reputation as the Great Soviet Communicator" was "The answer seemed to be both yes and no.") The personal qualities and the character of the man were weighed carefully, too. Alexander Haig, for one, found his knowledge of the West "awesome." "Here's a fellow in charge of his brief," Haig noted. "And beware to the fellow that enters into a summit with this man that isn't equally on top of his own brief"—only partly veiled advice for President What's-His-Name, who meets with Gorbachev in November. A great many observers pronounced Gorbachev charming, and some called his visit to France a "charm offensive." (We did not find Mr. Gorbachev charming; it seems to us that vigor, which he has in abundance, was mistaken for charm.) He was almost universally found to be "tough"—an attribute that many American observers appeared to be as ambivalent about as they were about his public-relations skills. At times, the newsmen and commentators seemed to be judging him as though he were the latest contender for President of the United States in 1988—public-relations skills and toughness being qualities highly admired in American politics these days—and their judgment, on the whole, looked favorable. We half expected them to start telling us what his chances were in the New Hampshire primary. Yet, as if ashamed to find themselves so impressed by Gorbachev's style, the American observers were, it must be said, at pains to remind us all of more substantial and more unambiguously disagreeable aspects of his rule: from time to time, they invited us to remember the political prisoners who rot in Soviet hard-labor camps; the war in Afghanistan, which, unlike Mr. Gorbachev's comings and goings in Paris, is closed to the Western news media; and the suffocation of Poland by its Soviet-sponsored military regime. Still, the main spotlight was on the man's style, including the minutest details of his—and also of his wife's—behavior. We learned that at dinner with President and Mrs. Mitterrand he had eaten oyster soup. We learned that one day he had worn new loafers with tassels on them, and that the price tag had been still affixed to the sole of one shoe. We learned that his wife, Raisa, had committed the gaffe of wearing the same outfit two days in a row, and that Mrs. Mitterrand, in a gracious gesture, had then done the same. We learned that Mrs. Gorbachev had visited the salons of Pierre Cardin and Yves Saint Laurent, and, having been presented with a bottle of Saint Laurent's latest perfume, called Paris, had remarked that she knew he also made a perfume called Opium, whereupon she was provided with a bottle of that forthwith.



We Americans, of course, have a special reason to be preoccupied with the details of the behavior of Mr. Gorbachev, inasmuch as he is the man directly in charge of the thousands of nuclear weapons that are targeted on our country. Ordinarily, the nuclear peril, which menaces the whole species with destruction but, until war comes, does not directly disturb a hair on anyone's head, remains largely invisible, producing, at most, a generalized, abstract sort of anxiety. In Mr. Gorbachev, however, the peril to the United States acquires a face, a body, a suit, and, for that matter, tasselled loafers. For the finger that is poised over the button that can send all Americans into oblivion belongs to none other than this man, whom we have been watching in Paris giving speeches, bantering with newsmen, eating dinner. We know that he can rain nuclear warheads down on our cities almost as quickly as the television technicians can beam his image into our living rooms. And if we have forgotten this we are reminded of it by an occasional glimpse of the nameless man, never far from Gorbachev's side, who holds the attaché case that contains the code numbers in which the lives and deaths of all of us are summed up. The strange and disturbing relationship between whole targeted populations, including the population of the species itself, and the few individuals—whether charming or otherwise—who hold them hostage to nuclear destruction is a novelty of the latter half of our century. However, the keen and alert interest that any potential victim feels when the person who has the power of life and death over him appears in his presence is anything but new. Brought face to face with a man who can kill us, we are powerfully inclined to take special note of his expression, his movements, his tone of voice, the color of his tie. His smallest gestures assume the greatest importance for us. Does Mr. Gorbachev wear tassels on his loafers? Did he just have a bowl of oyster soup? Did it agree with him? Does his wife prefer Opium perfume to Paris perfume? Was she pleased with her gift? We are interested. We would like to know.

•

A FRIEND writes:

Not long ago, I wrote a piece for this page about the line halfway between the pole and the equator; the millennium; and the conflict in South Africa. In it, in a single-sentence aside, I recounted how once, on a cross-country trip, I had crossed the Continental Divide in a rainstorm and had reflected that the drops falling on one of my boots were going to the Gulf of Mexico, while those on the other would end up in the Pacific. Some weeks later, a letter arrived in the mail. The writer asked me to look up a passage in John Steinbeck's "Travels with Charley." The passage, which he enclosed, was much the same as mine—an aside, Continental Divide, rainstorm, feet. My first thought was: How 'bout that! Me and John. He won a Nobel Prize. Then, for a second, I was envious, because he'd done it better: there were no curlicues at the end of his sentence—just a period, which was what belonged there. But then, flooding into my mind, washing out all else, came fear, the very specific and sickening fear that someone else could have been the one to notice this, and could have called me a plagiarist. I could have picked up some newspaper someday and flipped it open to the press column (as I usually do) and found myself accused, and perhaps the accusation would have stuck. Calm down, I told myself: people don't plagiarize asides, and everyone who's driven across the Continental Divide in a rainstorm must have had the same thoughts—that's what the Continental Divide *is*, after all. But I was trembling. I'd even used some of the same words—"right foot," "straddle." I gave myself the third—or, at least, the second—degree:

"Where was it that you said you wrote the piece?"

"I wrote the piece in a rented log cabin by a cold lake."

"Can you prove that?"

"Well, I have the Express Mail receipt."

"Was 'Travels with Charley' on the shelf?"

"No. Just *Field & Stream*, *Guns & Ammo*, and, I think, a Hardy Boys."

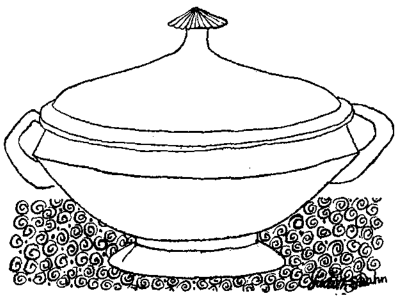
"Could you have been recalling the book from memory?"

"I remember standing in the rain and watching the drops. Me. Physically."

"Still, back then, mightn't you have been under Steinbeck's spell?"

"Perhaps—it was years ago, and Steinbeck has always been a favorite of mine." (A chapter early in "The Grapes of Wrath," about a turtle crossing a road, was what first made me realize that writing could be more than spinning stories.)

And so I acquitted myself, and, anyway, no one called me on it, though I fluttered a bit each time the phone rang. It is, of course, a mite paranoid—and more than a mite pompous—to imagine that anyone would have cared. But for a moment I imagined just that, for our wildest fears far exceed even our wildest hopes. Since no one, it turned out, did care, I was able to learn from imagined experience as opposed to actual event. (Reality is probably overrated as an instructional tool, for when its waters recede the thin scum remaining is as likely to be bitterness as wisdom.) I hadn't learned anything about writing—what is there to do but hope your thoughts are original? I had, I think, got a tiny taste of how horrid it must be to be accused. What I had feared was not that I was a plagiarist, or even that anyone who looked at the question very closely would consider me a plagiarist—it was that people *wouldn't* look very closely, for I rarely look very closely myself when others are involved. For fun, nothing beats judging. Many of u secretly hope for the next vacancy o the Supreme Court, and we keep i practice, just in case, by handing dow decisions on affairs public and privat always with incredible speed, and usually with very little basis. In our ope society, the process is not Kafkaesqu it is the opposite. The charge, th trial, and the verdict can come in successive editions of a newspaper. Mos of us, I think, intuitively understan this process—understand that we hav very little knowledge indeed on whic to base our judgments of Geraldin Ferraro's conduct or Edwin Meese virtue. But we are nearly helples against the fascination of scandal. W like watching speedy cars, and ther seems little chance we will get caug in their headlights.



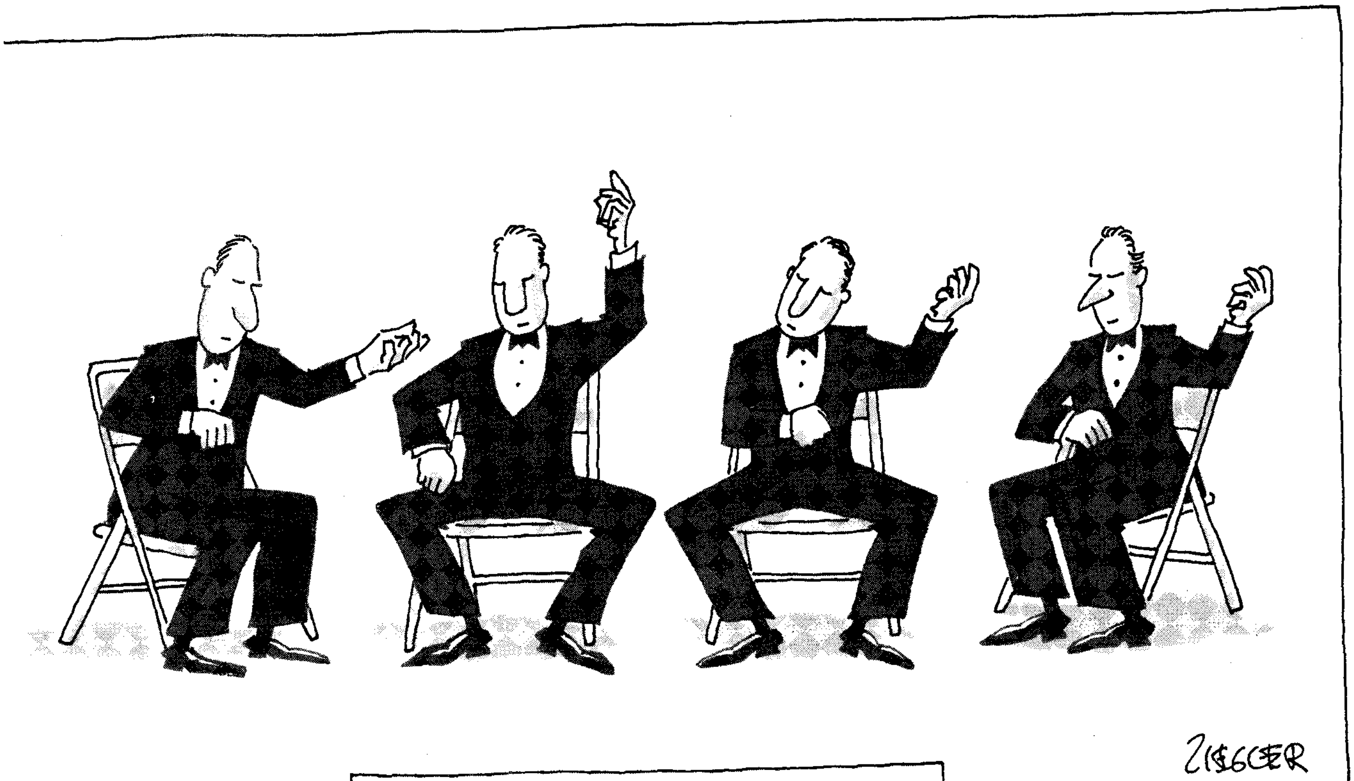
Everyone I have ever known wh has served on a jury has remarked o how impressed he or she was by th process—strangers working togethe carefully sifting evidence, carefull reaching a decision. Jurors rarely listen to the first witness and then mak up their minds. Instead, they agoniz because their responsibility is awesome. If they decide a man is guilty, h may leave his family behind and go t prison, and if they decide he's innocen he can walk out and go home. Th court of public opinion is not as important, but neither is it as just. Given choice between believing the best an believing the worst about someone, w too often—or, at least, I too often— believe the worst. It is titillating, makes me feel superior—all the obvious reasons. To explain exactly wh that is wrong would involve a piou sermon, unless you've been as scare for a second as I was. And the wors of it is that if you are accused you can say any of these things I've been saying. Every syllable would dig yo deeper.

• •

Schooners

AND our friend the schooner bui from New England was back i town recently, to watch the nineteent annual Mayor's Cup race in Ne York Harbor, and he sent us the following notes:

This year's race was by far the mos dramatic in recent years—fog, gale waterspouts, capsizings! Glad to hav seen it, glad to be safely back home. shipped out at 10 A.M. Saturday o board the sloop Clearwater, which ha been chartered as an observation bo



THE JUILLIARD AIR QUARTET

• •

y the South Street Seaport Museum, nd, wetting a thumb, I estimated the ind to be southwest between twenty nd twenty-five knots, seas from one three feet. Bleak skies, light rain, g shrouding the tops of buildings lower Manhattan. The start of the ce was delayed one half hour for isibility to improve, and meanwhile, utlined against the misty backdrop the Battery, the fleet of schooners icing through the grayness formed a icture almost ghostly and otherworld-—a sad reminder that the heyday of ch boats is now just a memory. ighteen schooners in all, this year, mong them three legendary boats om the late twenties and early thir-es, yachting's golden era. The three ere Malabar X, an elegant gaff-gged schooner designed and origi-ally owned by the great John Alden imself (Boston man, perhaps the ost influential creator of schooners ver), and winner of the Bermuda ace in 1932; Brilliant, a long, ell-proportioned yacht (sixty-one nd a half feet over all) designed in 932 by Sparkman & Stephens (New ork firm, but creator of fast, love- boats nonetheless), and veteran of everal Bermuda campaigns; and iña, maybe the most famous and eloved schooner of all, designed by e brilliant and eccentric Starling Burgess (also Boston-based), and winner of the Transatlantic and Fastnet Races in 1928 and the Bermuda Race in 1962 (thirty-four years after she was built!) and many other offshore contests. She was still in such good shape that just a glimpse of her gleaming-white topsides and varnished deck was sufficient to bring a sparkle to the damp and gloomy morning. It was like seeing Garbo on the street.

The gun went off at ten-thirty, and, with the breeze freshening, the bigger yachts were all away and driving hard, many under single reef—Malabar first (crossing the line right on the button), trailed by Brilliant and Niña. The smaller boats followed twenty minutes later. The start was orderly except for the unexpected presence of the five-hundred-and-twenty-two-foot-long U.S. Navy tank-landing ship Boulder, which hung a left around the Battery and, like a Manhattan bus barging through an intersection, came blundering across the line in the wrong direction, scattering schooners to either side.

At approximately eleven-thirty, with the race fleet tacking out toward the Narrows, I noticed a wall of dark clouds advancing like a curtain from the west. Clearwater's skipper, Peg Brandon, had already spotted it, and immediately ordered sails lowered: just in time, for within minutes the sky overhead was as black as night, and a violent thundersquall was upon us, pushing across the harbor three funnellike spouts of wind-driven spray—small, watery tornadoes. Tugboat captains in the vicinity of these spouts later reported gusts of up to eighty knots; I reckoned that Clearwater, off a little to the west, took a couple of good fifty-knot blasts, shuddering slightly, then plunging forward and throwing off grayish-white sheets of bow spray. Thunder boomed overhead, rain drove down so hard it stung like hail. In the darkness off the port side, the shadowy hull of a tug suddenly loomed up, and a crewman leaped to our bow and began honking away on an air horn to warn it off. Could the Staten Island ferry have blown off course, I wondered. And where was that tank ship? New England sailing was never like this!

Then the storm quickly blew past. Just in front of Liberty Island, with the sky brightening somewhat, I made out the schooner Russell Grinnell—a small, tender sharpie, with a low freeboard and a very narrow waist—over on her beam ends. A couple of crewmen, in yellow rain gear and bright-red life vests, were perched on the side of the hull; the rest were bobbing like seabirds in the chop—all safe and accounted for, it turned out. Off to the east, Theresa, a brand-new cat-rigged schooner (unstayed masts, no jib), was over as well, her stern counter poking up in a way that suggested a doghouse in a flood. All hands safe here, too, I'm happy to report, for a Coast Guard crash boat, its strobe beacon flashing, and a tug quickly arrived on the scene. (If you have to capsize, come to think of it, New York Harbor's not a bad place.) To the south I spotted a schooner that appeared to be hove to in the lee of Staten Island, and a couple of others, just now raising sail again, that must have ridden the squall out under bare poles. Full seamanship marks to them all, and to Peg Brandon and her crew.

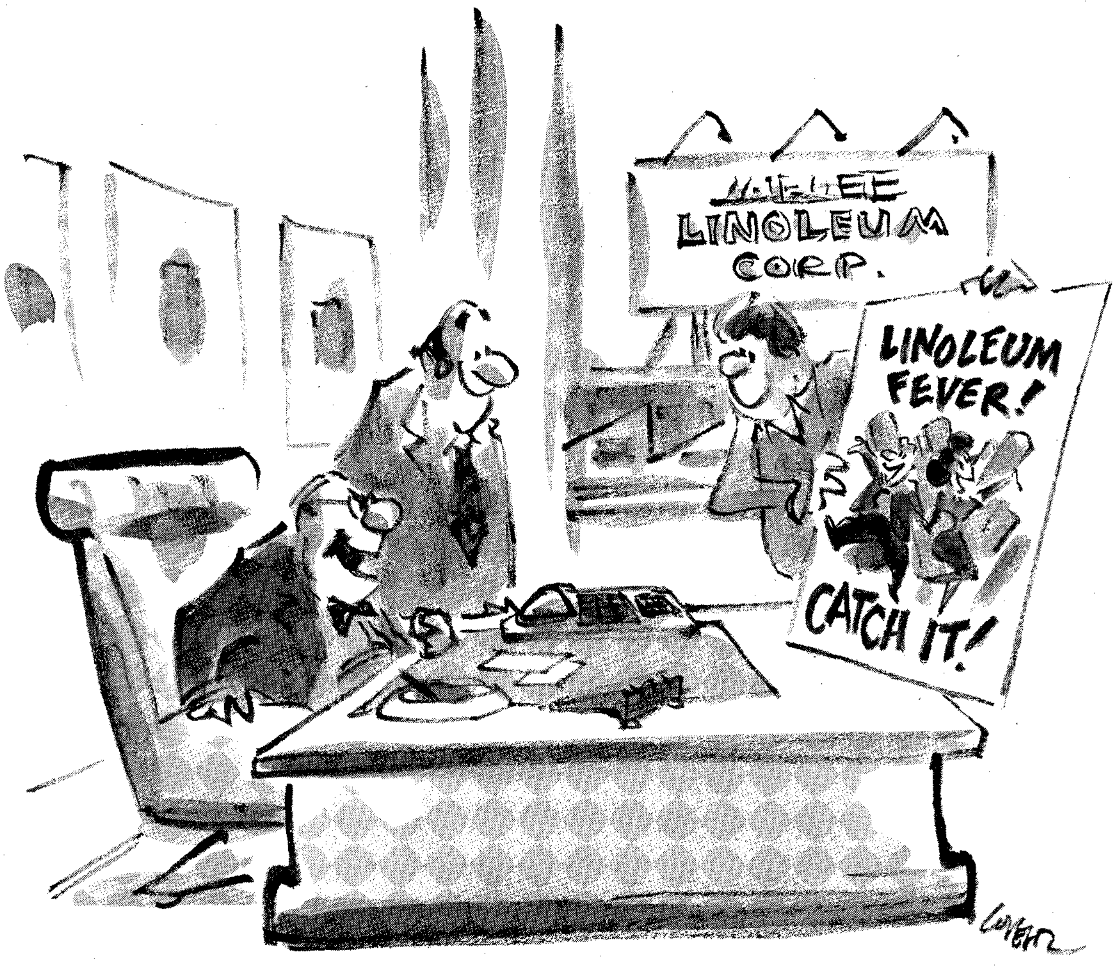
Officially, the race had never stopped, and, the wind seeming to slacken now, a dozen yachts shook out their reefs and gamely pressed on; six dropped out, along with most of the soggy spectator fleet. On board Clearwater, I helped hoist the main again (the halyards were as sodden as sponges) and gratefully consumed a bag lunch provided courtesy of Foster's Lager, official sponsor of the race, and a can of the official brew. (Lunch was made—or built, I should say—by Alexandra Troy, New York "culinary architect," and came wrapped in a number of small bundles, tied with blue ribbon, that required hacking by my trusty clasp knife before yielding.) We sailed up toward the Verrazano Bridge, then came about in time to watch the leaders surging for the finish, at the Battery, in what amounted to an illustrated lesson in the form and function of the classic schooner rig: Brilliant, heeled way over, her starboard rail almost under water, her jib and foresail angled to the wind like albatross wings; Voyager (another Alden schooner, and a welcome sight up there at the front, since Malabar X had been forced to retire with a blown-out jib), standing up more stiffly, her powerful, broad hull driving through the swells; and Niña, effortlessly flying every rag on board (jib, staysail, fisherman, main) and, at nine knots or better, steadily catching up. (In the end, Brilliant was fastest over the water, but on corrected time Voyager proved to be the winner over all, and she took home the mug.)

Back at the South Street pier, I shook hands with Cap'n Peg, emptied my deck shoes, wrung out my slicker and headed north by northeast fo home. Caught favorable, outgoing tid on the Cross Bronx Expressway, an then, just as the sun was coming out tacked over to the Connecticut Turnpike. Made it to Massachusetts befor dark, fair winds all the way.

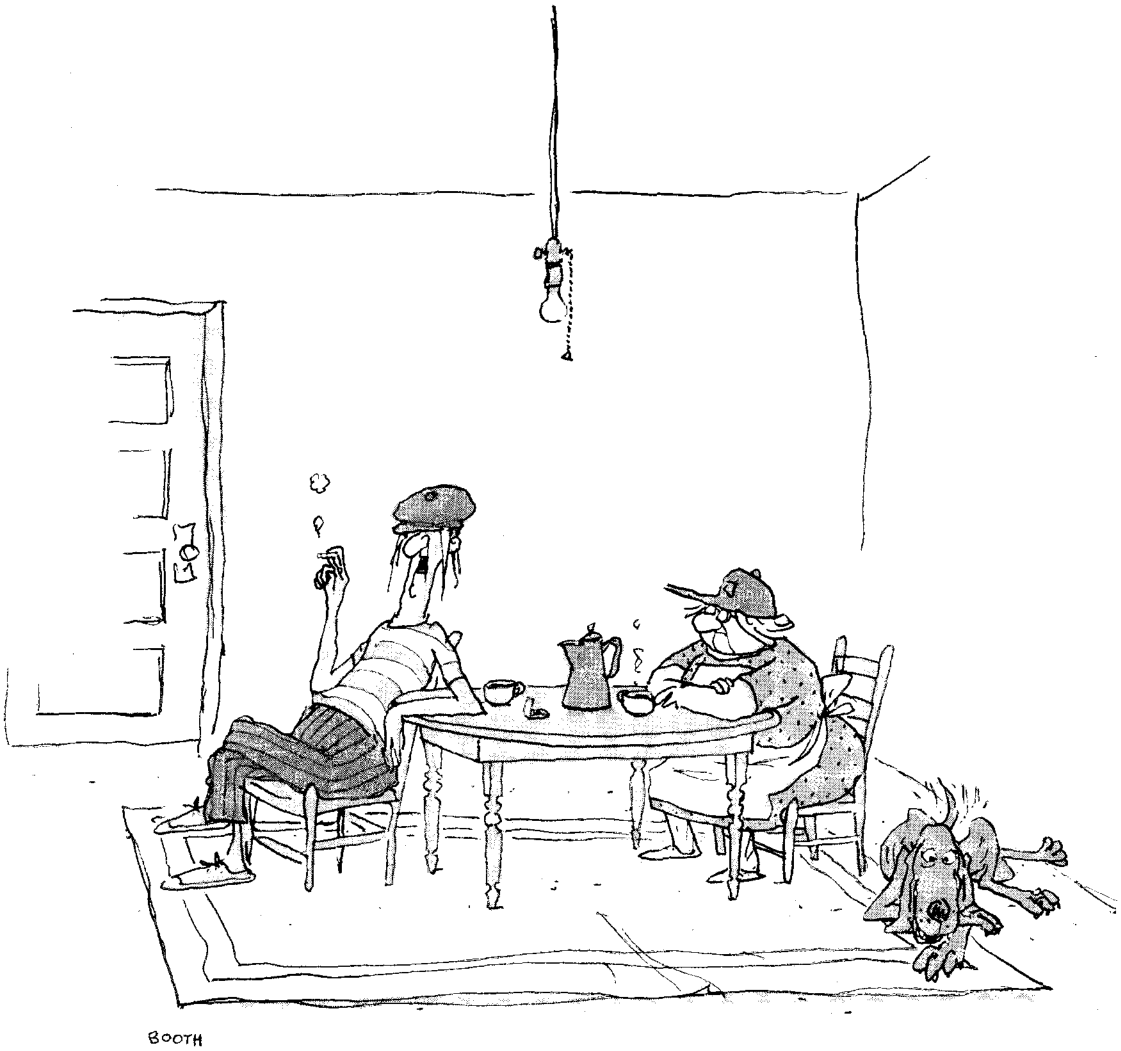
Incunabula

MOST people don't mention T and the Gutenberg Bible in th same breath. Then there's Rober Saudek, and we're inclined to hee what he has to say. Mr. Saudek ha been developing his ideas about television since before this country's firs commercial broadcast, in 1941. H went to work for NBC in 1938. H thought up and produced "Omnibus, which at the time *TV Guide* calle television's "biggest gamble," bu which became one of the most highl honored series of the fifties. A decad ago, after winning a shelfful of Emm and Peabody awards for TV show he had produced, he created th Museum of Broadcasting, on Eas Fifty-third Street. And after directin the museum for six years, and putting in a brief stint o retirement, he was hire to fill his current post—chief of the Motion Picture, Broadcasting, an Recorded Sound Division of the Library o Congress, in Washington. At seventy-fou Mr. Saudek has strikin blue eyes and a seren manner that bubble some when he tells T stories. And that's wha he did the other morning, when we sough him out at his Librar office.

"I got the idea fo 'Omnibus' at the Ne York Zoological Society," he said. "In 1951 I went to one of it meetings and saw movie. It was onl thirty-five seconds long and it was a closeup, i slow motion, of a jack rabbit running across field. There were thos long legs and floppy ear filling up the screen. I was one of the mos exciting things I'd ever seen. The questio


LINOLEUM CORP.
LINOLEUM FEVER!
CATCH IT!
Lorenz

"*Now you're talking!*"



"I saw Harvey Yerkow today. He said, 'How's it going?' I said, 'Doing all right!'"

vas: Where could you ut that sort of thing on TV? Wasn't it possible o find a way to show a umber of short pieces ike that one—and long ieces, too—about a vide range of subjects vhose main link was hat they struck me as nteresting? I came up vith a magazine fornat, and it worked out retty well."

We asked why, in his pinion, the program ad succeeded.

"At that point, the ardsticks that were aplied to programs were nfixed," he replied. 'So it was possible to neasure a new one by nore complex standards han the bottom line, vhich is the only rule oday. Now television is least-common-denomnator medium. It's relly a way to make noney indirectly. Toay's programs are a neans for advertisers to each a lot of people, nd they draw people by utting on something eople like, and what eople like is measured y ratings. Back then, ve thought more about he top of the line. Vhat could you reach for? When you o that, you take some risks, but you an end up with a young conductor ike Leonard Bernstein turning his TV début into an event. Bernstein did hat when, unlike anyone else on the ir, he sang, he played the piano, he id chalk talks to analyze the first novement of Beethoven's Fifth. You an put your show on live, and there's othing like it. We did that a hundred nd sixty-six times, for an hour to an our and a half each week. We got Gene Kelly tap-dancing with the great niddleweight boxing champion Sugar Ray Robinson, and Frank Lloyd Vright talking about architecture. It vas terrific."

"Do you still follow TV?" we sked.

"Sort of," he said. "I'm interested n TV, but I'm *very* interested in heatre. And they're related. The talkes came out of silent pictures, you now, and before they could make stills move there were photographs, so the camera is much more important to movies than it is to television. Theatre is the ancestry of TV. Television came out of radio, and radio is all talk, because you don't have pictures in radio. And radio came out of theatre, because the talk was usually about stories and drama. That's the heritage of it, and why I'm really interested in theatre."

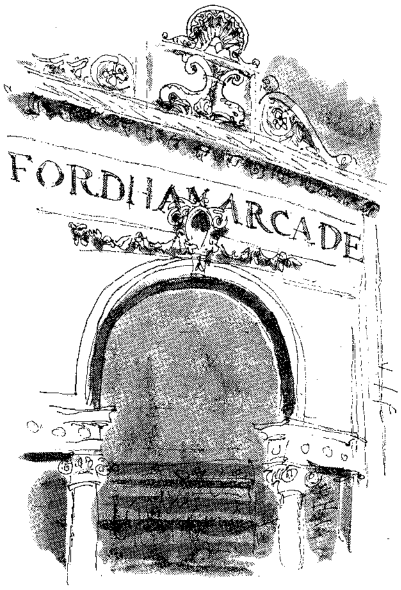
Some years ago, Mr. Saudek took time off from producing to teach a course in general education at Harvard College, from which he had graduated in 1932. The course was listed as Social Sciences 168, with the title "Sound and Light," and one of the lectures was about "Print and Broadcasting: Some Historic Parallels." It dealt with big ideas that interest Mr. Saudek, and concrete examples of them; and his basic message, according to the text he showed us, was that the inventors of the printing press, the telegraph, and television—that is, Gutenberg, Morse, and a Russian named Zworykin—were partners of figures like Martin Luther, Tom Paine, and, from the TV age, Edward R. Murrow, all of whom, in Mr. Saudek's words, "made the instruments of mass communication servants of the truth."

All the modern instruments of mass communication come under Mr. Saudek's current supervision, so, in the Library's Mary Pickford Theatre, he arranged for us to see a half-hour progression of clips from the Library's movie trove—our own live "Omnibus" production. The clips included a grainy 1901 print of an America's Cup race between a couple of huge white yachts named Columbia and Shamrock II; a stark twelve-minute silent movie called "A Child of the Ghetto," which D. W. Griffith made in 1910; the zigzag football chase from Harold Lloyd's 1925 comedy "The Freshman;" a sample of a sound picture from 1928 called "Greeting by George Bernard Shaw," in which, in a scratchy, amiable brogue, the white-bearded Irishman began (not altogether convincingly), "Well! This is a surprise;" and, from the 1953 Technicolor movie "Call Me Madam," with Donald O'Connor in white tie and tortoise-shell glasses and Ethel Merman in a scoop-necked dress and three strands of pearls, a great musical number, which got Mr. Saudek cheerfully singing along.

"All but the last of these are the incunabula of film," Mr. Saudek explained. "If we think of the first fifty years of movies as being like the half century of printing after Gutenberg made his Bible—after he'd launched movable type but before it was commonly used—that takes us up to the nineteen-thirties, and it's a wonderful period, right on the edge of the modern talkies. But if what eventually happened to books is any precedent it doesn't take us very far at all. Now television, which is such an important medium for the present and the future, because you don't have to take the time to make positives and negatives, the way you do in movies—because it's so *instant*—is still in its incunabula period. In terms of technology, it's a very dynamic medium. In a sense, you could say that TV is now more dynamic than movies. Two years ago, there was no way except by a visit to Congress for a person outside Washington to have any idea what debate in the Capitol was really like. Today, on cable television, C-Span broadcasts Congress every day, and people all over the country can tune in whenever they like. Satellite dishes in back yards make it possible to pick up programs from all over the world. TV's hardly here yet."

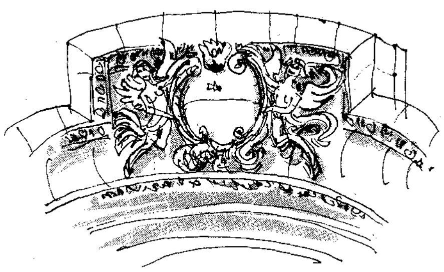
Landmarks

COMMUTERS on Metro-North New Haven and Harlem-line trains who tend to look out the window probably have their own mental lists of urban landmarks they are accustomed to seeing along the tracks (Cardinal Hayes High School, the Harlem River, Mugler Shoring). Perhaps, looking west as they rattle through the Bronx, they say to themselves, subconsciously, "There it is again" when they pass, for instance, the Fordham Arcade, or the Garden Theatre façade, on Webster Avenue. They may even wonder about these places until—an instant later—the buildings slip from view. We decided to take a stationary look at some of the sites on such a list, and we went up to Webster Avenue where it runs parallel to the railroad, north of East Fordham Road, and walked around. The neighborhood is mostly small stores and Heavy Metal: body and fender shops; radiator and boiler repair; welding.



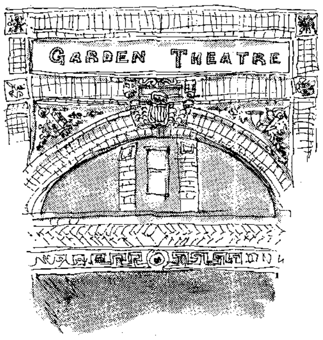
Illus. A

The Fordham Arcade (*Illus. A*), a grand entrance, with columns and floral carvings, that culminates in a large scallop shell supported by two cavorting dolphins, goes nowhere, it turns out; locked metal shutters, a fence, and strands of barbed wire seal off the Arcade in convincing fashion.



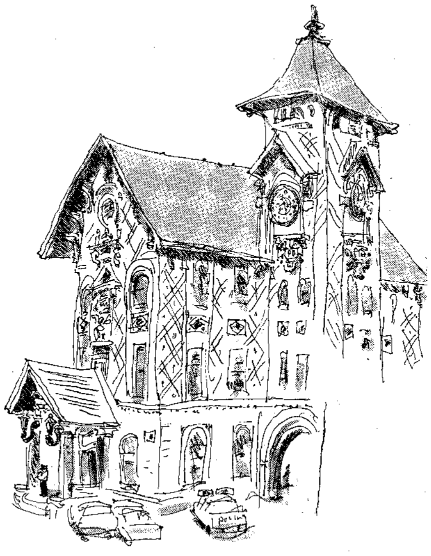
Illus. B

A few blocks north, we came to a bricked-up building (*Illus. B*) that looks like a theatre with its marquee missing, and features a pair of nude angels at the top. An elderly man was getting out of his car nearby. He had the air of a native, so we asked him about the anonymous structure. "That was the old U.S. Theatre," he said. "It's been closed for years." He suggested we inquire at a nearby wallpaper-and-curtain store for additional information—the proprietor knew about the theatre. We tried that, but the proprietor was away and the stor seemed almost frantic ("She says sh told you twenty-seven inches, she go home it was twenty-six!" "I'll talk t her. What were they, Ma'am—th gold pattern? Well, bring them in") so we kept moving. On the next bloc was the Garden Theatre (*Illus. C*). It façade, mostly tile, was intact, bu the first floor—what was probabl once the orchestra—was now a garag for trucks of Comfort Control, a gas heat company.



Illus. C

Then, near 205th Street, there wa an impressive Victorian tower of re brick, but the building itself was largely obscured by a high wall and a sig that said "INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS FO SALE." A clear view was available however, from an overpass abov Webster Avenue. The tower, wit giant clock faces outlined in blue mosaic, turned out to be part of the Polic Department's Fifty-second Precinc building (*Illus. D*)—surely the ger of Webster Avenue, or any othe avenue, for that matter—and at tha very moment an officer, ever vigilant was maintaining surveillance on th front porch.



Illus. D

A TERRIBLE SAGA OF ENTRÉES

Like the Mafia before them, Hell's Angels have begun to diversify into quasi-legal businesses. The FBI claims that neo-yuppie bikers have even started a catering service.—*Newsweek.*

IT'S early in the morning here in Washington and there's nobody on the streets but bums, cops, paper trucks, and caterers. Outlaw caterers from the bad end, menace living in their eyes, down and loud and screaming but not opening their mouths when they talk. Giving some kicks to the squares. Kicks like:

Coquilles d'Homard Monblason
(for eight)
One hundred and ninety dollars

*

Bar Farci
(for sixteen)
Two hundred and eighty-one dollars

*

These righteous dudes, they sure could sauté. They were a paradox. After I started to do business with them I always wondered how someone who knew where to find absolutely the best truffle in the Langhe in Piedmont could also be the kind of person to throw his mama on the back of an Electra Glide hog and ride off into whatever gastronomic thing waits out there in the night. I mean:

Quiche Lorraine
(for twenty-four)
Two hundred and ten dollars

*

Quiche aux Fruits de Mer
(for thirty-six, *avec* twenty-four mamas)
Four thousand dollars

*

Escargots en Coquilles
Nuit de Famille
(for fifty, *avec* about two hundred mamas)
Three million dollars

*

Yeah, these dudes could stick it. They could know it. They were into everything, and they were here.

WE had them over to do the reception for the new Patagonian envoy. We were on the spot. Our chef here at the embassy had come apart during the Dinner Dance for the House Foreign Affairs Committee (with wives and staff), and we'd been waiting for weeks for his replacement from back home. We hadn't had much luck filling in with Deli Bungalow or the Rent-a-Burro Fiesta people. We were deep in the Yellow Pages, with the big holiday social season just ahead, and when we saw how things stood we called them.

Two of them came over just after midnight. They leaned their bikes at the foot of the marble steps and pushed their way in. I thought of Brando. They said they were booked up for ten months ahead but maybe they could handle our order if everything would go just as I described it.

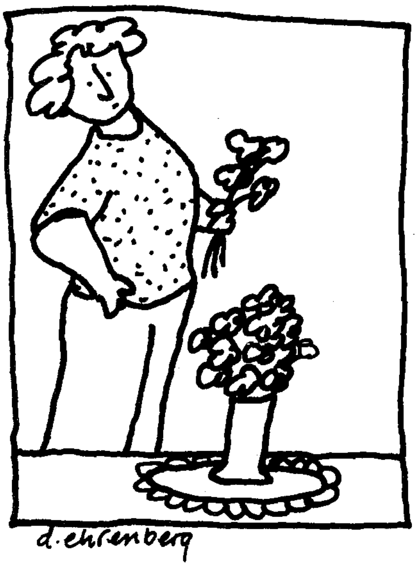
"No problem," I said.

"No women in slacks, now," one said.

I didn't say anything. Our eyes met. We all knew where we were coming from.

They revved out of the embassy around two, throwing up the driveway gravel but generally taking it very easy as they cruised out past the guardhouses and headed up north, somewhere past Kalorama, to where there would be a whole lot of people like them: people shouting, drinking beer, and painting each other, people who had spent a great deal of time snail-watching on a farm in the South of France.

I understood them. We're into the cultural matrix here in D.C., and it's O.K. that *haute cuisine française* comes to you under certain conditions: tight leather jeans, studded kidney belts, wire-rim shades, arm tattoos, milk-fed veal, and get out of my face. You mess with these dudes and you've bought nothing but trouble—lumpy béarnaise, hollandaise that curdles nine times when you stir it, and your windows blown out with chocolate mousse.



IT was all happening in the striped tents at nine in the evening. They'd told us that Sonny the Chef wouldn't make it, because he was still doing hard time for using Philadelphia Cream Cheese in a Camembert gig. But Little Tommy would be there. At twenty-seven, he was already a leader —cold-eyed and clean-shaven, with a romaine-green Harley, and he'd given as good as he got in legendary rumbles with the Diablos, the heat, and Julia Child.

Everything looked good. The night was mild, the lanterns were shining, and our assistant attachés knew which senators' wives liked to waltz and which did the moon walk. Little Tommy wheeled in with the food—and then here came the Highway Patrol and it all turned into one big vapor lock. The pigs wrote up the boys for everything in the book: tomato skins in the Aubergine Caviar, grape seeds in the Caille en Aspic Muscat, no *pommes de terre* in the Pommes de Terre Biuchant. They also nailed them for seven blown mufflers. One biker said to me, "Tell your people back home that here in America, with all this abundance of great carbohydrates, you still get hassled by the pigs."

I've learned my lesson. No matter how tight you think you are with caterers, you always have to remember that you are not one of them. Despite their arm napkins, they can turn on you at any second. Later that evening, one of them caught a freshman representative (D., N.J.) putting ketchup on his Poire Belle Hélène, and the party was *finito*. In a minute, I was surrounded by a half dozen of the biggest, hairiest dudes in the history of French cooking. They called me a provincial, a philistine, and a water-drinker. Benno, the pastry chef—a paring-knife fight had taken off half his nose—burst into tears and told me the next time we had a sitdown affair we could just call the Colonel. A bad scene.

They got on their hogs and split. I watched them tear off—sixteen caterers in two rows, each with an emblazoned "Fête Accomplie" on the back of his leather storm jacket—and privately I wished them well, for they were artists, after all. And they'd let us off lightly: $162,875.25, including tax and gratuities. —Frank Gannon

BASIL FROM HER GARDEN

A—In the dream, my father was playing the piano, a Beethoven something, in a large concert hall that was filled with people. I was in the audience and I was reading a book. I suddenly realized that this was the wrong thing to do when my father was performing, so I sat up and paid attention. He was playing very well, I thought. Suddenly the conductor stopped the performance and began to sing a passage for my father, a passage that my father had evidently botched. My father listened attentively, smiling at the conductor.

Q—Does your father play? In actuality?

A—Not a note.

Q—Did the conductor resemble anyone you know?

A—He looked a bit like Althea. The same cheekbones and the same chin.

Q—Who is Althea?

A—Someone I know.

Q—What do you do, after work, in the evenings or on weekends?

A—Just ordinary things.

Q—No special interests?

A—I'm very interested in bow-hunting. These new bows they have now, what they call a compound bow. Also, I'm a member of the Galapagos Society, we work for the environment, it's really a very effective—

Q—And what else?

A—Well, adultery. I would say that that's how I spend most of my free time. In adultery.

Q—You mean regular adultery.

A—Yes. Sleeping with people to whom one is not legally bound.

Q—These are women.

A—Invariably.

Q—And so that's what you do, in the evenings or on weekends.

A—I had this kind of strange experience. Today is Saturday, right? I called up this haircutter that I go to, her name is Ruth, and asked for an appointment. I needed a haircut. So she says she has openings at ten, ten-thirty, eleven, eleven-thirty, twelve, twelve-thirty— On a Saturday. Do you think the world knows something I don't know?

Q—It's possible.

A—What if she stabs me in the ear with the scissors?

Q—Unlikely, I would think.

A—Well, she's a good soul. She's had several husbands. They've all been master sergeants, in the Army. She seems to gravitate toward N.C.O. Clubs. Have you noticed all these little black bugs flying around here? I don't know where they come from.

Q—They're very small, they're like gnats.

A—They come in clouds, then they go away.

A—I sometimes think of myself as a person who, you know what I mean, could have done something else it doesn't matter what particularly Just something else. I saw an ad in the Sunday paper for the C.I.A., a recruiting ad, maybe a quarter of a page, and I suddenly thought, It might be interesting to do that. Even though I've always been opposed to the C.I.A. when they were trying to bring Cuba down, the stuff with Lumumba in Africa, the stuff in Central America. . . . Then here is this ad, perfectly straightforward, "where your career is America's strength" or something like that, "aptitude for learning a foreign language is a plus" or something like that. I've always been good at languages, and I'm sitting there thinking about how my résumé might look to them, starting completely over in something completely new, changing the very sort of person I am, and there was an attraction, a definite attraction. Of course the maximum age was thirty-five. I guess they want them more malleable.

Q—So, in the evenings or on weekends—

A—Not every night or every weekend. I mean, this depends on the circumstances. Sometimes my wife and I go to dinner with people, or watch television—

Q—But in the main—

A—It's not that often. It's once in a while.

Q—Adultery is a sin.

A—It is classified as a sin, yes. Absolutely.

Q—The Seventh Commandmen says—

A—I know what it says. I wa raised on the Seventh Commandment But.

Q—But what?

A—The Seventh Commandment i wrong.

Q—It's wrong?

A—Some outfits call it the Sixth and others the Seventh. It's wrong.

Q—The whole Commandment?

A—I don't know how it happened

Ornithology

vhether it's a mistranslation from the ramaic or whatever, it may not even iave been Aramaic, I don't know, I ertainly do not pretend to scholarship n this area, but my sense of the matter s that the Seventh Commandment is n error.

Q—Well if that was true it would hange quite a lot of things, wouldn't t?

A—Take the pressure off, a bit.

Q—Have you told your wife?

A—Yes, Grete knows.

Q—How'd she take it?

A—Well, she *liked* the Seventh ommandment. You could reason that t was in her interest to support the eventh Commandment for the preser-ation of the family unit and this sort f thing but to reason that way is, I vould say, to take an extremely nar-ow view of Grete, of what she thinks. he's not predictable. She once told me hat she didn't want me, she wanted a uite of husbands, ten or twenty—

Q—What did you say?

A—I said, Go to it.

Q—Well, how does it make you eel? Adultery.

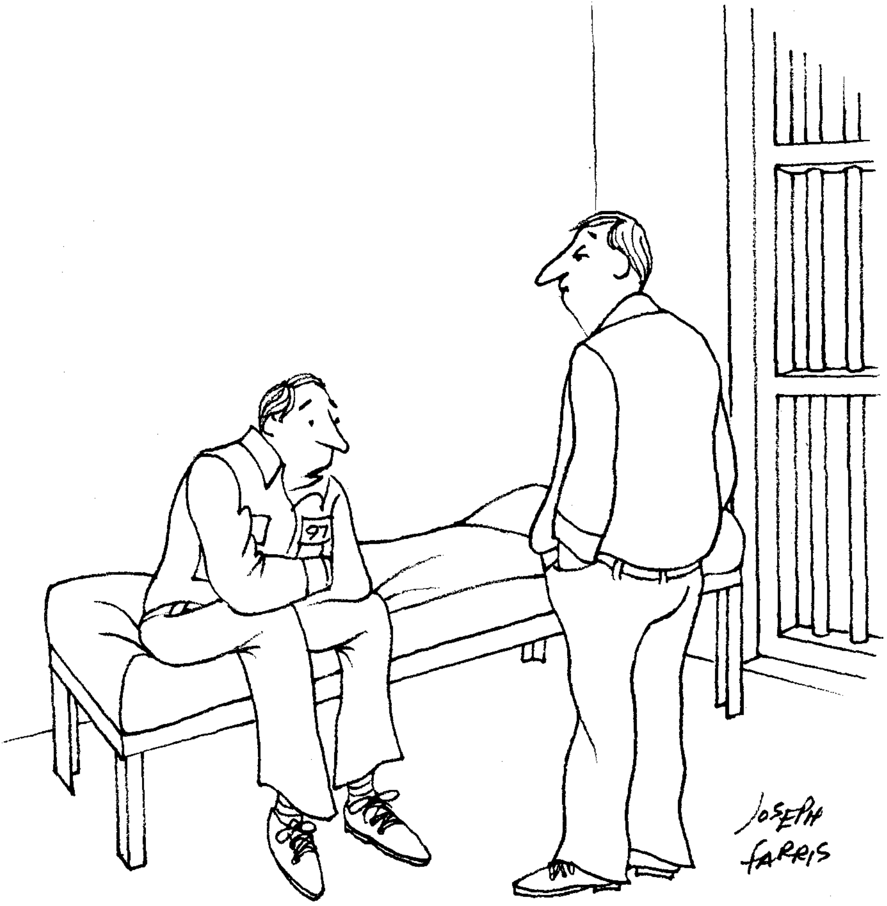
A—There's a certain amount of uilt attached. I feel guilty. But I feel uilty even without adultery. I exist in morass of guilt. There's maybe a ittle additional wallop of guilt but I lready feel so guilty that I hardly otice it.

Q—Where does all this guilt come rom? The extra-adulterous guilt?

A—I keep wondering if, say, there intelligent life on other planets, the cientists argue that something like wo per cent of the other planets have he conditions, the physical conditions, support life in the way it happened ere, did Christ visit each and every lanet, go through the same rou-ine, the Agony in the Garden, the rucifixion, and so on. . . . And these uys on these other planets, these eforms, maybe they look like boll veevils or something, on a much arger scale of course, were they told hat they shouldn't go to bed with ther attractive six-foot boll weevils rrayed in silver and gold and with ttle squirts of Opium behind the ars? Doesn't make sense. But of ourse our human understanding is im-erfect.

Q—You haven't answered me. his general guilt—

A—Yes, that's the interesting ing. I hazard that it is not guilt so uch as it is inadequacy. I feel that verything is being nibbled away, ecause I can't *get it right*—



"It all began when I sought national recognition."

• •

Q—Would you like to be able to fly?

A—It's crossed my mind.

Q—Myself, I think about being just sort of a regular person, one who worries about cancer a lot, every little thing a prediction of cancer, no I don't want to go for my every-two-years checkup because what if they find something? I wonder what will kill me and when it will happen and how it will happen, and I wonder about my parents, who are still alive, and what will happen to them. This seems to me to be a proper set of things to worry about. Last things.

A—I don't think God gives a snap about adultery. This is just an opinion, of course.

Q—So how do you, how shall I put it, pursue—

A—You think about this staggering concept, the mind of God, and then you think He's sitting around worrying about this guy and this woman at the Beechnut TraveLodge? I think not.

Q—Well He doesn't have to think about every particular instance, He just sort of laid out the general principles—

A—He also created creatures who, with a single powerful glance—

Q—The eyes burn.

A—They do.

Q—The heart leaps.

A—Like a terrapin.

Q—Stupid youth returns.

A—Like hockey sticks falling out of a long-shut closet.

Q—Do you play?

A—I did. Many years ago.

Q—Who is Althea?

A—Someone I know.

Q—We're basically talking about Althea.

A—Yes. I thought you understood that.

Q—We're not talking about wholesale—

A—Oh Lord no. Who has the strength?

Q—What's she like?

A—She's I guess you'd say a little on the boring side. To the innocent eye.

Q—She appears to be a contained, controlled person, free of raging internal fires.

A—But my eye is not innocent. To

the already corrupted eye, she's—

Q—I don't want to question you too closely on this. I don't want to strain your powers of—

A—Well, no, I don't mind talking about it. It fell on me like a ton of bricks. I was walking in the park one day.

Q—Which park?

A—That big park over by—

Q—Yeah, I know the one.

A—This woman was sitting there.

Q—They sit in parks a lot, I've noticed that. Especially when they're angry. The solitary bench. Shoulders raised, legs kicking—

A—I've crossed both major oceans by ship—the Pacific twice, on troopships, the Atlantic once, on a passenger liner. You stand out there, at the rail, at dusk, and the sea is limitless, water in every direction, never-ending, you think *water forever*, the movement of the ship seems slow but also seems inexorable, you feel you will be moving this way forever, the Pacific is about seventy million square miles, about one-third of the earth's surface, the ship might be making twenty knots, I'm eating oranges because that's all I can keep down, twelve days of it with thousands of young soldiers all around, half of them seasick— On the Queen Mary, in tourist class, we got rather good food, there was a guy assigned to our table who had known Paderewski, the great pianist who was also Prime Minister of Poland, he talked about Paderewski for four days, an ocean of anecdotes—

Q—When I was first married, when I was twenty, I didn't know where the clitoris was. I didn't know there was such a thing. Shouldn't somebody have told me?

A—Perhaps your wife?

Q—Of course, she was too shy. In those days people didn't go around saying, This is the clitoris and this is what its proper function is and this is what you can do to help out. I finally found it. In a book.

A—German?

Q—Dutch.

A—A dead bear in a blue dress, face down on the kitchen floor. I trip over it, in the dark, when I get up at 2 A.M. to see if there's anything to eat in the refrigerator. It's an architectural problem, marriage. If we could live in separate houses, and visit each other when we felt particularly gay— It would be expensive, yes. But as it is she has to endure me in all my worst manifestations, early in the morning and late at night and in the nutsy obsessed noontimes. When I wake up from my nap you don't *get* the laughing cavalier, you get a rank pigfooted belching blunderer. I knew this one guy who built a wall down the middle of his apartment. An impenetrable wall. He had a very big apartment. It worked out very well. Concrete block, basically, with fibre-glass insulation on top of that and sheetrock on top of that—

Q—What about coveting your neighbor's wife?

A—Well on one side there are no wives, strictly speaking, there are two floors and two male couples, all very nice people. On the other side, Bill and Rachel have the whole house. I like Rachel but I don't covet her. I could covet her, she's covetable, quite lovely and spirited, but in point of fact our relationship is that of neighborliness. I jump-start her car when her battery is dead, she gives me basil from her garden, she's got acres of basil, not literally acres but— Anyhow, I don' think that's much of a problem, coveting your neighbor's wife. Just speaking administratively, I don't see why there's an entire Commandment devoted to it. It's a mental exercise, coveting. To covet is not necessarily to take action.

Q—I covet my neighbor's lea blower. It has this neat Vari-Flo dea that lets you—

A—I can see that.

Q—I am feverishly interested in these questions.

Q—Ethics has always been where my heart is.

Q—Moral precepting stings the dull mind into attentiveness.

Q—I'm only a bit depressed, only a bit.

Q—A new arrangement of ideas based upon the best thinking, would produce a more humane moral order which we need.

Q—Apple honey, disposed upon the sexual parts, is not an index of decadence. Decadence itself is not as bad a it's been painted.

Q—That he watched his fathe play the piano when his father could not play the piano and that he wa reading a book while his father played the piano in a very large hall before a very large audience only means that he finds his roots, as it were, untrustworthy. The father imagined as a root That's not unusual.

Q—As for myself, I am conten

ANKA

In what hat, from what epoch,
Is Anka posing in the photograph,
Above her brow the wing of a killed bird?
Now she is one of them, beyond the threshold
Where there are no men, no women,
And the prophet does not give separate sermons
To the ones covered with shawls
So that their long hair does not provoke lust,
And to the tanned, bearded men in draped burnouses.
Saved from the furnaces of World War II,
Trying on dresses in reflected mirrors,
And blouses and necklaces and rings.
With a hair style and makeup for the wars of her career,
Happy to go to bed or just talk over wine,
The owner of a beautiful apartment, full of sculpture.
Left to herself till the end of the world,
How does she manage now, fleshless?
And what can the prophet say now, when there is no thought
Of the hair under a shawl and the secret
Fragrance of skin and of ointments?

—Czeslaw Milosz

(*Translated, from the Polish, by the author and Robert Hass.*)

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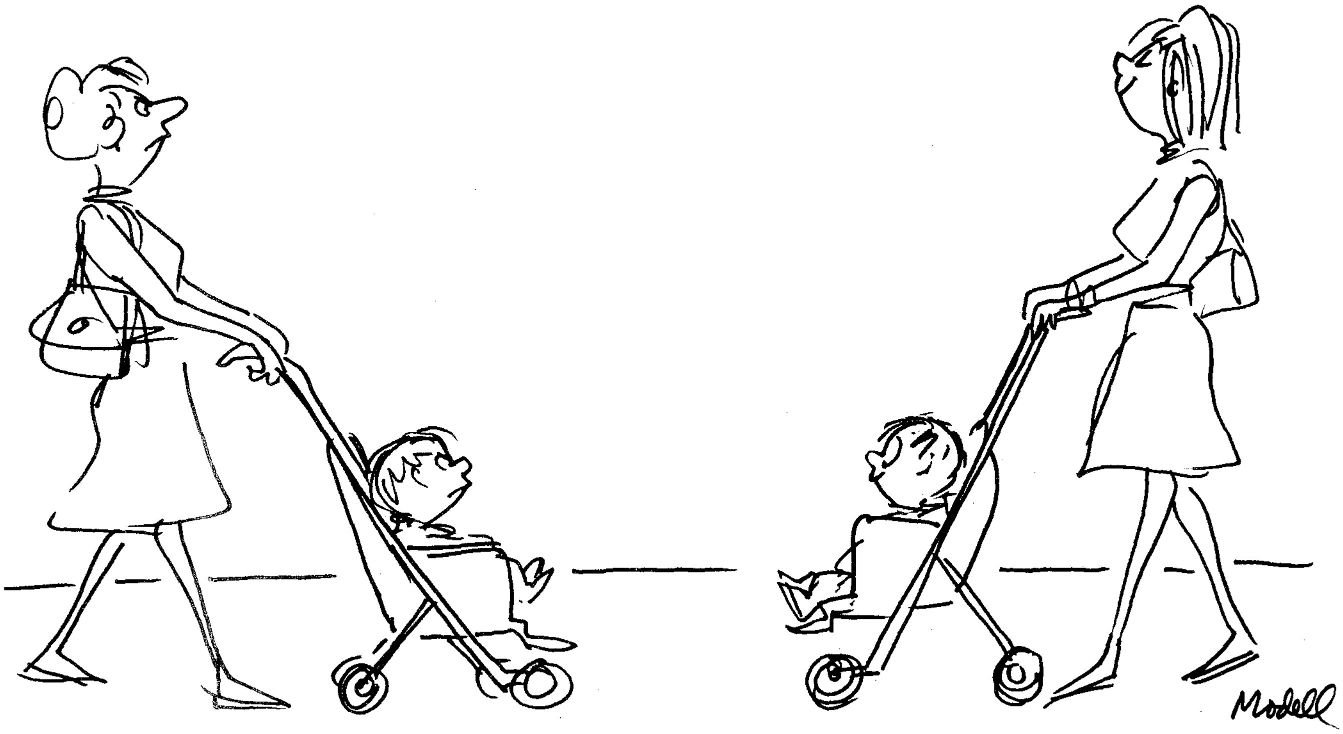


• •

with too little, I know this about myelf and I do not commend myself for t and perhaps one day I shall be able o change myself into a hungrier beng. Probably not.

Q—The leaf blower, for example.

A—I see Althea now and then, not often enough. We sigh together n a particular bar, it's almost always mpty. She tells me about her kids and tell her about my kids. I obey the Commandments, the sensible ones. Where they don't know what they're alking about I ignore them. I keep hinking about the story of the two old women in church listening to the priest discoursing on the dynamics of he married state. At the end of the ermon one turns to the other and says, "I wish I knew as little about it as he oes."

Q—He critiques us, we critique Him. Does Grete also engage in dalliance?

A—How quaint you are. I think she has friends whom she sees now and hen.

Q—How does that make you feel?

A—I wish her well.

Q—What's in your wallet?

A—The usual. Credit cards, picures of the children, driver's license, orty dollars in cash, Amex receipts—

Q—I sometimes imagine that I am n Pest Control. I have a small white ruck with a red diamond-shaped emlem on the door and a white jumpsuit with the same emblem on the breast ocket. I park the truck in front of a subscriber's neat three-hundred-thousand-dollar home, extract the silver cannister of deadly pest killer from the back of the truck, and walk up the brick sidewalk to the house's front door. Chimes ring, the door swings open, a young wife in jeans and a pink flannel shirt worn outside the jeans is standing there. "Pest Control," I say. She smiles at me, I smile back and move past her into the house, into the handsomely appointed kitchen. The cannister is suspended by a sling from my right shoulder, and, pumping the mechanism occasionally with my right hand, I point the nozzle of the hose at the baseboards and begin to spray. I spray alongside the refrigerator, alongside the gas range, under the sink, and behind the kitchen table. Next, I move to the bathrooms, pumping and spraying. The young wife is in another room, waiting for me to finish. I walk into the main sitting room and spray discreetly behind the largest pieces of furniture, an oak sideboard, a red plush Victorian couch, and along the inside of the fireplace. I do the study, spraying the Columbia Encyclopedia, he's been looking up the Seven Years' War, 1756-63, yellow highlighting there, and behind the forty-five-inch RCA television. The master bedroom requires just touches, short bursts in her closet which must avoid the two dozen pairs of shoes there and in his closet which contains six to eight long guns in canvas cases. Finally I spray the laundry room with its big white washer and dryer, and behind the folding table stacked with sheets and towels already folded. Who folds? I surmise that she folds. Unless one of the older children, pressed into service, folds. In my experience they are unlikely to fold. Maybe the au pair. Finished, I tear a properly made out receipt from my receipt book and present it to the young wife. She scribbles her name in the appropriate space and hands it back to me. The house now stinks quite palpably but I know and she knows that the stench will dissipate in two to four hours. The young wife escorts me to the door, and, in parting, pins a silver medal on my chest and kisses me on both cheeks. Pest Control!

A—Yes, one could fit in in that way. It's finally a matter, perhaps, of fit. Appropriateness. Fit in a stately or sometimes hectic dance with nonfit. What we have to worry about.

Q—It seems to me that we have quite a great deal to worry about. Does the radish worry about itself in this way? Yet the radish is a living thing. Until it's cooked.

A—Grete is mad for radishes, can't get enough. I like frozen Mexican dinners, Patio, I have them for breakfast, the freezer is stacked with them—

Q—Transcendence is possible.

A—Yes.

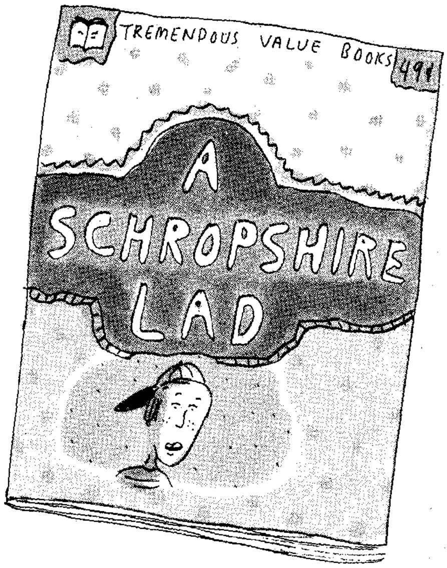
Q—Is it possible?

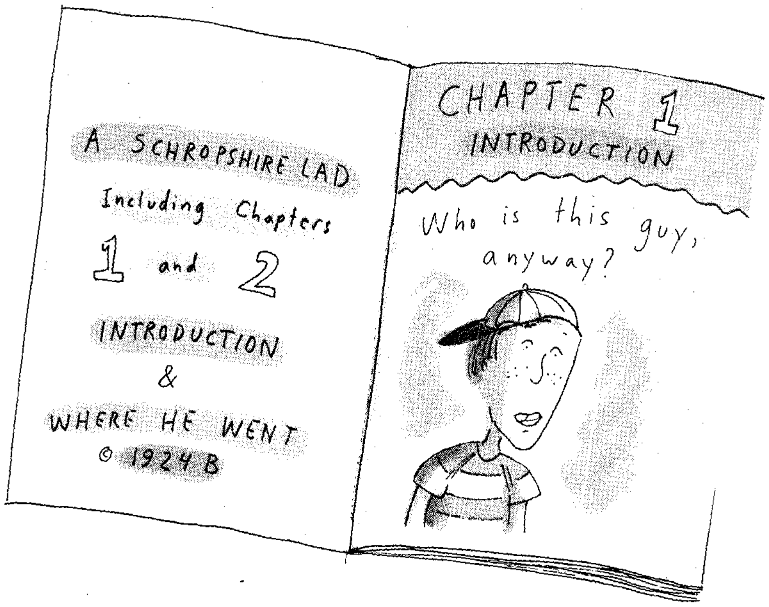
A—Not out of the question.

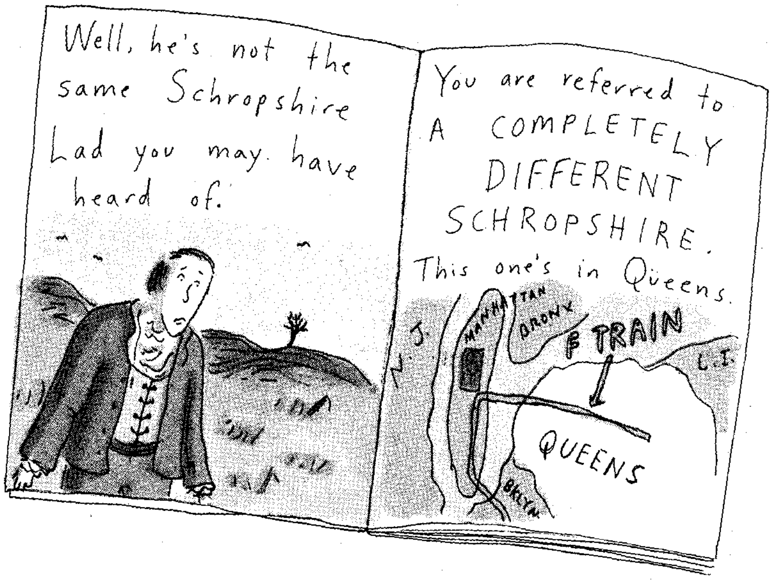
Q—Is it really possible?

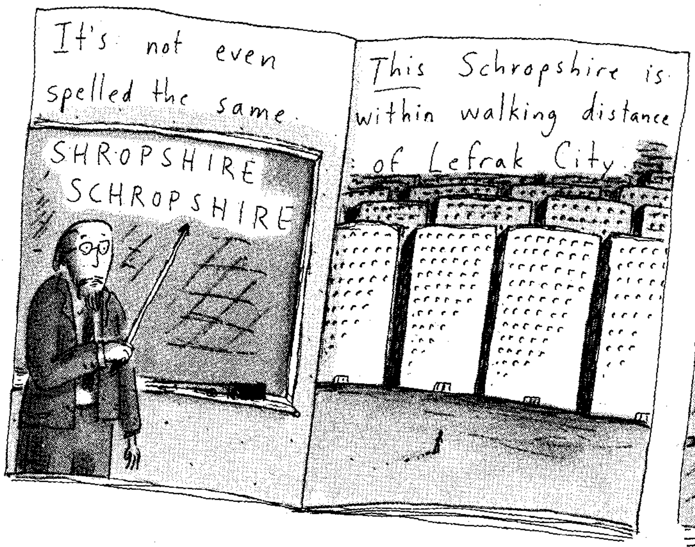
A—Yes. Believe me.

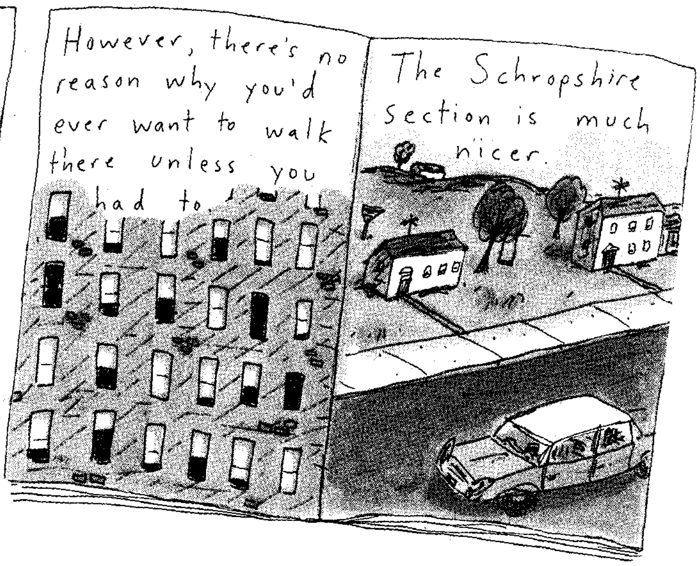
—DONALD BARTHELME

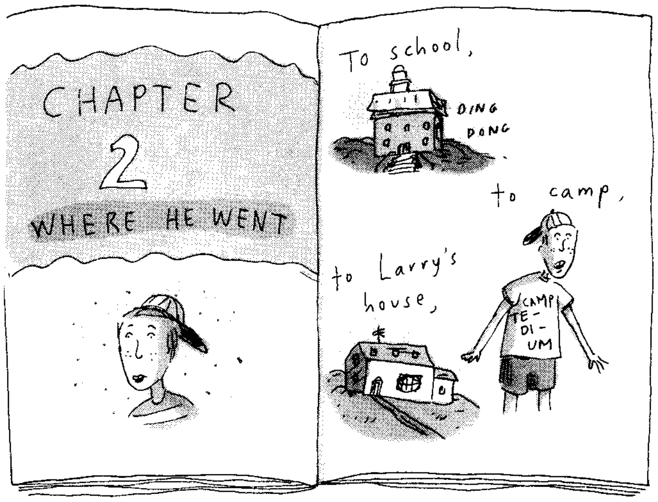

TREMENDOUS VALUE BOOKS 49¢
A SCHROPSHIRE LAD

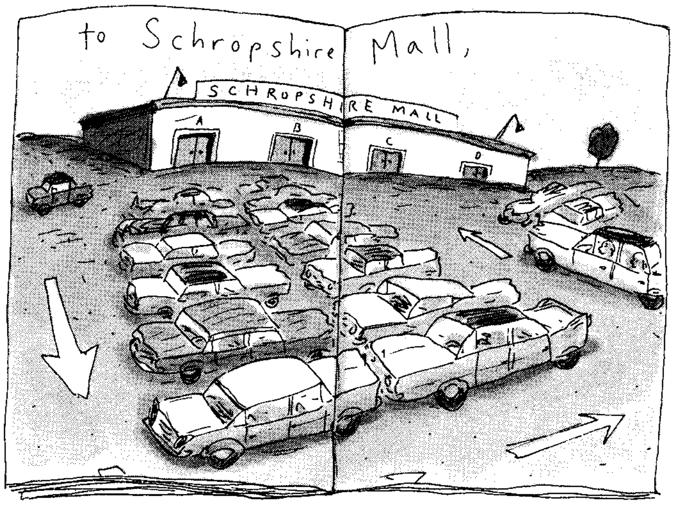

A SCHROPSHIRE LAD
Including Chapters
1 and 2
INTRODUCTION
&
WHERE HE WENT
© 1924 B
CHAPTER 1
INTRODUCTION
Who is this guy, anyway?

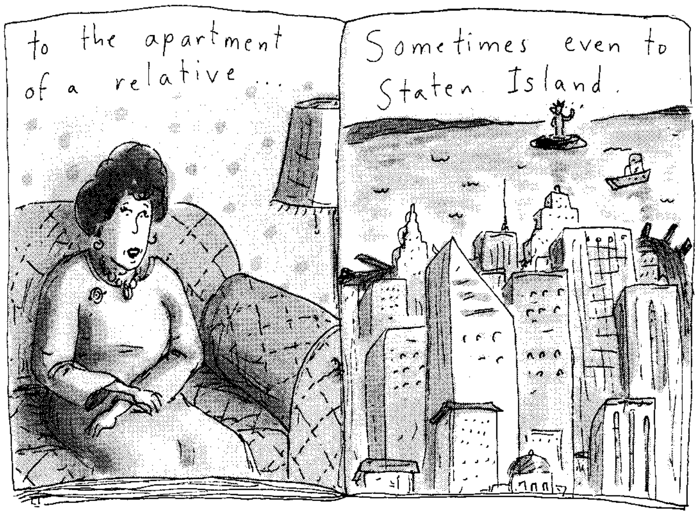

Well, he's not the same Schropshire Lad you may have heard of.
You are referred to A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SCHROPSHIRE. This one's in Queens.
N.J.
MANHATTAN
BRONX
F TRAIN
L.I.
QUEENS
BKLYN

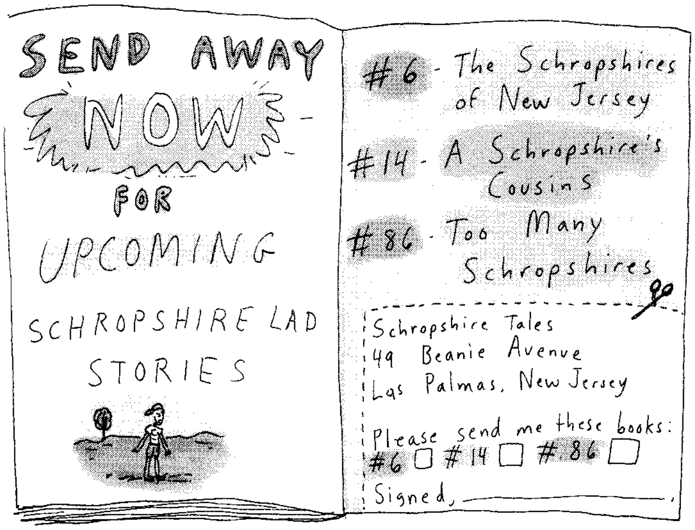

It's not even spelled the same.
SHROPSHIRE
SCHROPSHIRE
This Schropshire is within walking distance of Lefrak City.


However, there's no reason why you'd ever want to walk there unless you had to.
The Schropshire Section is much nicer.


CHAPTER
2
WHERE HE WENT
To school,
DING
DONG
to camp,
to Larry's house,
CAMP TE-DI-UM


to Schropshire Mall,
SCHROPSHIRE MALL
A
B
C
D


to the apartment of a relative...
Sometimes even to Staten Island.


SEND AWAY
NOW
FOR
UPCOMING
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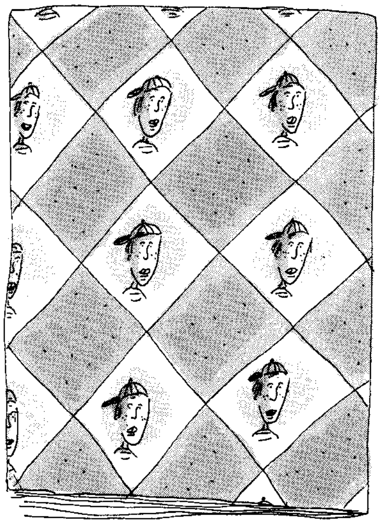
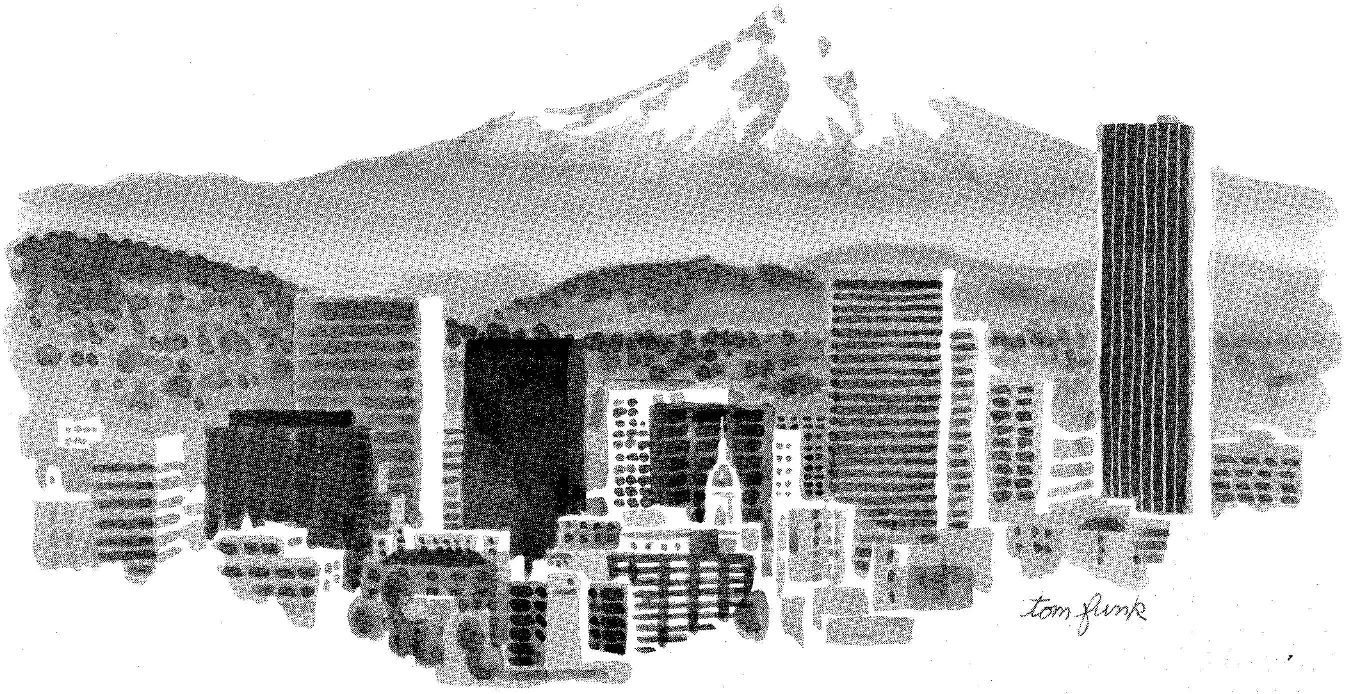
STORIES
#6 - The Schropshires of New Jersey
#14 - A Schropshire's Cousins
#86 - Too Many Schropshires
Schropshire Tales
49 Beanie Avenue
Las Palmas, New Jersey
Please send me these books:
#6 ☐ #14 ☐ #86 ☐
Signed, ____________



R. Chast

PROFILES

A NEW KIND OF CITY



I WENT out to Portland, Oregon, not long ago, and spent five mild and mostly sunny days in a leisurely walking tour of its downtown streets, its many parks, and its garden riverfront. Portland was founded in 1845 and evolved in the course of the next hundred years or so into the usual hodgepodge American city; then, beginning around 1970, it was transformed in look and spirit and became, at least in its center, a city of some individuality and distinction. There are those who see in this transformation a model of urban development, a city that has returned itself to man, to a pedestrian way of life.

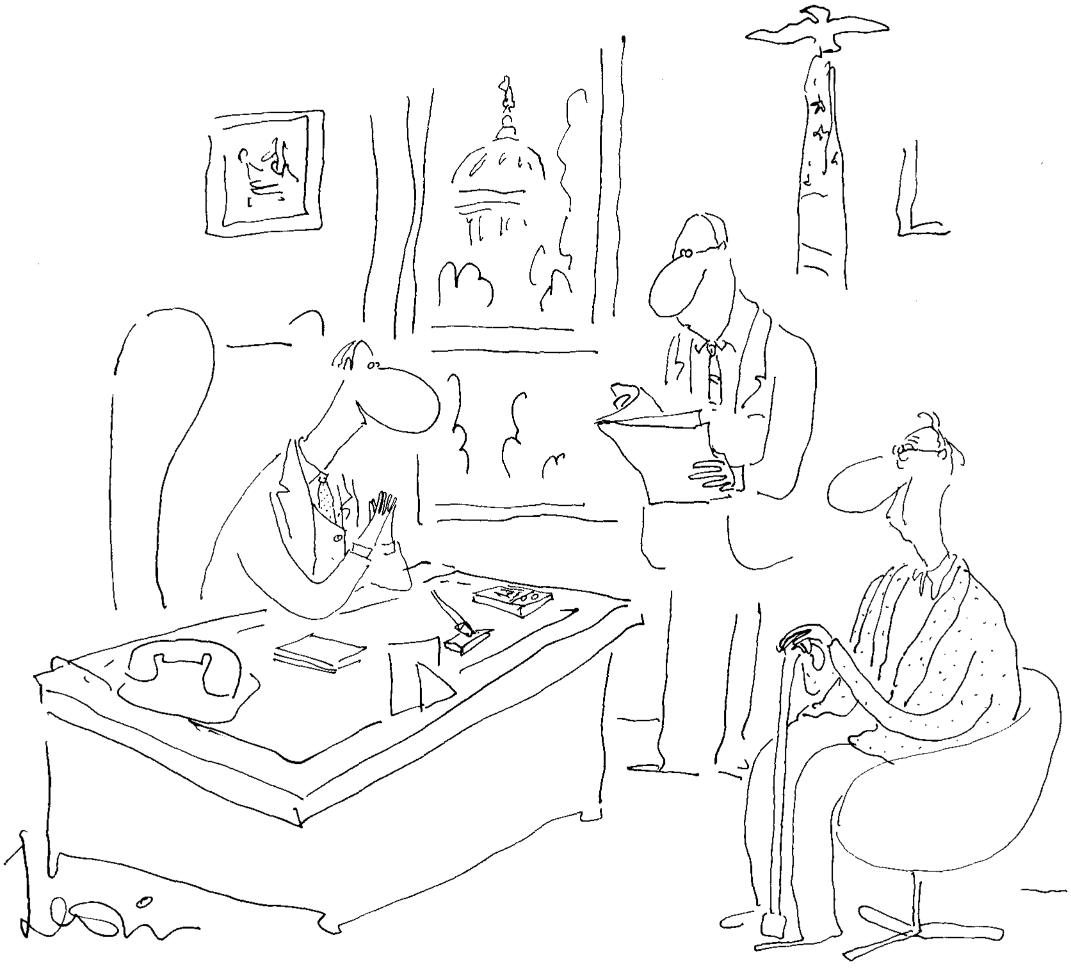
Portland is a city of nearly four hundred thousand, but it is also a town. It combines the intimacy of a town with the density and the richness of a city. This is to some extent a matter of topography. Portland has little space for urban sprawl. It lies in a valley cut by the Columbia River and its big tributary, the Willamette (pronounced, visitors are quickly informed, Will-AM-ette), and it is all but surrounded by mountains: the Coast Range on the west and the Cascades (the setting of such eminences as Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens) on the east and north. The city itself is further affected by nature. The Willamette, flowing north toward its confluence with the Columbia, divides Portland more or less in half. Eastern Portland, a deepwater port, is industrial and blue-collar residential. Western Portland—or, more particularly, the southwest quarter—is the heart of the city: its business, its cultural, and, increasingly, its residential center. It is there that the new face of Portland—the closely controlled new building, the carefully monitored rehabilitation of worthy old buildings, the vigorous creation of open space—is most conspicuous.

I LIVED during my stay in Portland at the Heathman Hotel. The Heathman occupies a ten-story, faintly Italianate building (with some two hundred suitelike rooms) on Broadway Avenue—the principal street (shops, hotels, theatres, restaurants) of southwest Portland—at Salmon Street. It is a recently renovated version of the New Heathman Hotel, which was built in 1927 (to replace an earlier Heathman Hotel), and is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. It is thus an acceptable representative of the Portland renaissance. I had my daylight introduction to Portland from the eighth floor of the Heathman. It, too, was representative. It showed me, across the roof of the Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall (a recent gentrification of the Portland Paramount Theatre, and another member of the National Register of Historic Places), a stee and thickly wooded hillside to th south called the West Hills—a barrie foothill of the Coast Range, no mor than a mile away. A little later, on m way down to breakfast, I glanced o the window at the end of the hall. I gave me a different view—a broke view, through a skyline of building tall and low—of the Willamette shining in the morning sun. Breakfast a the Heathman provided another novelty. My waitress brought me, alon with a menu, a little cordial glas containing an agreeable combinatio of fresh orange juice, lime juic honey, whipped whole egg, and nu meg. This, I found on inquiry, wa an invention of Johnathan Robinett the executive chef. "Our guests ar mostly businessmen with work to do, Robinette told me. "My cordial is t wake them up, to knock off sleep. A first, it also contained some rum. B then I was advised otherwise."

The streets of southwest Portlan bear a teasing resemblance in name t those of Manhattan. The streets running north and south are avenues, an most of them are numbered, beginnin on the east (after Front Avenue) wit First Avenue. Broadway is paralle on the east by Sixth Avenue. A bloc to the west is Park Avenue. The Ninth Avenue appears, then Tent after which all signs of the renaissan tend to disappear. Beckoned by a glimpse of greenery, I walked along Salmon Street to Park. I found (as in New York) a double-thoroughfare Park Avenue. But these Park Avenues flank a real park—a substantial one, early half a block wide and twelve locks long. It begins at Salmon and uns—gently climbs—to the south, to he rise of the West Hills. I turned in hat direction, up a path furnished with occasional benches and bordered y lawns and double rows of trees. I ecognized the American elm and he sugar maple. A third tree was amiliar to me, but I could not give t a name. I asked a young woman itting on a bench with a book if she new what it was. "Me?" she said. 'Trees?" She had a lovely smile. 'You've got to be kidding." A sycamore growing near the curb of the arther Park Avenue caught my eye. It vas a good fifty feet tall and of considerable girth—at least four feet in diameter. It was dignified by a marble laque. Commemorative plaques, hough I didn't know it then, are commonplace in Portland. This one read, 'SYCAMORE TREE PLANTED BY SYLVESTER FARRELL, 1880." But I was till curious about that undentified tree. A man with briefcase came by. I sked him my question. Ie shook his head. "I'm orry," he said. "But I'm rom out of town." The ext man I approached ept going. I caught up vith another briefcased usinessman, a Chinese. 'Oh, yes," he said. "It is inkgo." He gave a little augh. "It comes from China."

I walked on up the park. There was a statue in almost every block. A double-life-size Lincoln. An questrian Theodore Roosevelt in Rough Rider ostume. Three lightly lad women with water itchers held aloft. There vere beds of roses. Portland calls itself the City of Roses. The buildings that aced the park were all ubstantial (churches, the ortland Art Museum, the Oregon Historical Society, Masonic temple, apartment houses), but none was overpowering. Most of the apartment buildings had the look of the twenties and thirties (carved stone and polished brass), but there were several that looked very new. The tallest was just six stories. I came to a drinking fountain. I stopped for a drink, and stayed to look and admire. It was no mere inverted tap. It was a work of functional art: a heavy bronze base, a round and fluted bronze pedestal, four outward- and upward-branching arms, four little brass basins, four sparkling jets of water. It was also, I came to know, only one of many. There are similar fountains on almost all the downtown corners, collectively the gift, on the eve of Prohibition, of a philanthropic lumberman and bon vivant named Simon Benson, and conceived, he is said to have presciently remarked, "to quench a frustrated thirst."

I followed the park, gently but steadily climbing, to its southern end. The last two or three blocks are flanked by the buildings of Portland State University and are integrated into its campus. Beyond the park, the West Hills begin, and I could make out houses clinging here and there along their wooded slopes. There was no way to go but east, and I headed there, toward the river, toward a residential complex called Portland Center. The Park Avenue park was laid out around 1876, and Portland Center continues in a contemporary mode that early appreciation of urban breathing space. It rose in the first years of the Portland renaissance on a commanding slope some twenty blocks square that had once been a neighborhood of ramshackle single-family houses. I came into the Center at its summit by way of a wide and winding pedestrian promenade. A twenty-story condominium loomed on the left—loomed above a parking lot graced with laurel hedges and ivy-covered walls—and beyond was another condominium, a building architecturally compatible with the first but only three stories high. Beyond that were other parking lots disguised as parks, a row of three-story buildings, then another high rise. On the right was a long one-story building occupied by shops pur-



"According to Mr. Grogan here, he was sent into deep cover in 1948 but he can't remember by what agency."

veying the essential goods and services of city life. I passed a liquor store, a travel agency, a hair stylist, a dry cleaner, a grocery store, a brokerage office, a café offering espresso and cappuccino. There were flowering planters and rose beds, there were rhododendron trees, there were benches with elderly people sunning themselves and young mothers with perambulators or toddlers. There were street lights with cast-iron standards and nineteenth-century globes. There was an almost bird's-eye view of the river and one of its several bridges and the chaotic beginnings of what looked like another Portland Center. An easy flight of steps led down to a paved plaza with trees and a fountain in the form of a mountain stream cascading down a rocky chute to a shallow pool. There were big stepping stones across the pool, and a young couple was leading a little boy—squeaking with fright or excitement—across. A row of two-story apartment houses faced the plaza on the north. The promenade continued past a ten-story condominium with shops and offices at street level. I came out into a larger plaza, with scattered groves of trees on artificial knolls and a centerpiece contemporary sculpture of painstakingly rusted metal. A young woman in a leather jacket was slouched on her spine on a bench, shaking open a battered package of cigarettes. I watched her extract what turned out to be the last cigarette, watched her crumple the pack, watched her stand and look around for a trash can. There was no trash can in sight. She sat back down and stuffed the crumpled package in her pocket.

"Yes, I know," John E. Graham said to me at a reception following a concert at the Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall that night. Graham is general manager of the Oregon Symphony Orchestra. "That's the way these people are. This is a clean city in just about every respect. The air is clean—cleaner than most, I'd say. Our power is mostly hydroelectric power. It's generated at the Bonneville Dam or at one of the others on the Columbia. They tell me the Willamette is practically unpolluted. And, as you may know, Oregon has the oldest bottle law in the country. But the main thing, I think, is civic pride. The people care about Portland. They feel it belongs to them. Our renewal program has practically unanimous support. I was born and raised on the East Coast, and when I arrived here, seven years ago, I was stunned. I had never seen a really clean city before. Clean and orderly. I think they go together. You must have noticed how people stand and wait at traffic lights. Jaywalking is unheard of. But now I'm afraid I'm spoiled. If I come across one scrap of litter on my way to work, I almost fly into a rage."

A day or two later, while walking in a part of town less savory than Portland Center, I saw a weathered old man sitting in a doorway with a bottle in a paper bag, saw him tip it up and finish it off, saw him get creakingly up and shuffle a dozen steps to the corner and drop it in a trash can.

THE tallest building in Portland is the First Interstate Bank Tower. It occupies a square block between Fourth and Fifth Avenues just below Portland Center and stands forty stories in height, with four stories below ground. There is a restaurant called the Loft on the twenty-eighth floo which has, the concierge at the Heathman told me, a view that is well wort viewing, and I went there one brigh and sunny noon for lunch. The Lof is a spacious room with tall window on the north and east, and I was give a table facing east. I sat down an looked out—looked down and awa —at a scatter of office buildings, a the river and its bridges, at a might wall of mountains rising to a mighty snow-topped pyramidal peak. Mt Hood. I turned to the window on th north. Rooftops. The river. Anothe wall of mountains, rising to anothe snow-topped peak, but a different sor of peak—a flattened, truncated peak Mt. St. Helens. The remains of Mt St. Helens. I sat and looked from on to the other. It was indeed a viev worth viewing. It was in my experience an urban view of views. I looke around at my fellow-lunchers—fou businessmen with their heads togethe

YARD JOURNAL

— Mist in the trees, and soiled water and grass cuttings splotch
The driveway,
              afternoon starting to bulk up in the west
A couple of hours down the road:
Strange how the light hubs out and wheels
              concentrically back and forth
After a rain, as though the seen world
Quavered inside a water bead
              swung from a grass blade:
The past is never the past:
              it lies like a long tongue
We walk down into the moist mouth of the future, where new teeth
Nod like new stars around us,
And winds that itch us, and plague our ears,
              sound curiously like the old songs.

— Deep dusk and lightning bugs
              alphabetize on the east wall,
The carapace of the sky blue-ribbed and buzzing
Somehow outside it all,
Trees dissolving against the night's job,
              houses melting in air.
Somewhere out there an image is biding its time,
Burning like Abraham in the cold, swept
              expanses of heaven,
Waiting to take me in and complete my equation.
What matters is abstract, and is what love is,
Candescent inside the memory,
              continuous
And unexpungeable, as love is . . .

— Blue jay's bound like a kangaroo's in the lawn's high grass,
Then up in a brushstroke
              and over the hedge in one arc.
Light weights down the azalea plants,
Yesterday's cloud banks enfrescoed still
              just under the sky's cornice,

• •

Cardinal quick transfusion into the green arm of the afternoon.
Waxlike flowers of sunlight drift
through the dwarf orchard and float
Under the pygmied peaches and pears
All over America,
and here, too, the blossoms
Continuing down from nowhere, out of the blue.
The mockingbird's shadow is burned in the red clay below him.

— Exclusion's the secret: what's missing is what appears
Most visible to the eye:
the more luminous anything is,
The more it subtracts what's around it,
Peeling away the burned skin of the world
making the unseen seen:
Body by new body they all rise into the light
Tactile and still damp,
That rhododendron and dogwood tree, that spruce,
An architecture of absence,
a landscape whose words
Are imprints, dissolving images after the eyelids close:
I take them away to keep them there—
that hedgehorn, for instance, that stalk . . .

— A bumblebee the size of my thumb
rises like Geryon
From the hard Dantescan gloom
Under my window sash to lip the rain gutter's tin bolgia,
Then backs out like a hummingbird
spiralling languidly out of sight,
Shoulders I've wanted to sit on, a ride I've wanted to take,
Deposited into the underlight
of cities thronged in the grass,
Fitful illuminations, iron-colored plain that lies
Littered with music and low fires,
stone edge of the pit
At the end of every road,
First faces starting to swim up:
Bico, my man, are you here?

—Charles Wright

* * *

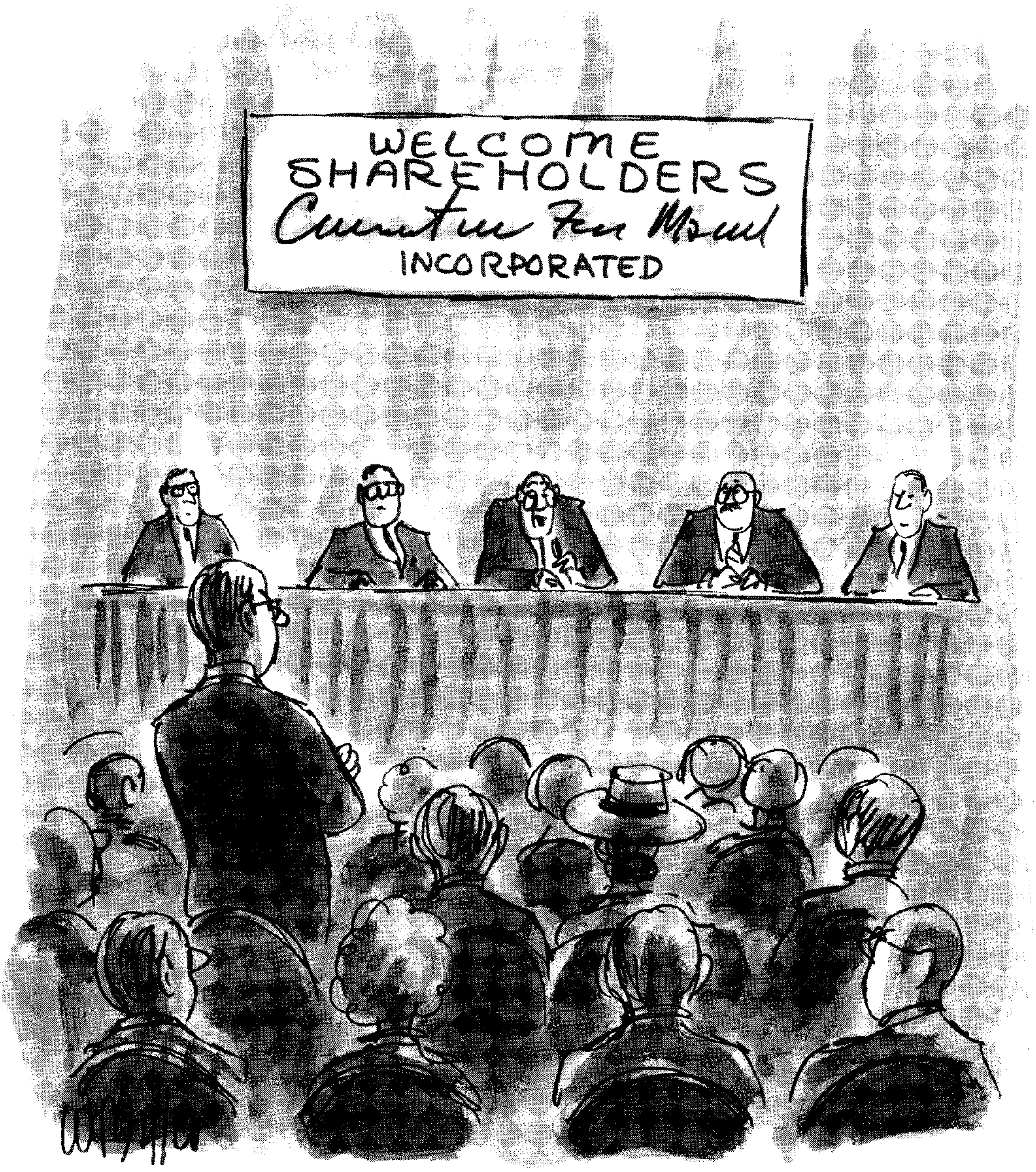
nd their jackets hung over their chair acks, a group of bantering office orkers, some chattering shoppers, an rdent couple. I seemed to have the iew to myself.

PORTLAND is a city of greenery. It is blessed with a mild climate and an bundant rainfall that keep it green hrough much of the year. There are rees on almost every downtown street, nd almost every office building has a errace or a sunken garden bright with ower beds or ilex bushes or potted aurel trees. There are ten parks in the owntown area alone. With one notale exception, none of them is less than square block in size, and two—the iverfront park and the Park Avenue locks—are, of course, many times hat size. The riverfront park extends long the river for nearly two miles, nd it is at some places a good two locks wide. It is, moreover, just the beginning of the Willamette River Greenway, which eventually will extend the full hundred-and-twenty-mile length of the river. The park is otherwise, and perhaps uniquely, unusual. The land it covers was once—only a few years ago—a four-lane expressway, which, in the manner of most American cities, denied the riverfront to all but the speeding motorcar. I walked its pleasant length one afternoon, and there were fishermen here and there along the seawall. It could have been a stretch of the Seine. Except that there are actually edible fish to be caught in the Willamette. "All kinds of fish," one of the fishermen told me. "But what most of us are hoping for is sturgeon. Caviar, man!"

The smallest park in Portland is called Mill Ends Park, and it is also (one would imagine) the smallest park in the world. That seems to be apodictic. Roughly circular in shape, it is two feet in diameter and covers an area of four hundred and fifty-two square inches. It is situated, I was told, at the intersection of Front Avenue and Taylor Street, and although it took me some little time to find it, my directions were entirely correct. Mill Ends Park is situated in the *middle* of the intersection: a tiny island of concrete surrounding a round patch of earth (sprouting daffodils when I saw it) and two ornamental cast-iron posts. A bronze plaque on Taylor Street reads, "From His Office on the Second Floor of the Old Oregon *Journal*, Journalist Dick Fagan (1911-1969) Periodically Gazed Down on the Busy Front Avenue Thoroughfare. It Was His Keen Imagination That Turned a Utility Pole Hole, in the Avenue Median Strip at Taylor Street, Into Mill Ends Park." Fagan wrote a column called "Mill Ends." His park, one of the humblest fruits of the Portland renaissance, was incorporated into the Portland park system in 1976.

All the Portland parks I saw have character, and most of them are interesting in nature or in origin. Emerging from the Third Avenue entrance to the Civic Auditorium (dedicated in 1968, but loosely Palladian in style), I found a park called Ira's Fountain (for a civic leader named Ira C. Keller), which is neither entirely a park nor merely a fountain. What it is is an enormous sculpture—a block-square cement sculpture in the form of a spread of waterfalls. The usual plaque relates the statistics: The lip of the falls is ninety feet wide, the highest fall is eighteen feet, and the water flows at a rate of thirteen thousand gallons per minute. The water emerges from a fountain, leaps into space, and drops to a system of pools and basins. There is a park with big trees overlooking the fountain, and another park below. In summer, children jump through the screen of falling water and play in the pools behind, and the city, I was told, provides a lifeguard to keep an eye on them. Ira's Fountain is a spectacular urban pleasance, but it could easily be dwarfed and destroyed by the usual urban environment. The Civic Auditorium, however, is just three stories high, and the other buildings that surround the park are not much higher. There are no Wall Street canyons in Portland.

Two blocks north of Ira's Fountain, I came to another green amenity. This is a three-block chain of parks,



"In response, may we remind you that sticks and stones may break our bones but names will never hurt us?"

• •

bounded on the east by Third Avenue and on the west by Fourth, which mark the governmental center of town. City Hall (circa 1895) is there, and so is the new (1983) Multnomah County Justice Center. The first of these parks is a peaceful amphitheatre of brick and lawn withdrawn behind a screen of trees and shrubs. It commemorates a former mayor, Terry D. Schrunk, who served from 1957 to 1973. It is also, like the riverfront park, an earnest of the Portland renaissance. Its site until recently was occupied by an office building; when it was decided that a park would be desirable there, the building was bought and razed. The two other parks in the chain are Lownsdale Square and Chapman Square, and they were laid out in 1852. Through much of the nineteenth century, Lownsdale Square was frequented exclusively by men. Women gathered in Chapman. They are both conventional city parks with paths and benches and shade trees. A fountain and watering trough of the period, surmounted by a great bronze statue of a bull elk (in memory of a local behemoth of pioneer days), rise from the middle of the street that separates them.

VISITORS to Portland are all but required to take a meal at an eating place called the Dan & Louis Oyster Bar. Dan & Louis i one of the oldest restaurants in Portlan (est. 1907), and it i situated at the northern edge of the downtown center, in the oldest part of the city The building it occupie (and owns) was onc the City Hall. I wen there for lunch one da by way of a circl through the immediat neighborhood, throug streets of nineteenth-century buildings o rosy brick and cast iro which had survived th middle years of th twentieth century b reason of communit indifference and ar now revered as Histori Landmarks. I loitere near Skidmore Fountain, standing on cobblestones that arrived i Portland as ships' ballast. It is the city' oldest work of publi art—a sculpture bronze-and-granit fountain with facilitie for both human being and horses. I inspecte an elegant cast-iro building that was onc the leading theatr and is now an enclav of shops and café I passed the Salvatio Army's Harbor Ligh Mission, and wa offered a drink b a mixed gathering o jovial derelicts ou front. Dan & Louis i across the street (Ankeny Street) fro a musical café called the Chocolat Moose. I was shown to a place at long communal table that looked capable of seating thirty. The walls wer hung—were encrusted—with souvenir plates, with framed photograph and newspaper clippings, with marin artifacts. I ordered, at the comman of a matronly waitress, a specialt of the house: Yaquina Bay oyster no bigger than white grapes (fro Dan & Louis's own beds), in a cocktail sauce. Then I had Columbi River silver salmon with French-frie potatoes; a salad of tiny shrimp; an iced tea. Dan & Louis does not serv alcohol. I had a dish of orange sherbe

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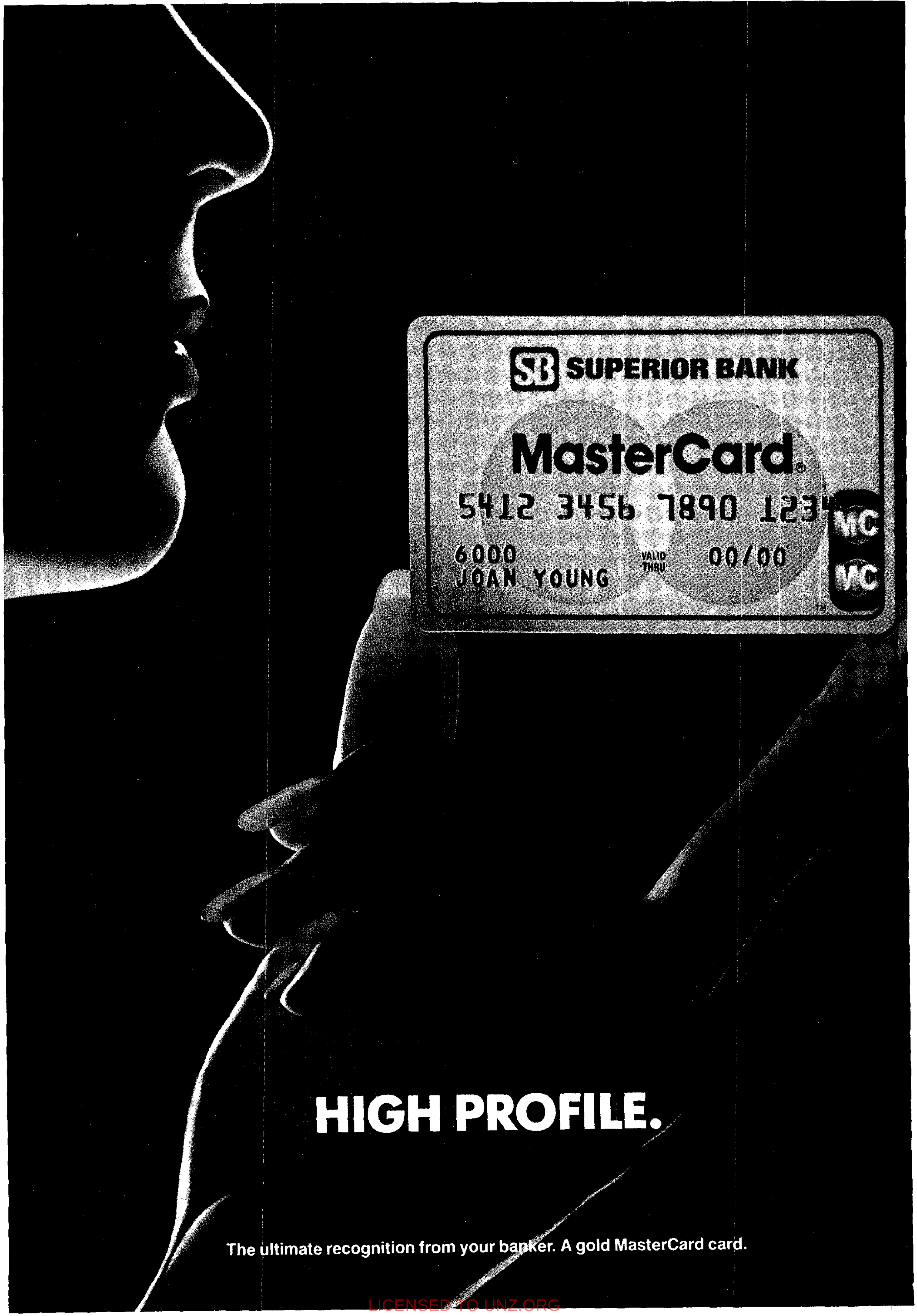
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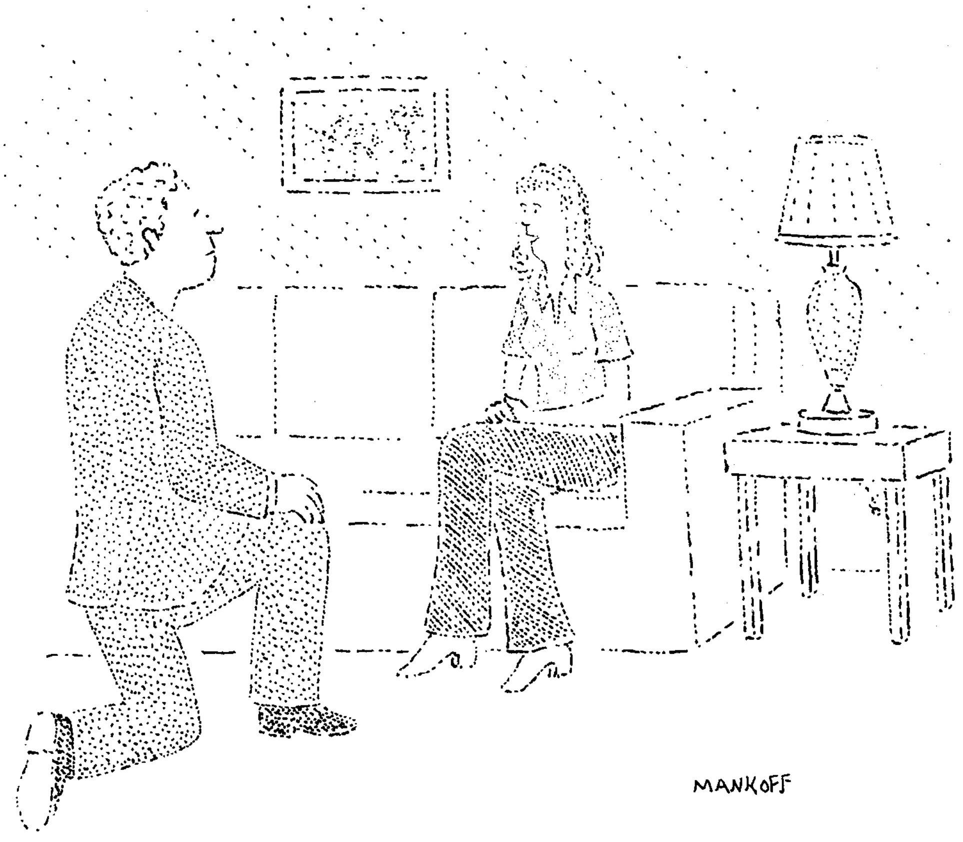
for dessert. My bill was just over eight dollars. That included tip but not tax. There is no sales tax in Oregon.

THE most highly esteemed survival of nineteenth-century Portland is a three-story (with cupola) Palladian building (with Greek pediments) now known as the Pioneer Courthouse. It occupies, with its lawns and trees and other plantings, a block between Fifth and Sixth Avenues not far from City Hall. It was built in 1868 and was the first United States courthouse in the Far West. It was rescued from mindless demolition in 1968 and restored to its full original glory in 1973. This glory is not immediately apparent. The main (Sixth Avenue) entrance and foyer have been converted into a branch post office. But beyond that the nineteenth century—the opulence of nineteenth-century public buildings—awaits. I was shown all this by a friendly, or perhaps just lonely, security guard whom I found at a desk in a corridor served by a Fifth Avenue entrance.

"Well, no," he told me. "This is a National Historic Landmark building, but I wouldn't call it a museum. It's very much in use. The two upper floors are still courtrooms. The United States Court of Appeals sits there, and the Bankruptcy Branch of the U.S. District Court. These offices along here are the offices of the various court officials. And, of course, Senator Hatfield has an office here. The panelling here is the original panelling. It's ash. Now, if you're interested, I'll show you the rest. These stairs are the original stairs—the original bannisters and all. I won't show you every courtroom. But I think you'll be interested in this one here. That woodwork is all old oak. You don't see that kind of wood anymore. The furnishings are partly original and partly of the period but acquired from other old courthouses. Those bench lamps came from Chicago. The benches for the public were found in St. Paul. The same for the hat-and-umbrella rack and the counsel tables and lectern—they came from all over. The fireplace is the original fireplace, and I guess that was all the heat they had in the old days." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get back in a minute, but I want you to see the cupola."

We climbed another staircase, curved and carved and darkly glowing, and passed another panelled courtroom. The guard opened an inconspicuous door. We climbed a flight of ladderlike stairs. We came out in an octagonal room with windows all around. "This is where they used to bring the visiting dignitaries," the guard said. "It gave them a view of the whole city. You can still see the river. Mt. Hood is somewhere behind that building there. And that one there cuts off Mt. St. Helens. But the way they're doing the city over, you never know. They may be planning to restore this view. What you see down there in front is something new. They call it Pioneer Courthouse Square. That block used to be the old Portland Hotel. President Taft got stuck in a bathtub there. They razed the old hotel in 1950 and turned the block into a parking lot. They tore up the parking lot and built the square in 1983. They use it for all kinds of things—art exhibits, concerts, every sort of gathering. I guess that's why it's paved. Public subscription helped build it. Everybody who paid fifteen dollars got his name inscribed on one of the paving bricks. There's supposed to be more than sixty thousand bricks down there. I've got one myself, if I could ever find it. I don't know what those two big rows of pillars are for. I don't know why, with all that red brick, they had to use purple and lavender tile as well. That cavelike opening at the far end is a fountain, but it's also the entrance to some municipal offices. They're underground. I don't know why the square has all those steps and all those different levels. I don't know why there aren't any trees. There's been a lot of talk about Pioneer Square. Some people think it's a little weird. But a lot of people use it. As you can see."

I took a turn around the square to see it closer up. It looked a little less weird than it had from the cupola, and very much larger. It was indeed in use. I joined a crowd and watched a man and a dog playing with a Frisbee. I passed a red-faced man praying at the top of his voice. I stopped to hear a girl guitarist who was wearing golf-ball earrings and what looked like a fez. I passed a dozen embracing couples. I passed a vender selling daffodils. I passed three young men in running clothes handing around a marijuana cigarette. I squatted down and deciphered a couple of bricks: Frank Fifer, Gretchen Deann Spence, Elinor Langer. I started up a wide and shallow flight of steps, and saw a man in a dark business suit standing above with an upraised open umbrella. I climbed the rest of the steps and looked again. It wasn't a man. It was a statue. That is, the man was a statue, but everything else was real. Or looked real. His shoes looked like real shoes,

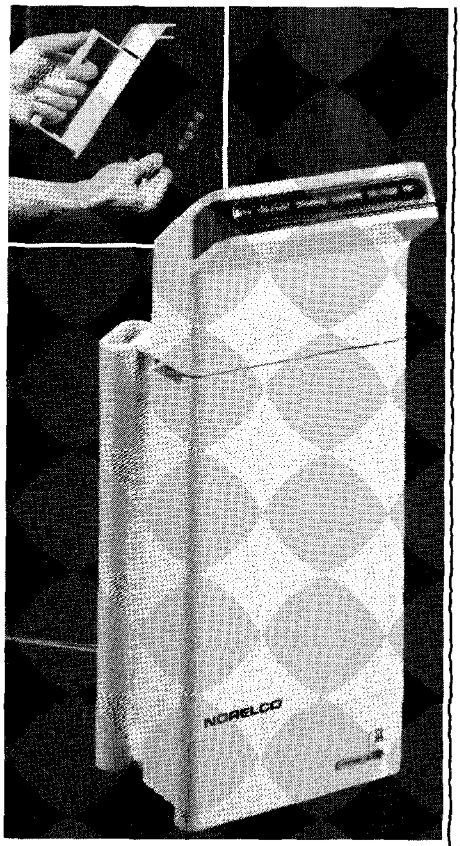


"Interesting. Have your lawyer call my lawyer."

his suit and shirt and necktie looked genuine. So did his umbrella. Real but sprayed with some sort of preservative. There was a bronze plaque. It read, “Gift of Harry H. Schwartz, New York City, 1983.”

THERE was a story in the Portland *Oregonian* one morning about the continuing aims and concerns of the renaissance. One of the planners quoted was Patrick Tillett, head of the planning-and-urban-design unit of the architectural firm Zimmer Gunsul Frasca Partnership. “Downtown development depends on weaning people away from their automobiles,” he said. That effort would seem to be well under way. Traffic in Portland is neither heavy nor notably light. I was reminded of the traffic in midtown Manhattan on a Saturday afternoon. One reason, I was told, for this moderate flow is a recent regulation known as a “parking lid.” The lid limits the number of downtown parking spaces, both metered street parking and space in parking lots and garages. There are no cruising cabs in Portland. All the cabs I saw were either parked in designated cabstands or working. Twelve midtown blocks of two major streets—Fifth and Sixth Avenues—have been redesigned and largely restricted to pedestrians, buses, and emergency vehicles. Both of them—Fifth Avenue running one way south and Sixth running one way north—have been reduced to two lanes, and the sidewalks have been proportionately widened. I paced at random a Fifth Avenue walk and got an approximate width of twenty-seven feet. The sidewalks are variously paved, with much red brick laid in different geometrical designs. There are plane and sycamore trees and stone planters and Simon Benson drinking fountains and benches at intervals, and there is a glass-roofed shelter at every bus stop. The buses are frequent, and they are free to all within an area of three hundred downtown blocks. The streets that flank Pioneer Square and the Pioneer Courthouse (Yamhill Street and Morrison Street) were torn up for several blocks at the time of my visit, and closed to traffic. I assumed that this was for the usual mysterious metropolitan reasons. That was a faulty assumption. “You haven’t heard?” an acquaintance at the bar at the Heathman said to me one evening. “They’re laying track. Portland has reinvented the streetcar. The route will be a loop from East Side Portland across the river and on to somewhere here on the West Side, and then circle around and return. They call it a light-rail system.”

I HAD lunch and a bottle of Oregon wine (an Adelsheim Chardonnay) one afternoon with Steven Lowenstein, a native New Yorker and a graduate of the Yale Law School, who serves as executive assistant to Mike Lindberg, the Commissioner of Public Affairs for the Portland City Council. “My wife and I came here in 1970,” he told me. “Our son was just a year old, and Portland seemed like a nice place, a safe place, for him to grow up. As it turned out, 1970 was just about the time the big excitement here began. The first stirrings. There were and are a great many people involved in the renewal program. You could say that everybody, the whole citizenry, was involved. The quality of the environment has always been important in Oregon. But the real leadership was provided by Neil Goldschmidt, who came in as mayor in 1973. As you may remember, he later served as Secretary of Transportation under Jimmy Carter. He saw, as we all do, that the automobile is the problem. We need it, but we don’t want to be owned by it. He was concerned that it would be the death of downtown. As it has been in so many cities. He was afraid that the freeways would dominate the city. He was afraid that development would proceed with no concern for the people. And he thought the problem was urgent. Portland was growing fast in the seventies. Well, things began to get turned around. We began to see a new kind of city. We got rid of the freeway on this side of the river. We put through a comprehensive plan for the humanized development of downtown. All but two or three of the big buildings downtown here have come up under the new planning. We’re making progress against the automobile. But, of course, that’s only part of the problem. If we’re going to have a downtown that is central to the area, it must have something to attract the people to it. We’ve concentrated on that. All our new buildings are planned with the human element in mind. We have a height limitation, and the tallest buildings must be well back from the river. We try to preserve air and space. We’re proud of our new buildings, and we want them to be seen and enjoyed. When buildings are crowded



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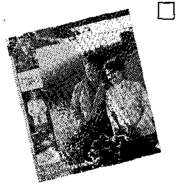

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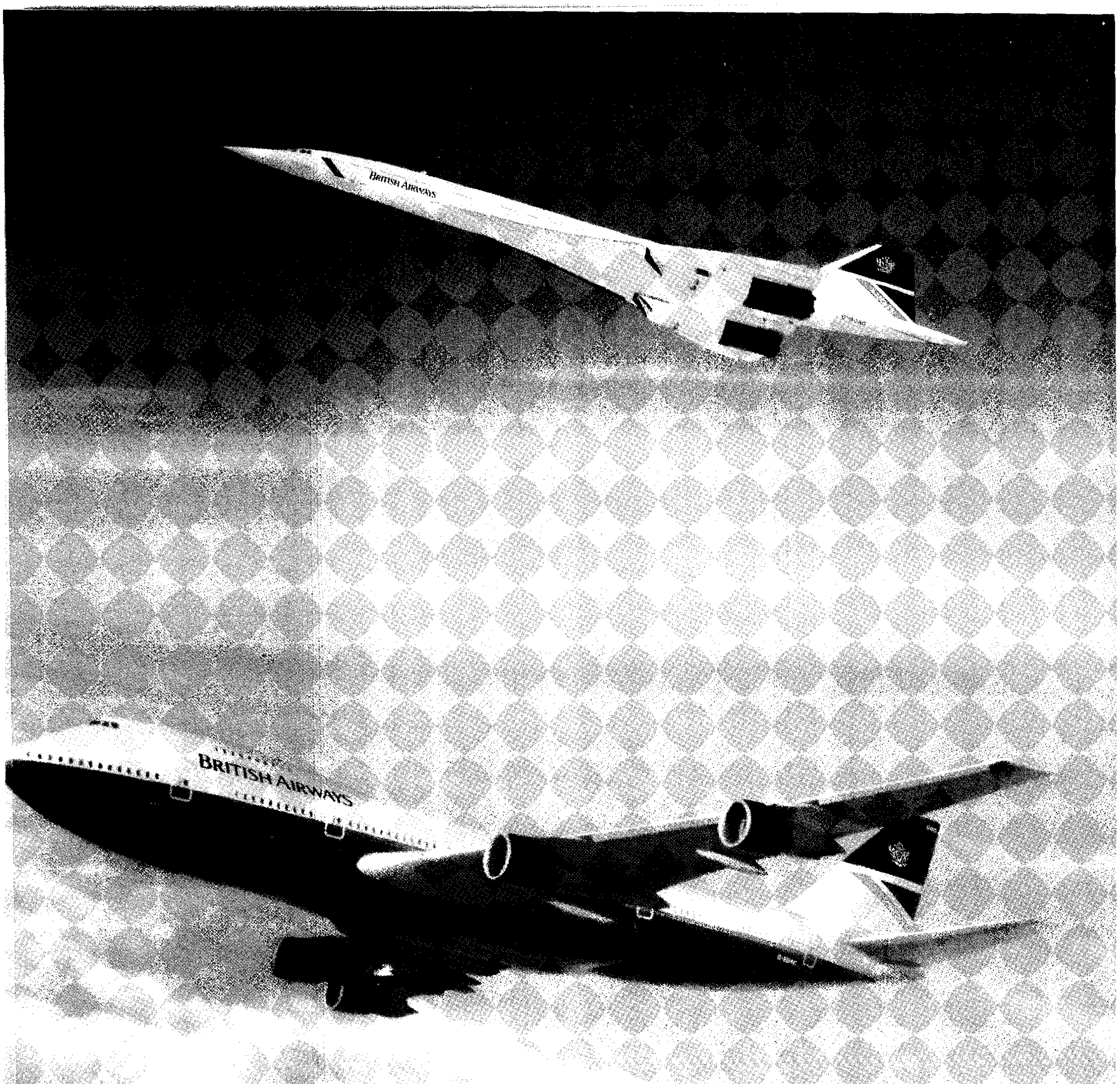

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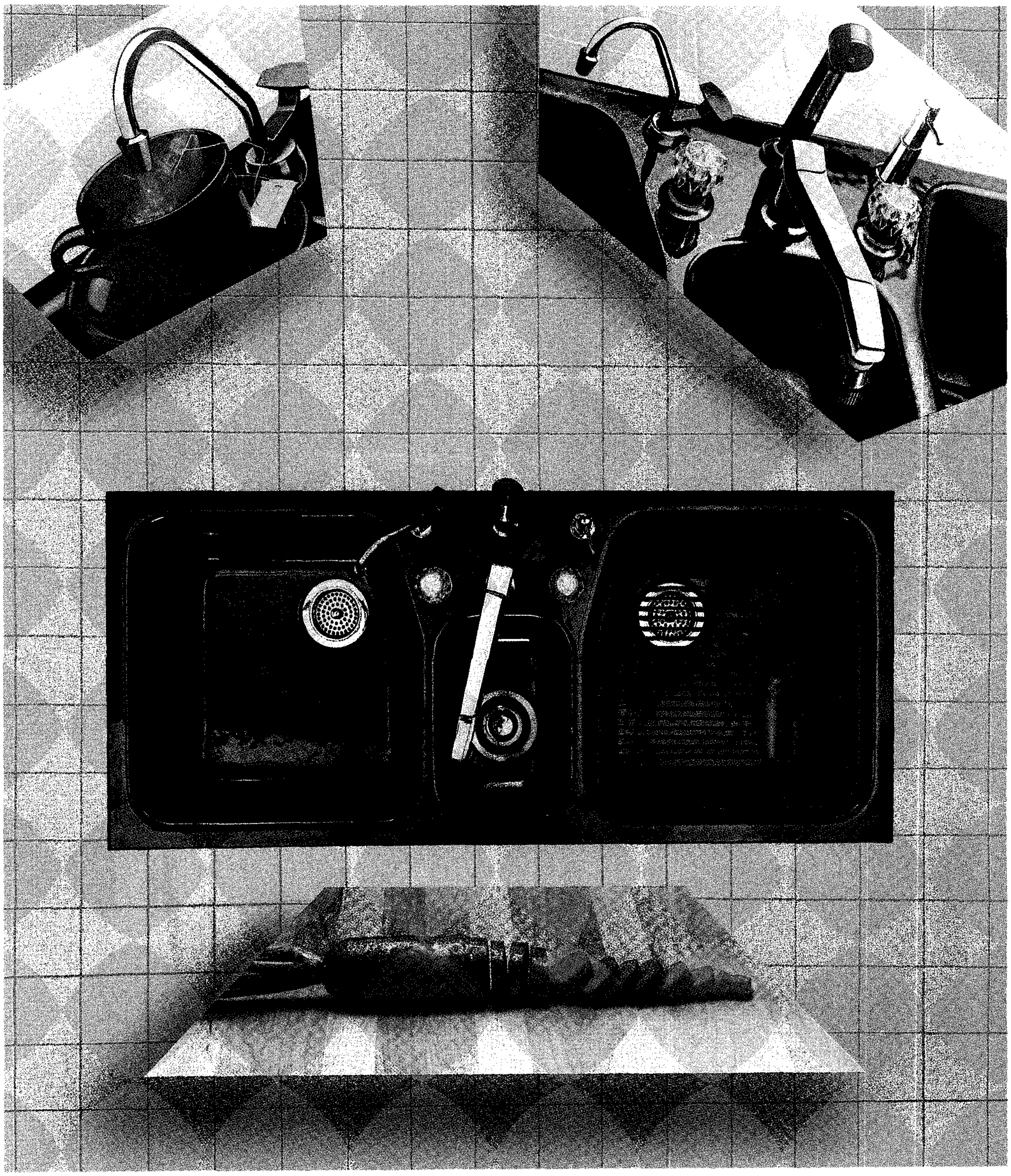

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together, architecture doesn't matter. We have no rules about architectural style. Our new buildings are of all shapes and kinds and materials. The Portland Building—eclectic, multicolored, multi-faceted—which was designed by Michael Graves and has won all sorts of awards, is probably the only one of its kind in the world. But we do have basic rules. I mentioned height. We also control bulk, through setbacks and limits on floor area. We think blank walls at street level dehumanize a building and a neighborhood, so we require that every new building provide space at street level for retail businesses—for shops and cafés. We think public art humanizes a city, so we require that one per cent of the total cost of any public building be spent on some sort of art. Private builders tend to follow suit. We think downtown should be the cultural center of a city, and the entertainment center. When I came here, there were no more than three or four real restaurants downtown. Now we have at least thirty. We have the new Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall, and that work going on next door to it will be our new Center for the Performing Arts. There are plans for a new theatre complex just across the street. Everything is within walking distance. That was the aim of the master plan. One of its goals is 'Provide for a pleasant, rich, and diverse pedestrian experience.' Downtown used to be deserted at night. Now it's full of people—people walking around enjoying themselves. My office is in City Hall, and I live down northwest. I walk to work every morning. It takes me about half an hour. Bud Clark, our mayor, rides a bicycle to work. We have thousands of people living within walking distance of their work. People all over the country are running and jogging. We're getting them to walk."

MY last meal in Portland, like my first, was breakfast. The waitress who served me was the one who had served me most mornings during my stay. She brought my morning cordial, and waited for me to order. "I hope you've enjoyed yourself," she told me. "I'm afraid everything's kind of torn up here downtown. All the new building that's going on, and the streetcar line and all. I guess we're in what they call a transition. I think it's a lot like letting your hair grow out. It's going to be beautiful. You just have to accept that middle-growth period."

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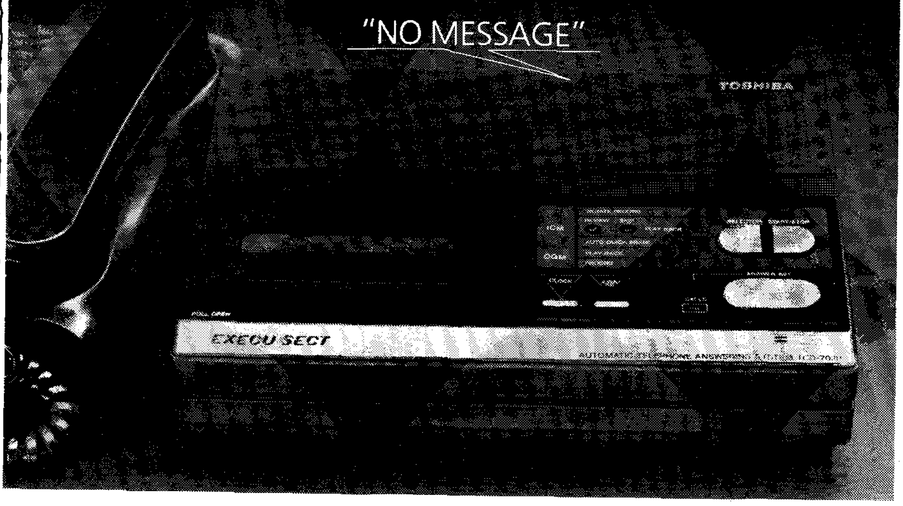

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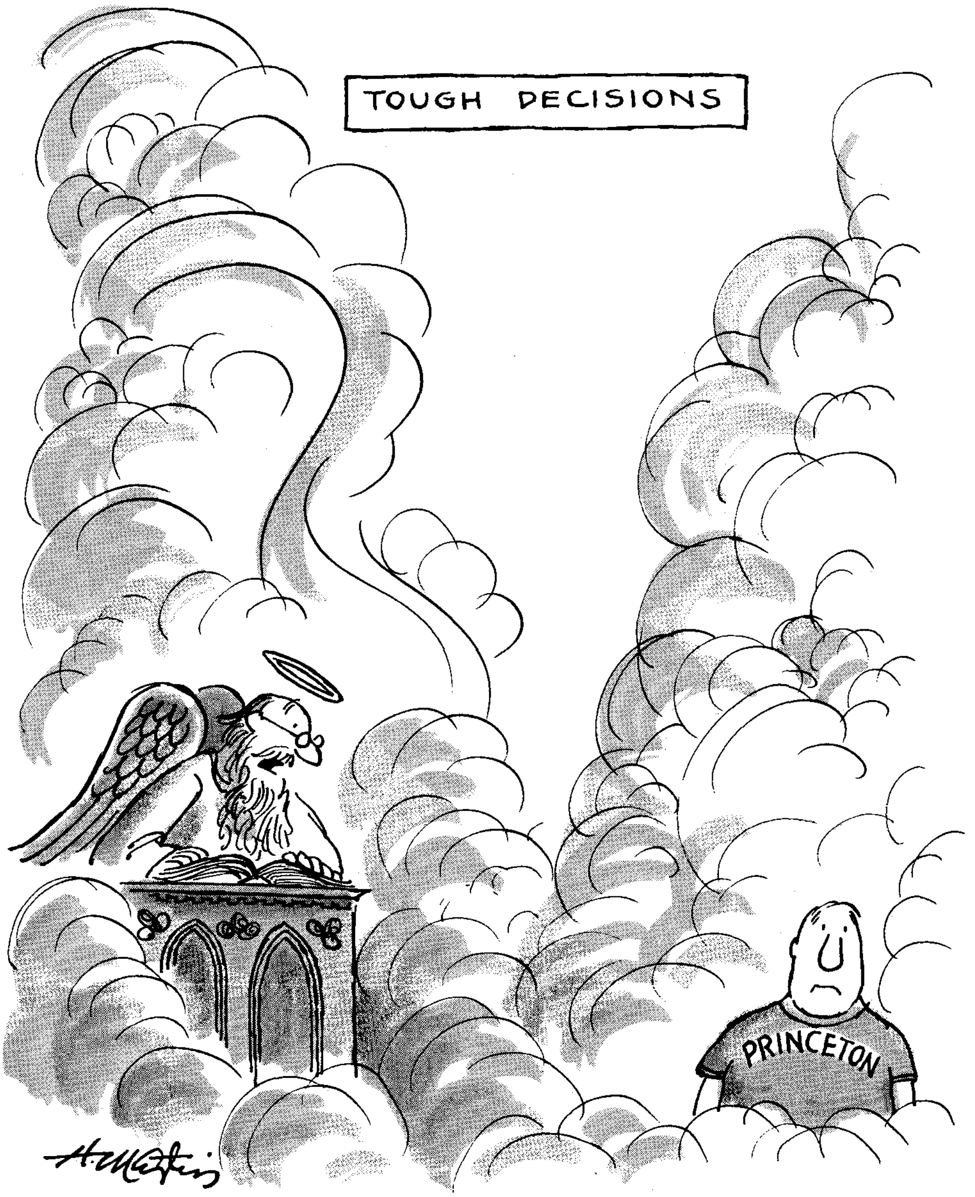
THE SPORTING SCENE

AN OLD CAB HORSE AND TWO NEW ONES

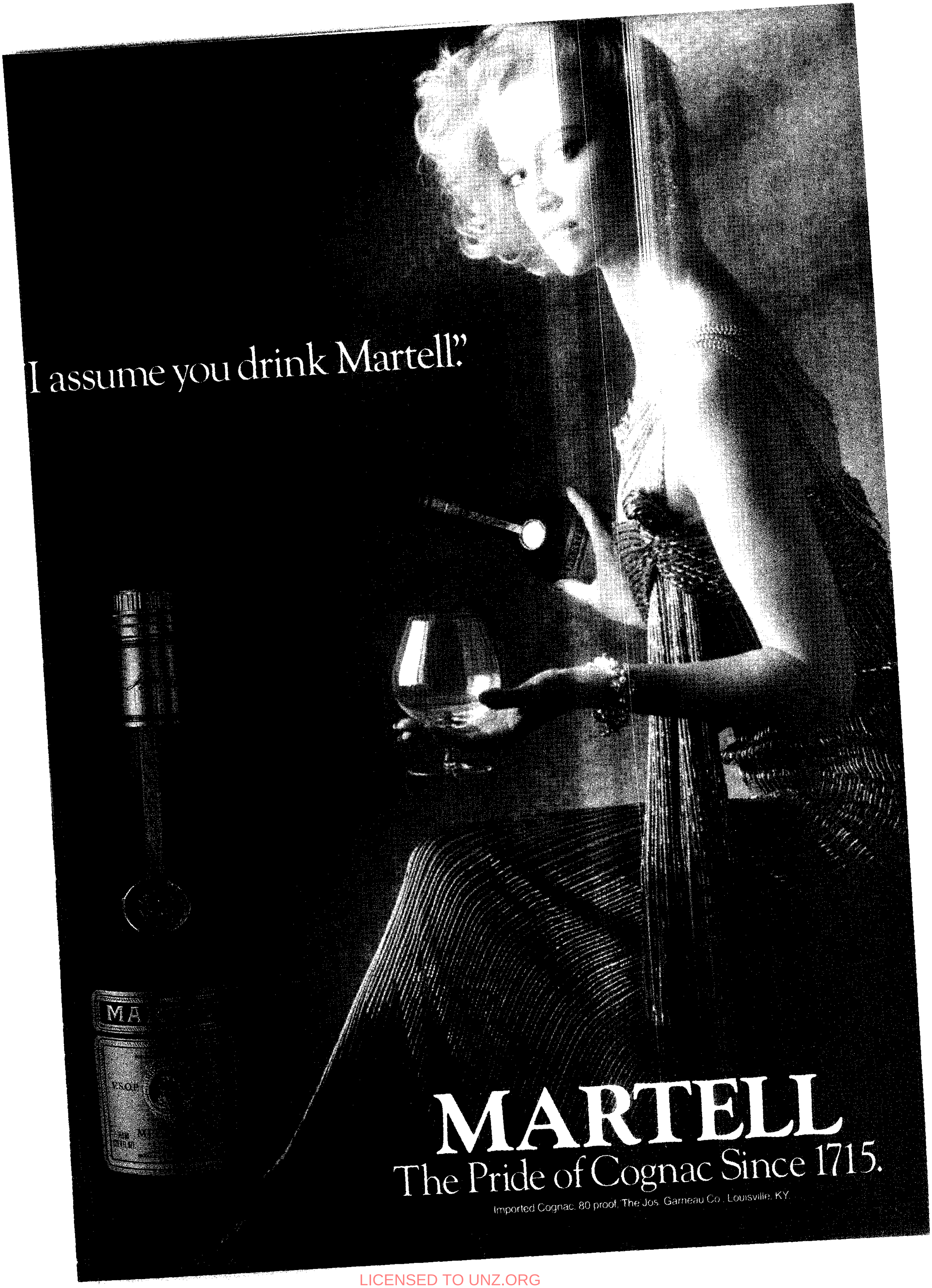
THIS past spring and summer, Fred Perry, the great English tennis champion of the nineteen-thirties, once again repeated the schedule he has followed with only slight variations since 1947. In mid-May, he left his home in Florida and flew to England to attend to the business of the Fred Perry Sportswear company there. A week or so later, he flew from London to Paris, where, during the last week in May and the first week in June, he reported daily on the French Open championships at the Roland Garros stadium, in Auteuil, for the British Broadcasting Corporation's domestic and overseas radio services. Then, returning to London, he performed a similar, and especially cherished, task for the BBC during the fortnight of the Wimbledon championships, at the All England Lawn Tennis Club, in the suburb of Wimbledon, some eight miles southwest of the center of London. There was a stretch of about ten years in which he covered the Wimbledon championships for ITV, the British commercial television network, and some summers he wrote a daily commentary on the play in the championships for the London *Evening Standard* or the London *Evening News*. Most years, he took a breather in Florida after Wimbledon and flew to New York in lat August to attend the United State Open championships, which were formerly held in Forest Hills, in Queens and now take place in Flushing Meadow, also in Queens, and abou seven miles east of Manhattan. Unti about ten years ago, he did dail reports on the progress of play in th U.S. Open for BBC radio. Perry i generally accompanied on these trip by his wife, Barbara, who is also English, and whom he married in 1952 They both enjoy travel, and Perry' continuing to be a part of the international tennis scene has kept hi outlook particularly youthful and enthusiastic.



"If you plan on entering the Kingdom of Heaven, you'll have to sever all earthly ties."

Last year, there was a small bu significant change in Perry's schedule In mid-May, he and Mrs. Perry flew to London, but before going on t Paris they went out to Wimbledon o May 20th, the day of the official opening of the All England Club that year to attend a gala ceremony at which th membership of the club honored Perr on the fiftieth anniversary of his firs victory in the Wimbledon single championship. The Duke of Kent—he and the Duchess act as the royal patrons of the championships—declared the gates of the Somerset Road entrance to the club grounds to be open, and stated that they would thenceforth be known as the Fred Perry Gates. Shortly afterward, the Duke unveiled a bronze statue of Perry, by the renowned English sculptor David Wynne, at the entrance to the main refreshment lawn, which is directly across South Road, the club's major artery, from the Members' Enclosure. The statue, three-quarters life-size, shows Perry playing the stroke he was famed for—his running forehand. Perry was overwhelmed by all this. To be honored so grandly fifty years after one has brought off some achievement in sport, or in any field of endeavor, is rare in a world that forgets old heroes quickly. In addition, Perry realized only too well how lucky anyone is to be around to help celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of something he or she has done.

When I attended Wimbledon in 1984, I spent some time studying the Perry statue, which has an unusual, kinetic quality about it, and I was fascinated by the number of times I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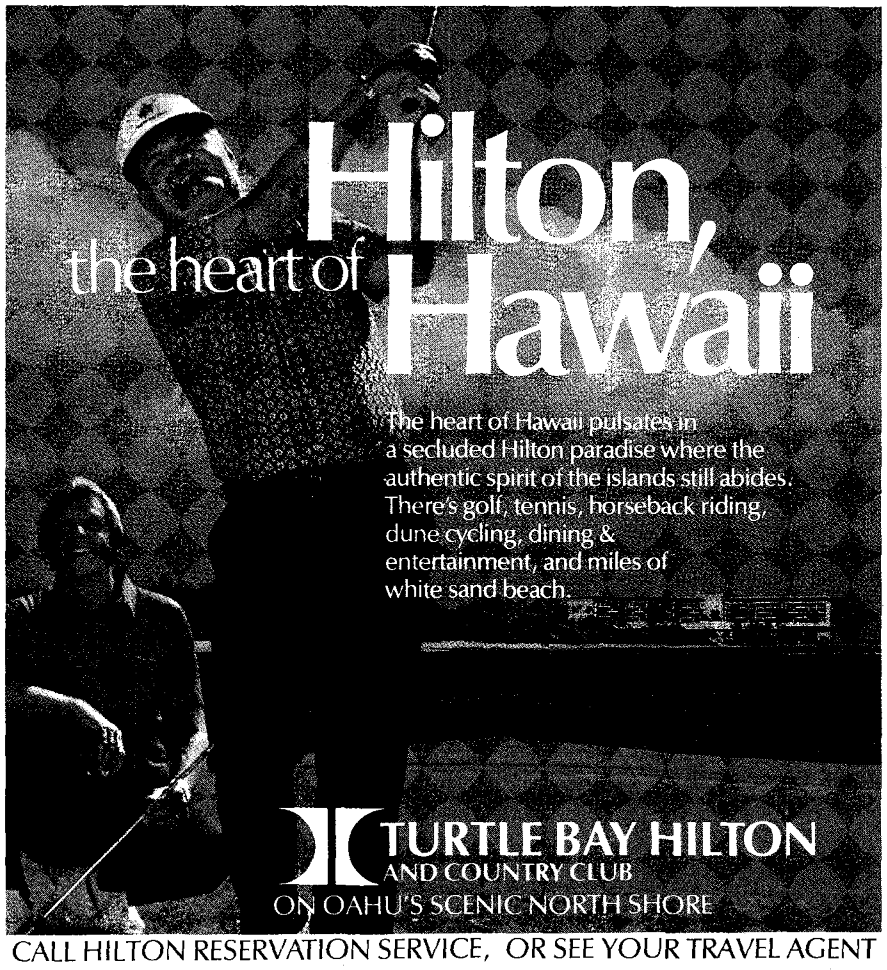

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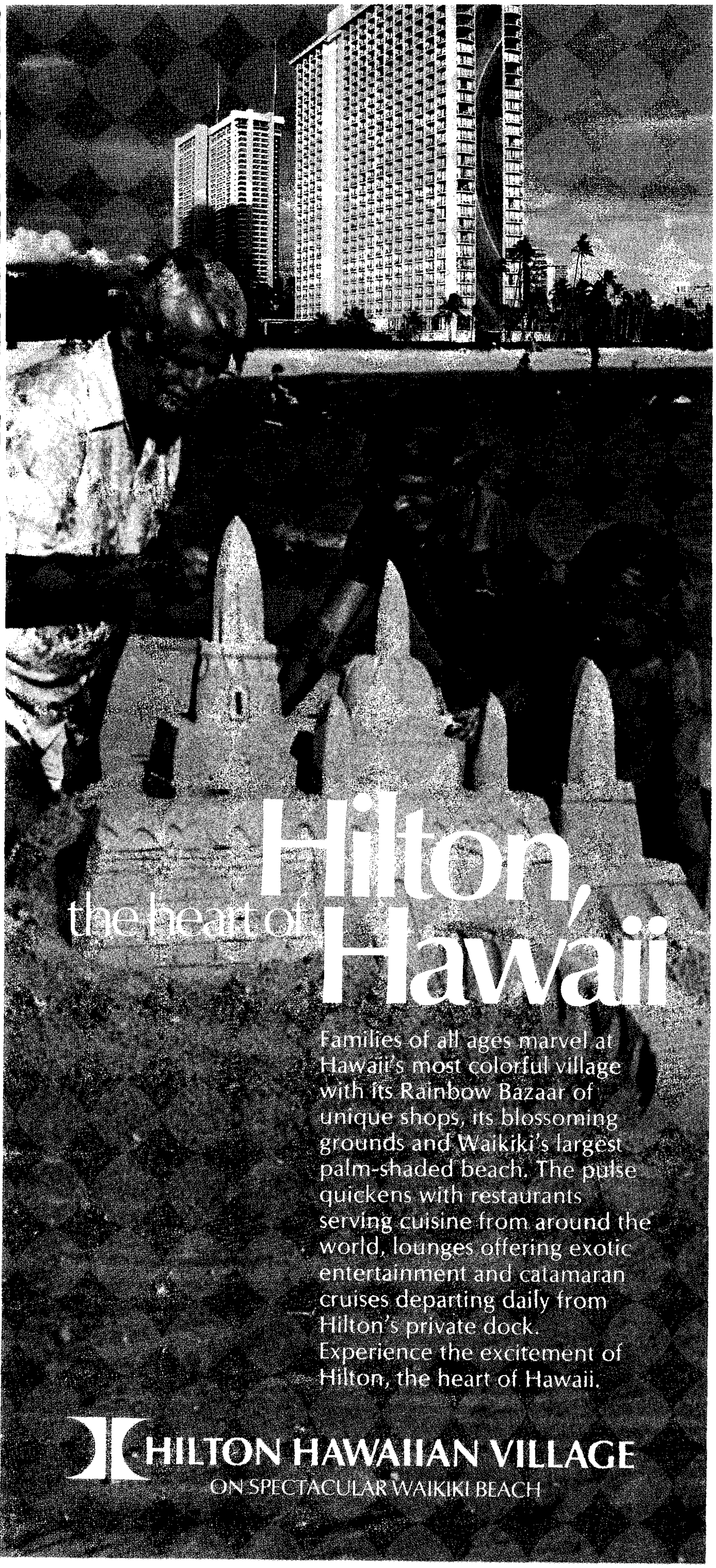
overheard people saying to friends "I'll meet you at the Perry statue.' One can understand its instant popularity with the Wimbledon regulars England has not produced a tennis player of anything close to Perry's magnitude in the last fifty years. He won Wimbledon not only in 1934 but also in 1935 and 1936—victories that meant a great deal to the predominantly English galleries. It was an Englishman, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, who, in 1874, invented lawn tennis. The All England Club originally founded for practitioners of the eminently Victorian pastime of croquet, established the world's first lawn-tennis tournament in 1877, and many of the game's outstanding champions in its early years—the Renshaw twins and the Doherty brothers, to name four—had been Englishmen. As the game's popularity spread around the world, players from other countries—most notably Australia, New Zealand, the United States, and France—came to dominate the scene at Wimbledon. Prior to Perry's victory in 1934, the last Englishman to win the singles championship had been Arthur Wentworth Gore, back in 1909 Perry's accomplishments were by no means limited to his three victories at Wimbledon. He won each of the three other major world championships at least once—the Australian in 1934 the French in 1935, and the American in 1933, 1934, and 1936. In addition he played a leading part in Great Britain's resurgence as a Davis Cup power in an era when that international competition meant vastly more than it does at the present time.

TODAY, when Americans who follow tennis and know its history well attempt to rank the greatest men's singles players of all time, it is fashionable to place Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Richard (Pancho) Gonzales and Rod Laver in a class by themselves. These four men, who ruled the tennis world during four different periods, beginning in the early nineteen-twenties and ending in the late nineteen-sixties, undoubtedly belong near the top of anyone's list. It is a much harder exercise to come up with a list of the ten finest players between 1880 and 1985, for if one begins with Willie Renshaw, the game's first great star, and ends with John McEnroe one has to select, along with Tilden Budge, Gonzales, and Laver, six players from a rather long list that includes, in roughly chronological order, such authentically first-class players as Lawrie Doherty, Norman Brookes, Anthony Wilding, René Lacoste, Henri Cochet, Ellsworth Vines, Jack Crawford, Perry, Jack Kramer, Lew Hoad, Ken Rosewall, Tony Trabert, John Newcombe, Jimmy Connors, and Björn Borg. Furthermore, beginning with Vines, who turned professional when he was only twenty-three, one has to take into consideration what each accomplished in professional tennis as well as in amateur tennis before 1968, when all the historic championships were opened to professional players. On my list of the top ten players, Perry would rank high.

This year, I didn't get to Wimbledon, but I had a chance to visit Perry after he had returned to his home in Florida. (Incidentally, NBC has made missing Wimbledon less of a loss in recent years by televising the women's singles final live on Saturday and the men's singles final live on Sunday. If one lives in the Eastern time zone of our country, one can begin watching these two "Breakfast at Wimbledon" telecasts at 9 A.M., and that is certainly a good way to start a day.) In preparation for my sessions with Perry, I reread the first of his two tennis books, "My Story," which was published in Britain in 1936 and, under the title "Perry on Tennis," was brought out in this country in 1937, shortly after Perry turned professional; and I read for the first time "Fred Perry: An Autobiography," which was published in Britain in 1984, on the fiftieth anniversary of his breakthrough at Wimbledon. There is a marked difference between the two books, as one would expect, since they were written so many years apart. The first one, which Perry worked on with Bruce Harris, of the London *Evening Standard*, has the immediacy and fervor of a man who has poured all of himself into critical matches over years just past. One can gauge this intensity simply from the chapter heads, among them "On Quitting When Injured," "Our Year of Failure," "Excelsior!," and "What We Have We Hold." The second book, which Perry wrote with the assistance of Ron Atkin, of the London *Observer*, is an amplification of the first and an extension of it, carrying the reader just about down to the present day. In this book Perry goes into much more detail about his early years in the game and writes at some length about his experiences as a relative pioneer in professional ten-



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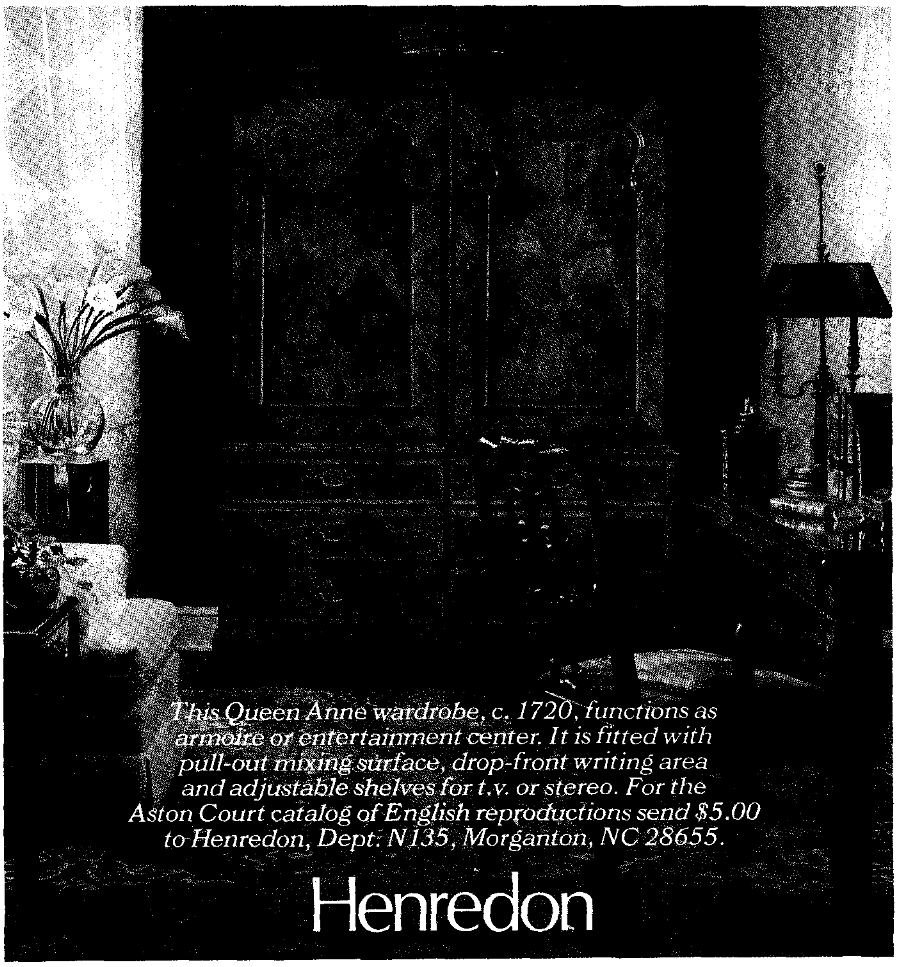
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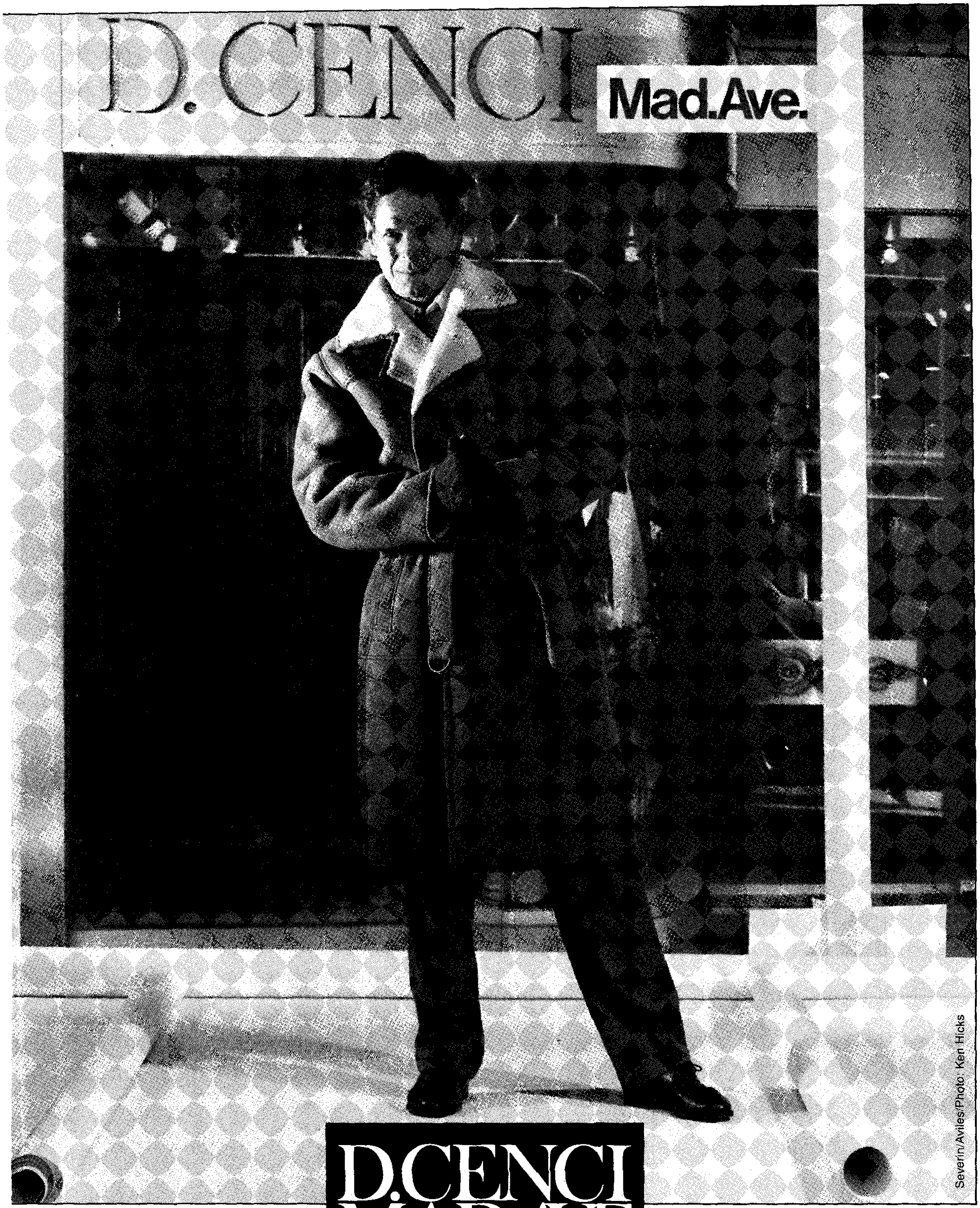
nis. He also tells the reader a lot more about his life off the court both before and after his retirement from active competition.

As it happened, I met with Perry, the old Davis Cup hero, the day after the United States team seeking that trophy had been eliminated by West Germany in the quarter-final round of this year's competition. (Neither of our two best players, John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors, was on the American team. Each had refused to sign a form, prepared by the United States Tennis Association at the urging of the sponsor of the Davis Cup team, the Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, pledging that he would be on his best behavior.) The Perrys now live in an attractive apartment in Boca West, only a few yards from a swimming pool and the obligatory Jacuzzi. Perry was temporarily by himself. Mrs. Perry had chosen to stay on a week or so longer in a house the Perrys own in Rottingdean, a small town on the English Channel near Brighton, in order to spend more time with her sisters—one of them is the former motion-picture star Patricia Roc—and with the couple's only child, Penny.

During his years as a champion, Perry, who stands just over six feet, was known for his gleaming black hair and his athletic physique. His hair began to turn gray-white quite a few years ago, and he is somewhat heavier than he was in his playing days, but he still looks like handsome Fred Perry; there is a sparkle in his eye, and he is extremely active. The telephone in his apartment rang often during our meetings, and usually the calls had something to do with Perry's various business activities. A friend in Cincinnati who is connected with Perry Shoes called to confirm a personal appearance that Perry would be making in that city in late August. There was a call from his friend Jack March, a teaching pro in Cleveland with whom he conducts clinics at the Sea Garden Beach and Tennis Resort, in Pompano Beach, during the winter. March wanted to nail down the dates when Perry would be coming from Cincinnati to Cleveland to hold two or three clinics there. And there was a call from Harry Figgie, who heads Figgie International, a giant conglomerate that bought Fred Perry Sportswear from Charles MacIntosh & Company in the late nineteen-sixties along with a separate business called Fred Perry WorldWide, which marketed tennis balls, racquets, and shoes. Some time ago, Harry Fig-



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gie had bought from David Wynne a duplicate bronze casting of the Wimbledon statue of Perry, and he was calling to find out when Perry would be free to come up to Richmond, Virginia, where the company has its headquarters, for the dedication of it.

Perry's trips preceding the United States Open were small potatoes, I discovered, compared with the itinerary that he and Mrs. Perry had lined up for this fall and winter. In late September, he told me, they would fly to Istanbul via London to be on hand for the thirtieth anniversary of a tournament sponsored by British Airways and the Istanbul Hilton which was to be renamed the Fred Perry International Invitational. In early March, the Perrys will fly to California and then stop over in Hawaii en route to New Zealand, where they will be the guests of honor at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of the New Zealand Lawn Tennis Association. From there they will fly to Hong Kong, where Perry is scheduled to hold a clinic for young players. They may go on to China; and they definitely will stop over in Japan before heading home. Perry believes that people who are getting along in years should stay on the ground for several days after every long flight—that this makes the next leg of an extended journey easier for their bodies to take. Like many Englishmen, he is an able traveller. "I never bother to unpack my luggage in the hotel," he told me. "I know just where everything is in my bags. After all, I've been travelling all my life." He is delighted to be invited to countries that, like New Zealand, are holding the centenary of their championships sometime in this decade. "I don't feel I'm travelling back to the past," he said with conviction. "I feel I'm travelling into the present. Meeting old tennis friends you haven't seen for decades is a great joy. One's life in tennis is still going on. That makes returning to a beautiful country like New Zealand, where I haven't been in fifty years, much more meaningful." Last year, when Perry visited Australia for the first time in about half a century, Neale Fraser, the captain of the Australian Davis Cup team, asked him if he had noticed any changes. "Yes, I have," Perry replied. "My old address book is no good."

THE first of Perry's many trips to far-off lands were undertaken when he was an amateur star, admired around the world for his deeds on the court. Things became entirely different for him outside the United States and Canada after he turned professional, following his victory in 1936 in the United States championship. In America, where professional tennis was regarded by tennis fans as an opportunity to watch the best players in action, Perry enjoyed a very successful cross-country tour with Ellsworth Vines, a tall, slim, hard-hitting Californian, who had turned pro in 1933, after winning Wimbledon in 1932 and our championship in 1931 and 1932. The Vines-Perry tour opened with éclat on the evening of January 6, 1937. Nearly eighteen thousand people, a record crowd for an indoor tennis event, jammed Madison Square Garden to watch a brilliantly played match, which Perry, handling Vines' cannonball serve deftly, won in four sets, 7–5, 3–6, 6–3, 6–4. (In big cities, the matches were best three of five sets; in the smaller cities, they were best two of three.) Bruce Barnes and George Lott were on hand to play doubles with Perry and Vines, and if any of the players was under the weather the ageless Tilden filled in for him. Perry and Vines got along exceedingly well. "I trusted Elly completely, and he felt the same way about me," Perry told me. "We understood each other. We never had a contract, though we played a lot of tennis over the years and were involved in a number of business deals." On their first tour, Vines won thirty-two matches and Perry twenty-nine. On many professional tours at that time, the matches were fixed, so that neither player would fall far behind and, accordingly, interest would be sustained as the tour moved across the country in a long, tiring series of one-night stands. The Perry-Vines tour was different: they played their matches straight. There was only one match they attempted to rig. That was in Milwaukee. They were due to play in Pittsburgh the next night, and this meant they would have to arrive in Pittsburgh in time to have breakfast with the local press—by far the most effective means of publicizing their match. "The press would ask the same questions in every town," Perry said. "I learned not to let that annoy me. If you're a tennis champion on a professional tour, it goes with the territory." Vines, who owned a large Buick, did most of the driving from city to city. Since it was well over five hundred miles from Milwaukee to Pittsburgh,

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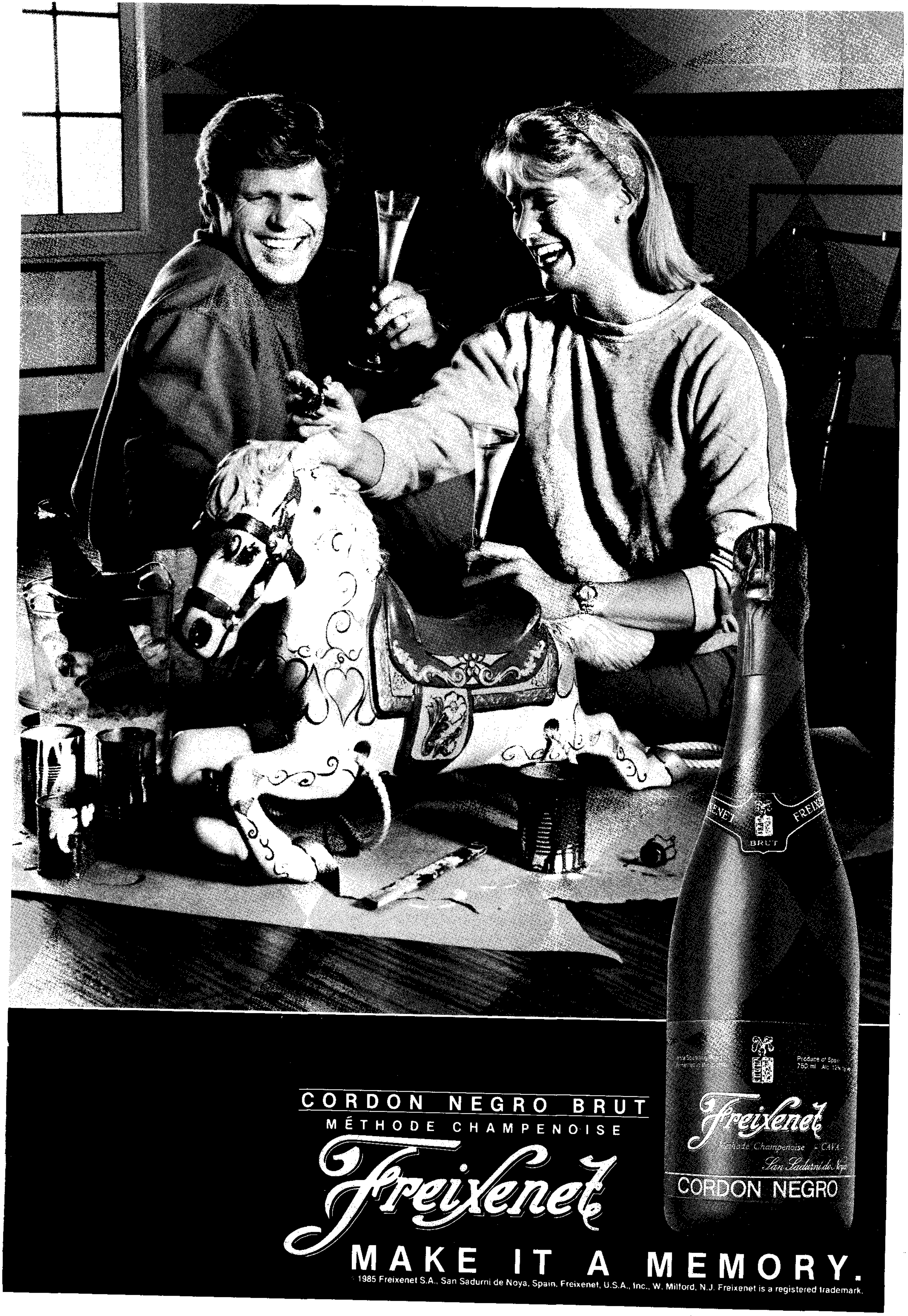
he suggested that it might be a goc idea if they played the first set straigl and it would be understood that whc ever won that set would win the sec ond. Perry won the first set. Wit games 3–3 in the second set, a conve nient time for Vines to miss a fe shots, Vines wound up and whipped big forehand past Perry. After tha hitting the ball as hard as he could, l made one spectacular placement afte another. After winning that set, Vin apologized. He suggested that proba bly the best solution would be for tl first man who broke serve in the thi set to be permitted to walk throug it. Perry told him, "Nothing doin You'll have to win it all the wa now." Vines won the third set, 12–1 and then the two men got their bag together and began the long drive Pittsburgh.

Perry is by nature a realistic ma but he was unprepared for the rece tion that he and Vines received whe after the completion of their America tour, they headed for Europe, thinkin they would attract large, appreciati audiences. They found that now th they were professionals most peop who mattered in tennis would hav nothing to do with them. They learne that they could not play on any cou at any tennis club that was affilia ed with a national tennis associatio They had to fend for themselves. friend of Perry's ran the Wembl Sports Stadium and arranged for the to play a three-night stand ther They drew nine thousand people eac night. (Perry won two of the thre matches.) They played in the Edir burgh town hall on a court laid out c a parquet floor. They were invited play on the coarse, uneven grass of soccer field but refused. Then an ol school friend of Perry's, Bernard Sur ley, who had done very well in th construction business, came up wit a solution. He built a wooden cou for them with a twenty-one-foot rur back area behind the baselines ar a fifteen-foot area outside the doubl alleys. A sectional platform court, could be disassembled at one sto trucked to the next day's stop, an reassembled. As far as making mone went, the tour was a successful on but Perry was hurt by the coldne with which many old friends no treated him. Tennis players' live became incomparably simpler and be ter thirty-one years later, when th All England Club led the way to ward opening both the major cham pionships and the lesser tournamen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In the years after 1937, Perry went on tours with Vines, Tilden, and Budge. His career as a first-class player whom people loved to watch came to a cruel end in Madison Square Garden on December 26, 1941, the opening night of a tour he was scheduled to make with Budge, Frank Kovacs, and Bobby Riggs. During the first match, Kovacs vs. Budge, Kovacs opened an eight-inch split along one of the seams in the lightweight canvas court. When Perry came on to play Riggs, in the first set he made a sudden dart to his right to get to an angled forehand, and one of his feet went into the split in the canvas. He was sent flying high in the air, head over heels. He landed hard on his right elbow and shattered it. In time, Perry, being a resourceful and tenacious man, learned how to play fine tennis again, but there was no possibility of his ever recapturing his old game. Fortunately, by 1941 he had acquired some assets, such as a partnership in the Beverly Hills Tennis Club, which he and Vines had bought with some of the profits from their 1937 tour. They renovated the club, adding a swimming pool and relocating the tennis courts. The club was a small one, with about a hundred and twenty-five members, all of them connected with the motion-picture business, and all of them, it was tacitly made known, with incomes of fifteen hundred dollars a week or more—a standard that made the club an ideal spot for Hollywood's royalty to relax in the company of their peers. The membership included Errol Flynn, Charlie Chaplin, Gilbert Roland, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman, the Marx Brothers, and Benny Goodman. On the day of the club's grand reopening after the renovations, the members gathered around the main court for the feature match. Charlie Chaplin walked onto the court carrying several dozen racquets. Behind him came Perry and Vines toting an enormous suitcase. When they opened the suitcase, out popped Groucho Marx. An exhibition doubles match followed: England (Chaplin and Perry) vs. the United States (Marx and Vines). Perry and Vines held on to the Beverly Hills Tennis Club until the nineteen-fifties.

FREDERICK JOHN PERRY was born in Stockport, a town near Manchester, on May 18, 1909. He was the son of Hannah and Samuel John Perry, and was six years younger than

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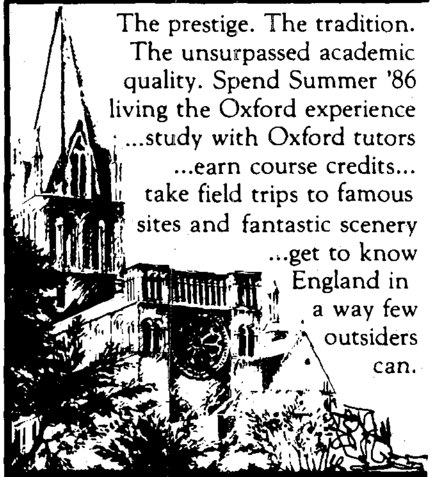

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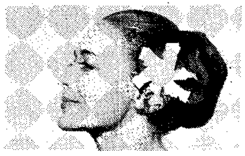

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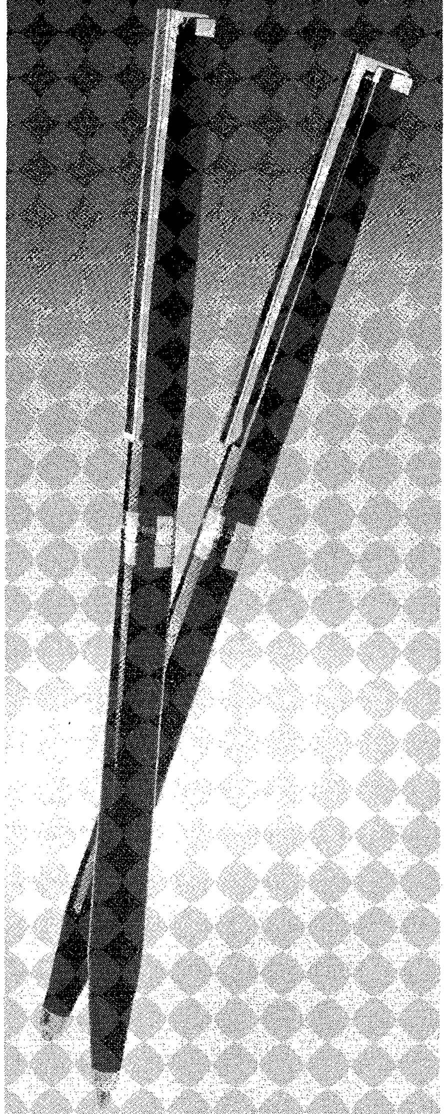

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their only other child, Edith. Sam Perry, an exceptional man, was a cotton spinner who was active in the councils of the Coöperative Party, which had an office in Liverpool and was associated with the Labour Party. In a few years, the Perry family moved to Bolton, northeast of Liverpool, and then, after Mr. Perry had become the secretary of his party, to Wallasey, west of Liverpool. Near the end of the First World War, he was transferred to the Party's London office, and the family moved to the Brentham section of Ealing, a residential and industrial community west of central London. Then, in 1929, after he had several times stood unsuccessfully for election to Parliament as a Labour candidate, he won the seat in Kettering, near Northampton, and became a figure of some importance in Ramsay MacDonald's second Labour Government.

Fred Perry liked Brentham much better than the cold North of England. He attended the Ealing County School, and played inside left forward on the soccer team and wicketkeeper on the cricket team. When he was about thirteen, he became mad about table tennis. After dinner, he would push the kitchen table against the wall, set up a net, and practice for hours, hitting the ball over the net and against the wall and retrieving the rebound. He joined the local Y.M.C.A., and, thanks to further practice there, his game improved. When he was fifteen, he started to play tennis at some local courts, and then, at the suggestion of a Brentham neighbor who knew something about how a young man could advance in the world of amateur tennis, he joined the Herga Club, in nearby Harrow. There he met A. R. (Pops) Summers, a representative of the Slazenger sporting-goods company. More than any other person, Pops Summers was responsible for Perry's successful career in tennis. Although he was only a good club player himself, he understood the kind of strokes a young player had to develop to get ahead in tennis. He also had an unusual talent for analyzing the games of individual players and working out the tactics that one should employ against them. For a couple of years, Summers was able to give Perry only limited help, because Perry was devoting more and more attention to table tennis. In 1927, he was chosen to play for England in the table-tennis Home Internationals against Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The following year, somewhat to his

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(see also page 68)

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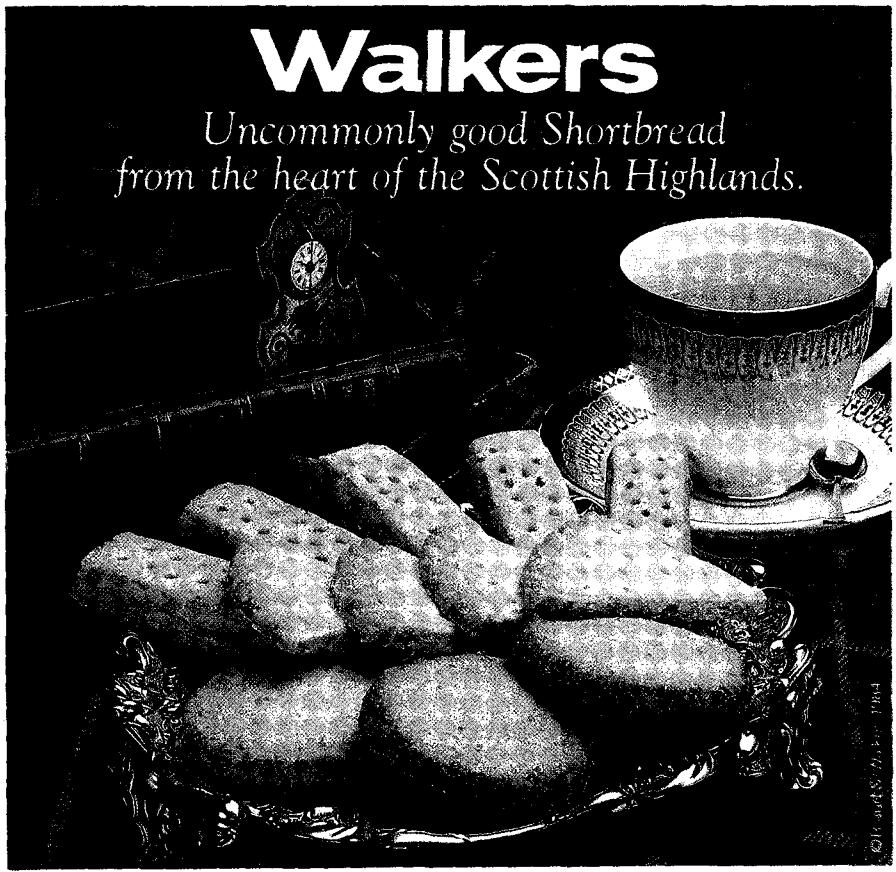
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surprise, he was selected for the team that represented England in the world championship, in Stockholm. In 1929, he was again chosen for the English team, and that year, in Budapest, he defeated the No. 1 Hungarian player in the final to become world champion.

His father's reaction was interesting. He thought that his son should retire from table tennis while he was at the top—there was no place higher he could go—and turn his attention to tennis. By this time, Perry had left school and was working as a clerk in the tea department of the English and Scottish Joint Coöperative Wholesale Society, just off the Strand, in London. He played tennis in junior tournaments at the Herga Club, the schoolboy championship at the Queen's Club, in London, and in the Wimbledon Juniors. He also joined another club, Chiswick Park, and represented it in the Middlesex Club competitions. He seemed fated to be a chronic quarter-finalist, however. It was then that Pops Summers, who was still impressed by Perry's speed afoot and the quickness of his reactions, stepped in. He felt that if Perry could improve his forehand by learning to take the ball on the rise—as Henri Cochet, the remarkable French player, did—it would lift his whole game to a higher level. Perry used the Continental, or hatchet, grip, and this was to his advantage. Taking the ball early on his forehand would do two important things for him: it would enable him to get to net and into volleying position much more easily, and it would give his opponent less time to get into position to play Perry's return. Perry spent five and a half months in the autumn of 1929 and the winter of 1930 trying to master taking the ball so early in its rise that he was practically half-volleying it. He was hitting the ball all over the place and breaking a lot of club windows. "Then one magical Sunday morning we were playing a doubles set at the Herga Club, and my opponent served to my forehand," Perry relates in his autobiography. "I just leaned into it and everything jelled. I almost decapitated the guy at the net, and the shot dropped a couple of inches inside the baseline, a completely natural shot, perfection. 'My God, I've got it!' I said. Then Pops told me, 'Right! Stop now. Go away for a week. Don't even look at a tennis ball. Just keep telling yourself that you know how to take the ball early now, then come back here next Sunday.' He took this precaution so that, having finally learned how to hit the shot, I wouldn't get frustrated by missing a few. I went back to Herga the next Sunday—and I still had it."

At about this time, Sam Perry stepped forward. When he was ten, it had been necessary for him to go to work in a cotton mill, and he wanted his son to have a better life than he had had. He told Fred that he would support him financially for a year while he worked on his tennis. Perry broke through before that—in the summer of 1930 at Wimbledon. He had attended Wimbledon for the first time in 1928, watching from the standing-room section. His entry had been accepted for the first time in 1929, and he had reached the third round. In 1930, he again made it to the third round, and there he came up against Baron Umberto de Morpurgo, an Italian World War ace who was at this time the fourth-ranked player in the world, after Tilden, Cochet, and Jean Borotra. The Baron had an efficient serve and a tough, reliable forehand. He led 5–1 in the first set, but Perry pulled it out, 10–8, by playing deep crosscourt drives and following fast into the forecourt. The Baron and Perry were playing in the No. 3 court, and it happened that a committee of the Lawn Tennis Association was meeting in a room overlooking the court to select the fourth member of a four-man team it would be sending to North and South America to gain experience. The committee temporarily suspended the meeting to watch the de Morpurgo–Perry match. The Baron took the second set, but Perry won the next two, 6–1, 6–2. He was forthwith informed by the L.T.A. that he had won a place on the touring team.

The next day, Perry was summoned to the office of the veteran Wimbledon referee F. R. Burrow—a man of small stature who wore a pince-nez, smoked cigars, and ran tournaments with an iron hand. He informed Perry that he would be playing his fourth-round match against Dr. Colin Gregory, a British Davis Cup player, in the famed Centre Court the next day, and instructed him to arrive early and to see him about noon, for he knew that Perry had never played in the Centre Court. When Perry reported to him, Burrow led him onto the empty Centre Court and told him to walk around and toss a few balls into the air and generally get the feeling of the place. "The Centre Court is like no other," Perry explained to me. "It is complete-

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ly enclosed by covered stands. When you toss a ball into the air, because of the darkness of the background it looks as big as a soccer ball and seems to be miles away. A tennis court is seventy-eight feet long, and most courts have a runback area of twenty-one feet or so behind the baselines. Wimbledon's Centre Court is different. When a player runs back thirty feet from the baseline, he has only reached the barrier where the linesman sits. He can continue for another twenty or twenty-five feet before he reaches the covered stand. When the ball is in the air, it seems to be moving very slowly, and you feel as if you had all the time in the world to get in position to play it. You don't. This is an illusion the covered stands create. The court is still only seventy-eight feet long, and the ball is on top of you before you know it. I lost my match to Dr. Gregory, but, thanks to Mr. Burrow's thoughtfulness, I didn't suffer from Centre Courtitis."

The ensuing five-month summer trip widened Perry's vistas, and his tennis developed rapidly. He won the Argentine championship. Perhaps most important, he grew four and a half inches, into the wiry, long-legged man one envisions when Perry's name is mentioned.

IN 1934, after Perry had won his first Wimbledon, *Time* put him on its cover. The line under his name read, "A bloke needs a bit of luck." Perry regards his victory over de Morpurgo as the first of three lucky breaks that became the foundation of his career. The second came in 1931, when he was selected for the Davis Cup team, along with three other young players who had previously done nothing much: G. Patrick (Pat) Hughes, who was strictly a doubles specialist; Charles H. Kingsley, primarily a doubles player, too; and Henry Wilfred (Bunny) Austin. Austin had the best credentials by far. He had been to an excellent public school, Repton, before going up to Cambridge University, and at Cambridge he had captained the team. He had been on the Davis Cup team in 1929 and 1930. In 1930, he had won the British Hard Courts championship, at Bournemouth, beating Perry in the final after Perry held match point in the fifth set. Austin was known for elegantly produced ground strokes, but it was generally thought that he was not sturdy enough physically to do well in a long-drawn-out match. Herbert Roper Barrett, a doubles star in the era before the First World War, was named non-playing captain of the team. During Davis Cup matches, Roper Barrett, not an easy man to know, sat stony-faced in his chair along the sidelines, his hands clasped tightly on a walking stick in front of him. Sometimes when a player in a hard-fought match looked a little nervous, Roper Barrett would bark out a crisp instruction, like "H.Y.B.T." This meant "Hold Your Bat Tight."

This team, of which so little was expected, defeated Monaco, 5–0, in Plymouth; went to Brussels and defeated Belgium, 5–0; defeated South Africa, 5–0, in Eastbourne; defeated Japan, 5–0, in Eastbourne; defeated the favored Czechoslovakian team, 4–1, in Prague; and advanced to the Inter-Zone Final against the United States. This match was held at Roland Garros, the home of the holder of the cup, whose celebrated Four Musketeers—René Lacoste, Jean Borotra, Henri Cochet, and Jacques Brugnon—had won the cup from the United States in 1927 and had held onto it ever since. After the first two days of

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play, Britain's chances against the United States looked slim. In the singles, Austin had beaten Sidney Wood, but Perry had lost to Frank Shields. In the doubles, George Lott and John Van Ryn won comfortably from Hughes and Perry. This meant that the British would have to win the two remaining singles matches to stay alive. Perry won his match from Wood, a man with a sound all-around game, and then Austin went out and defeated the powerful Shields in three sets by playing almost flawless tennis. In the inner circles of the game, the explanation generally agreed on was that the American team might have been overconfident and that, as usual, it hadn't been able to summon its best stuff on the slow clay of Roland Garros.

The British team spent the following week in Fontainebleau, resting up, and then it returned to Roland Garros for the Challenge Round. It was not given much of a chance, even though Lacoste had retired from competition because of poor health, and both Cochet and Borotra, who would be playing the singles for the French team, were now past their peak. Cochet was nearing thirty, and Borotra was on the brink of thirty-three. In the first match, Austin played Cochet. He took the first set and held two set points in the second but lost it, 11–9. This may have been the pivotal set of the Challenge Round. Cochet ran out the match, 6–2, 6–4. Perry had all he could do to handle Borotra. His youth and stamina saw him through in five sets, 4–6, 10–8, 6–0, 4–6, 6–4. In the doubles, Hughes and Kingsley lost in four sets to Cochet and Brugnon. That had been expected. On the third day, Austin defeated Borotra, and then out came Cochet and Perry to play the deciding match. Rain had interrupted the Austin-Borotra match. More rain caused a half-hour delay in the second set of the second match, and made the court so wet and slippery that new balls had to be used every five games instead of every seven. Perry, who had lost the first set, won the second. The drizzle continued. "In the third set, I was one game behind all the way," Perry recalls. "I was down 7–8, and at 15–30 I served a fault that Cochet hit way up in the stands. He wouldn't continue play until that particular ball was returned, and the French crowd was in no hurry to throw it back. That took about three minutes. I served another fault, and Cochet went on to take that set, 9–7, and he took

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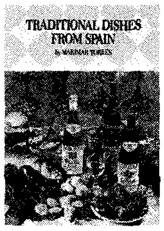

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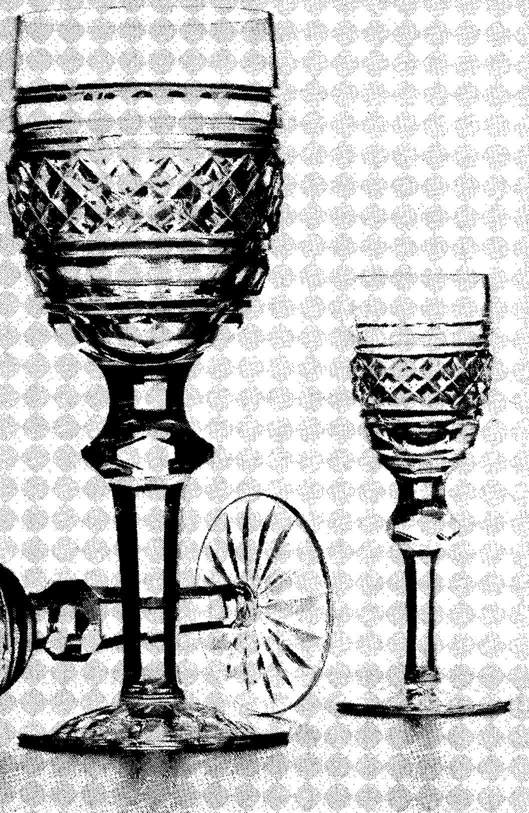

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the next set for the match. He would probably have beaten me anyway, but I think that business about the ball made it easier. In the fourth set, there was no stopping him."

After exceeding everyone's expectations in 1931, the British Davis Cup team began the 1932 season full of confidence. It started its campaign with a 5–0 victory over Rumania, in Torquay, and then defeated Poland, 4–1, in Warsaw. The next match was against Germany, at the Rot-Weiss Club, in Berlin, where the sunken main court always gave visitors trouble, because its surface was inclined to be damp. Austin lost the first singles to Dr. Daniel Prenn, a slow-moving, patient player who seldom strayed from the baseline. Perry, however, was in charge all the way in his match with Baron Gottfried von Cramm, a graceful strokes player, and won in straight sets. The British team felt rather comfortable after Hughes and Perry had won the doubles, but everything went wrong the third day. Von Cramm had no trouble with a tired Austin, so once again the task of playing the match on which victory or defeat depended fell to Perry. Disturbed by the slowness of the sunken court, Perry dropped the first two sets to Prenn, but he took the next two and moved to 5–2 in the fifth, Prenn to serve. Eventually, Perry reached match point. Prenn got his first serve in, and Perry powered a forehand down the line for a clean winner. He ran to the net to shake hands with Prenn, but a disruption had broken out among the officials. The baseline judge, it seemed, had called Prenn for footfaulting on his serve. The match was still alive. Prenn got his second serve in, and he went on to win not only the crucial point and the game but the next four games as well. This gave Prenn the set and the match, and the German team had won a stunning 3–2 victory. Perry later wrote, "Well, I will be candid about this match, and admit that under the tremendous nerve strain I cracked and my game deteriorated very badly." He was pilloried in the British press. He thought this was unfair, inasmuch as he had won his first singles and had helped win the doubles. In one newspaper, he and Austin were referred to as "old cart horses." Perry was then twenty-three and Austin twenty-five.

A swing across the United States that summer, which included stops at such watering places as Newport and Los Angeles, helped to take the sting

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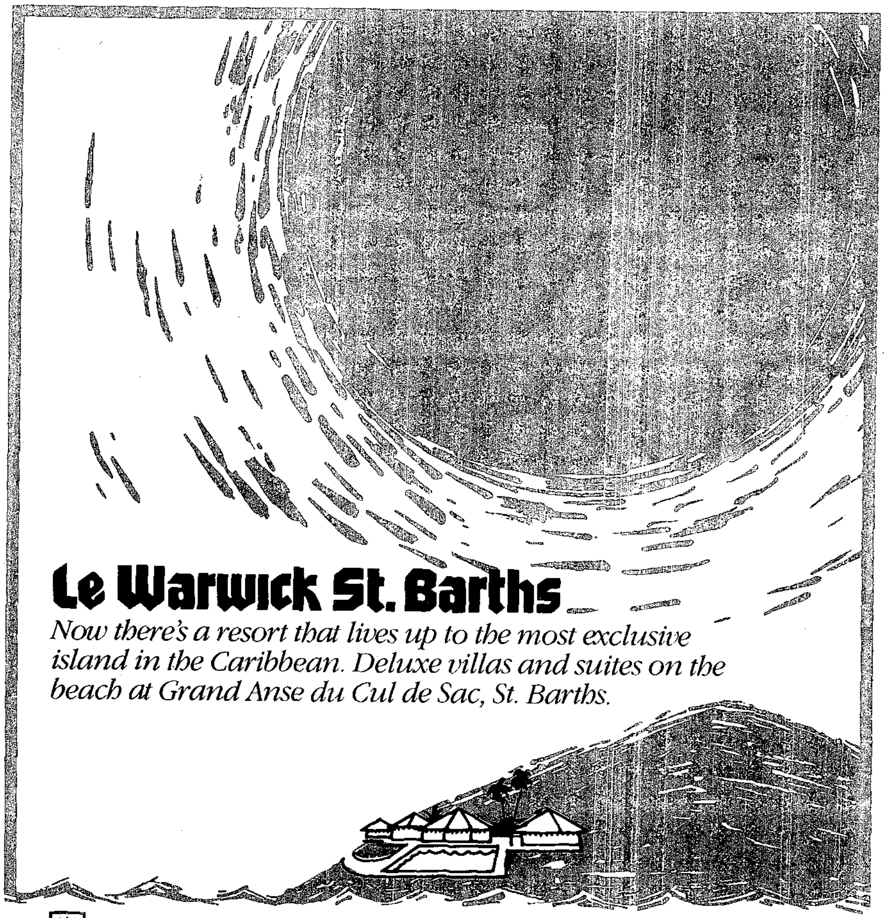
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out of Perry's collapse in Berlin. In Los Angeles, he got to meet a number of Hollywood stars between his rounds in the Southwest Pacific tournament, which he won. He returned to England determined to get himself into better physical condition than any other tennis player. He consulted the trainer of the Davis Cup team, Tom Whittaker, and Whittaker, who for years had also been the trainer of the renowned Arsenal soccer team, arranged for him to work out with that team. At the end of the winter, Perry felt that he was in better shape than he had ever been before. He was certain that no one could beat him in three straight sets, and that, regardless of the determination of his opponent, he would be able to outlast him in a fifth set, because he would still be almost as strong and as fast as he had been at the start of the match. In the next four years, Perry recalls, he lost only two matches that went to five sets. He had developed exemplary health habits. He drank no alcoholic beverages, except on gala occasions, when he would have some champagne. The rest of the time, he ordered lemonade or ginger ale; in France, not knowing the words for ginger ale, he always drank lemonade at parties, and people took to calling him M. Limonade. He never smoked cigarettes or cigars. He was a pipe man, and off the court there was always a pipe in his hand. He sometimes smoked it, but frequently he carried it unlit, or with no tobacco in it. It was a prop that he liked.

In Perry's mind, his third piece of luck was being named to the 1933 British Davis Cup team, which proved to be a team of destiny. Before the L.T.A. announced that Austin, Perry, Hughes, and Harold Lee (Lee had been the fourth man the year before, too) would make up the British team, several tennis writers had cautioned the L.T.A. about sending "the same old cab horses" to Barcelona for the first-round match with Spain. By this time, the members of the team found the epithet amusing, and they enjoyed calling each other an "old cab horse." They won their match against Spain tidily, and had no trouble with their next opponent, Finland. They went on to eliminate Italy and then Czechoslovakia, at Eastbourne. After the Wimbledon championships, in which Jack Crawford, of Australia, won a memorable five-set final from Vines, England met Australia, also at Wimbledon, in the next Davis Cup round. As was expected, Crawford outplayed

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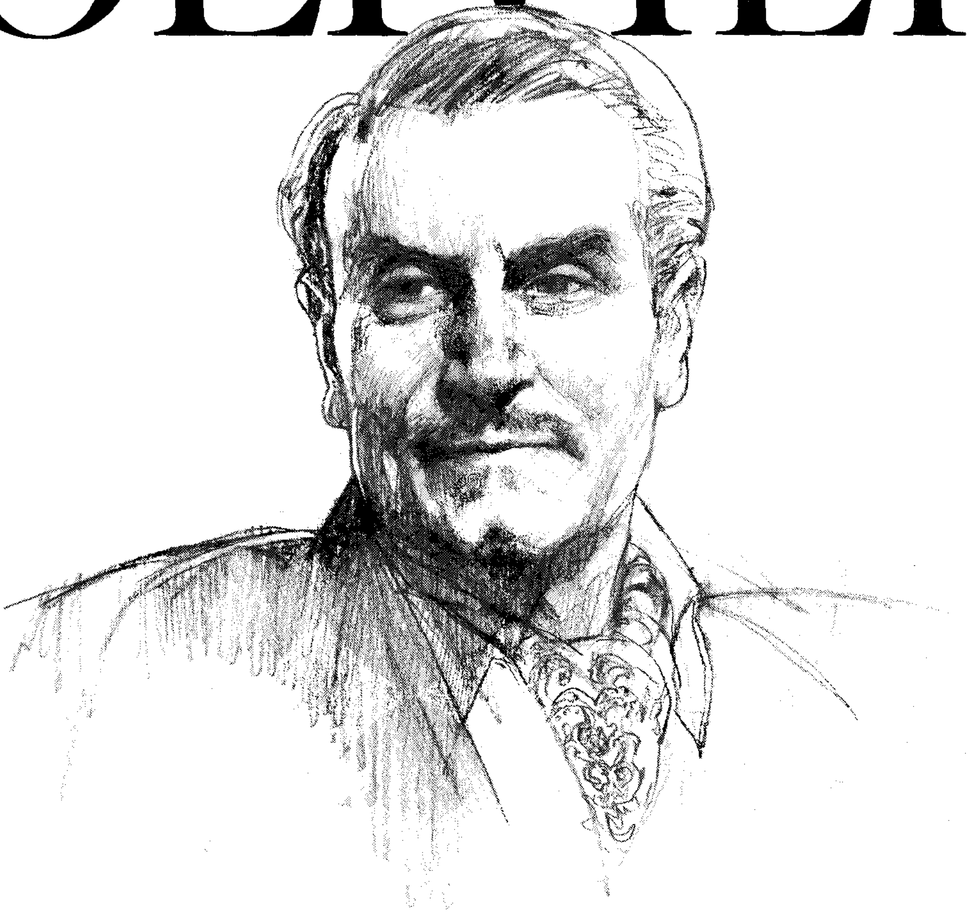

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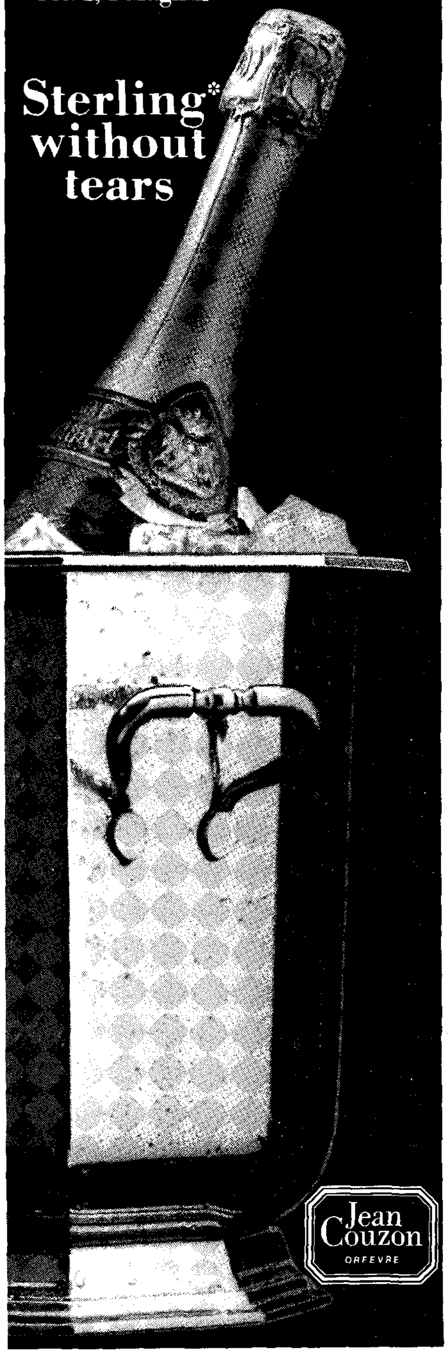

Austin in the opening singles, but Perry had little trouble with Vivian McGrath, the first tennis player of prominence to use a two-handed backhand. Hughes and Perry won the doubles, and then Austin sewed things up by beating McGrath in the first singles on the third day. Perry had hurt his shoulder in the doubles, so Roper Barrett decided to rest him, and used Lee as his replacement in the meaningless second singles against Crawford. With this 3–2 victory, Britain was in the Inter-Zone Final, in which it would meet the United States at Roland Garros. Perry stayed behind in London, so that Hugh Dempster, an osteopath the team used in such cases, could help get his shoulder back in shape. Since Roper Barrett did not have to announce the makeup of the British team until two days before the Inter-Zone Final, the plan was that Perry would arrive in Paris by boat train the evening before the announcement, and work out with Dan Maskell, the longtime coach of the British Davis Cup team. Maskell was very much impressed by Perry's form in their workout, and telephoned Roper Barrett the good news that Perry was ready to go.

To the surprise of many tennis pundits, Britain beat the American team. Austin led the way by disposing of Vines in straight sets. (The last time they had met was in the Wimbledon final the year before, when Vines overwhelmed Austin, 6–4, 6–2, 6–0—one of the most lopsided finals in the history of the championship.) Perry then beat Wilmer Allison convincingly. Lott and Van Ryn won the doubles for the American team, but in the first singles on the third day Austin clinched the victory by defeating Allison. The outcome of the Inter-Zone Final had been decided, but there was more drama in store. In the second singles, Vines and Perry met in a tremendous five-set battle. At 6–7 in the last set, with Vines serving and the score 15–40, his first serve was a fault. He tossed the ball up for his second serve, and as he did he collapsed face down on the court. He was carried to the dressing room and revived. Perry now knew he could go five sets against anyone.

Britain had reached the Challenge Round again and, at Roland Garros, would be facing France, which had now held the cup for six years. This year, the French team was definitely less fearsome than before. Three of the Four Musketeers were

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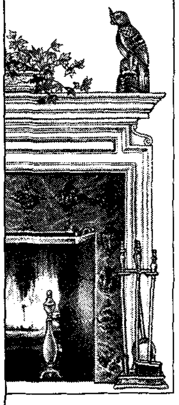

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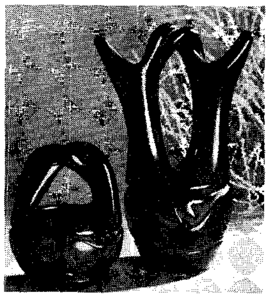

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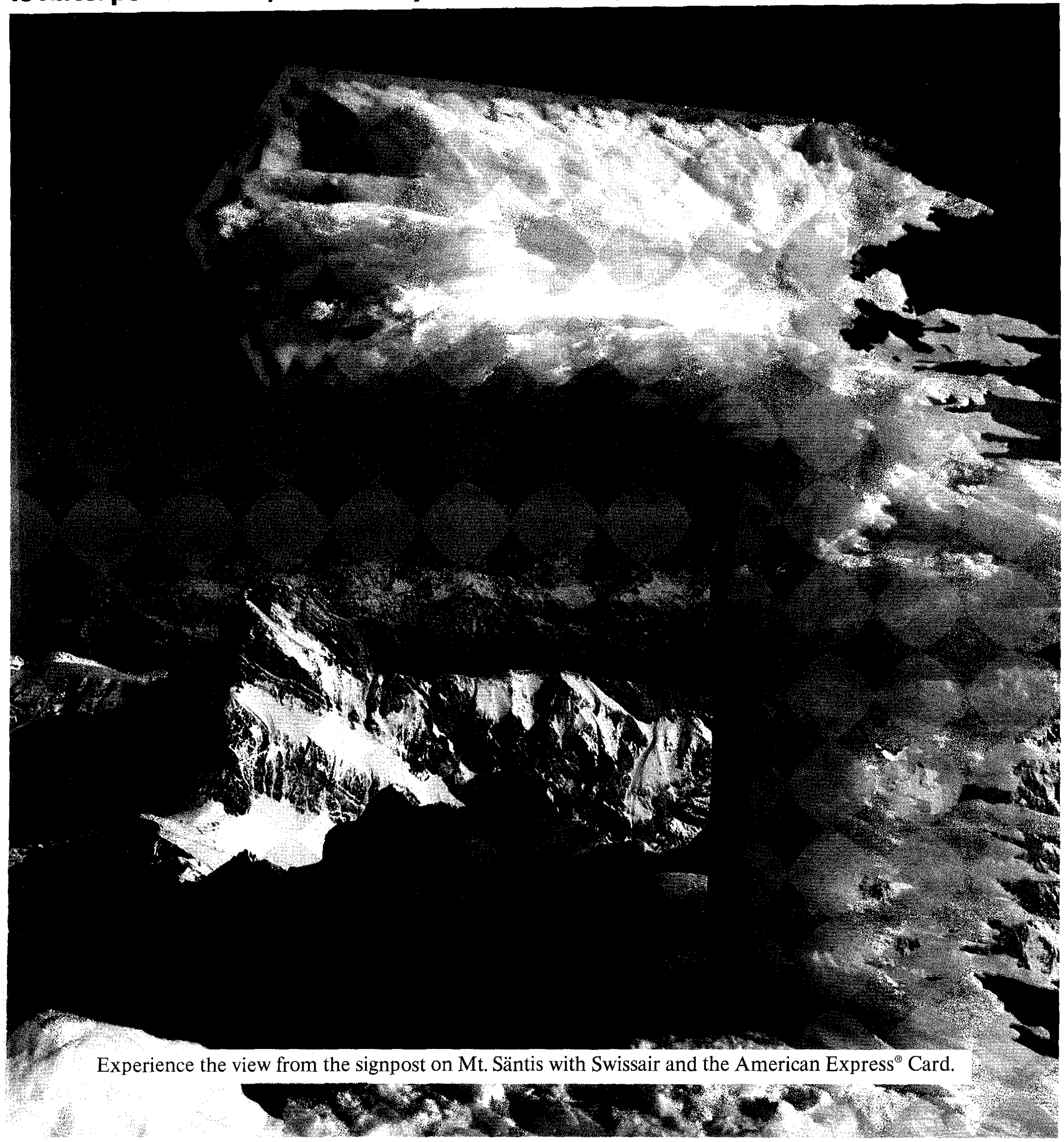

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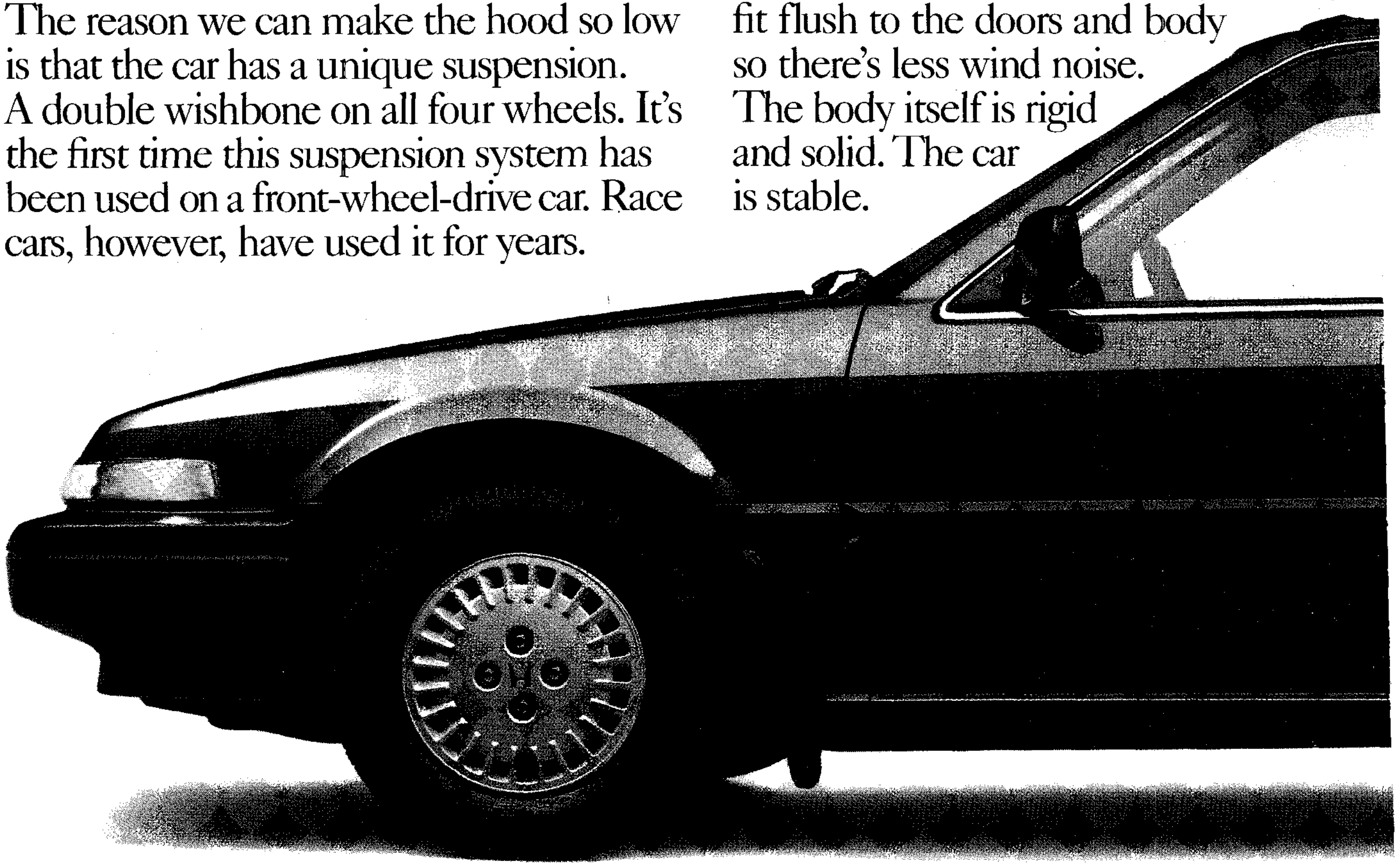

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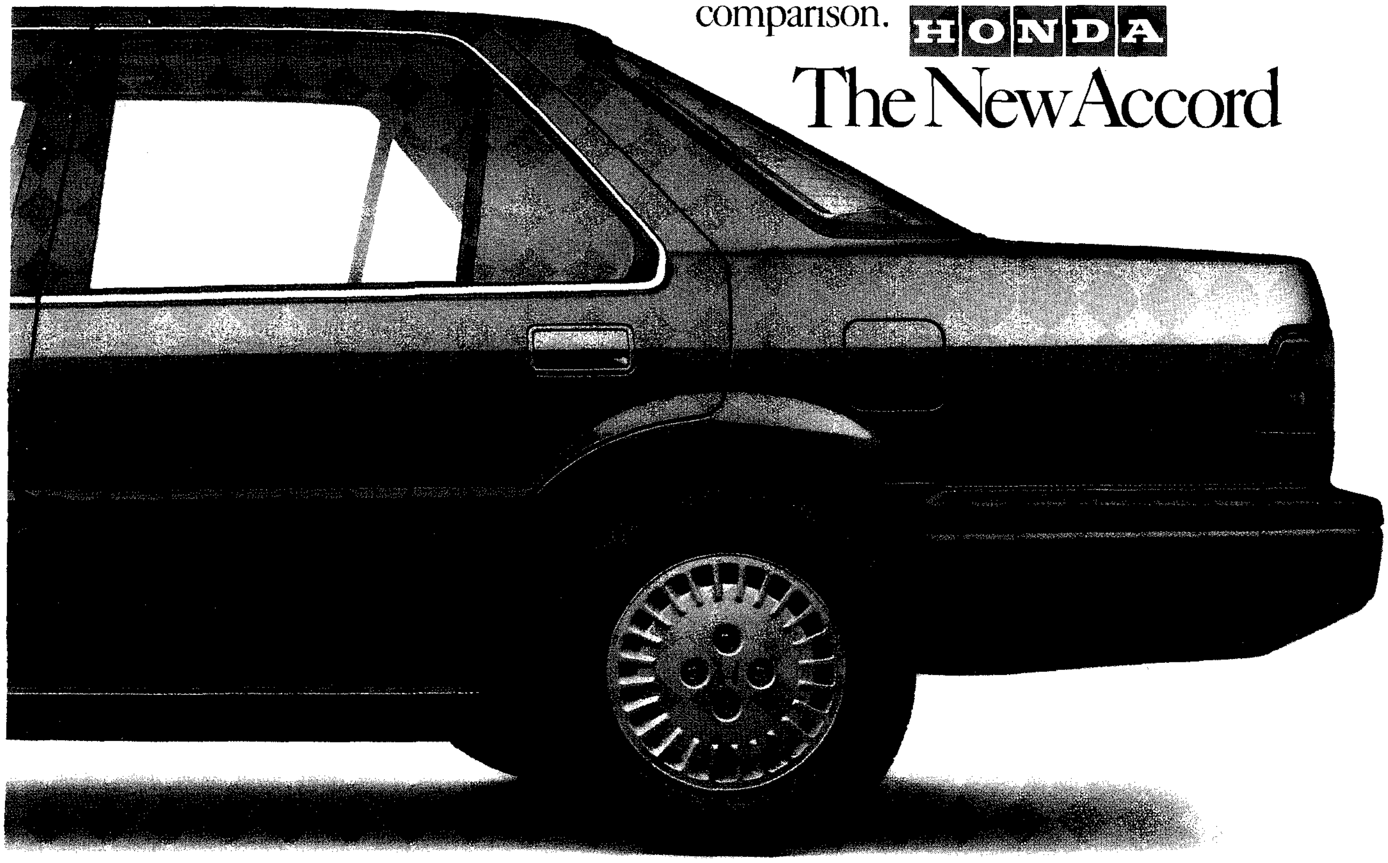

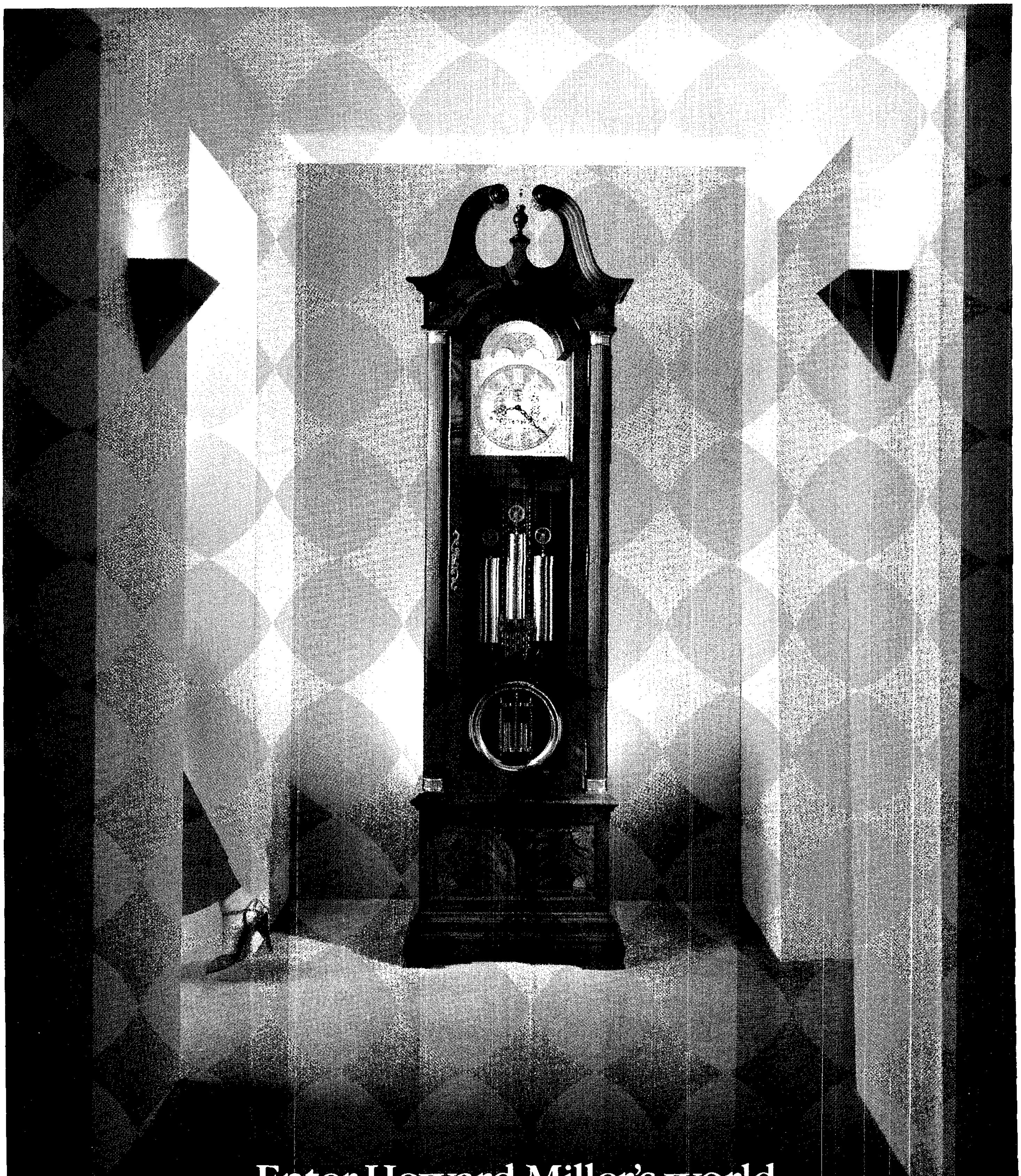

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still on hand, but Borotra would not be playing singles—he would be partnering Brugnon in the doubles. Cochet, now pushing thirty-two, would be playing in the singles, and the second singles spot had been entrusted to nineteen-year-old André Merlin. In the interim before the Challenge Round, Roper Barrett, as was his custom, saw to it that his team was not disturbed by anyone or anything while it prepared for the big event. "Roper Barrett wasn't exactly hail-fellow-well-met," Perry recalls. "Mind you, there was no animosity between us. I must say this for him though: he made us into a team. Austin, Hughes, Lee, and I met for breakfast at nine o'clock each morning at a round table, along with Roper Barrett and Anthony Sabelli, the secretary of the L.T.A. On the day before a match, no player was permitted to stay by himself in his room to read or write letters or just rest. Someone was always with Austin, who was a serious-minded young man. Usually, it was Harold Lee, a very good fellow. Pat Hughes and I were always together. Pat was a rather cynical guy. We were amiable and never got in each other's way. The members of the team did some practicing, we discussed our opponents, and, along with Roper Barrett and Sabelli, we lunched together and had dinner together. People ask me how Austin, whose record at Wimbledon wasn't exactly stupendous, could rise to the occasion so regularly in the Davis Cup and knock off players like Vines and Shields. Well, during our preparations for a cup match, when Bunny would raise his game and play some absolutely marvellous passages, we let him know how well he was playing. We bucked each other up. There is something in team spirit. Without quite knowing it, we went into each match in a confident mood and with each man pulling for the others. When we walked onto the court for a match, we always wore our white team blazers with the Union Jack and crossed racquets on the breast pockets. We really felt we were representing Great Britain, and that meant something to us."

The way the draw went, Austin was to play the first match against Merlin, and Perry would then play Cochet. Austin took care of Merlin easily, allowing him only seven games in three sets. Old tennis hands had expected Austin to beat Merlin, but they were surprised that he did it with such dispatch. They thought that in

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order for Britain to win the cup either Perry or Austin had to beat Cochet. Cochet could still move neatly over the court and find the openings with precise, piercing shots. Perry had to work very hard to beat him, 8–10, 6–4, 8–6, 3–6, 6–1. A younger Cochet might have beaten Perry, but five sets had been one too many for him. Perry—as he always did after a match to show the crowd what splendid shape he was in—vaulted the net and congratulated Cochet, who, incidentally, was a good friend of his. Perry then made his way to the dressing room and passed out. When he came to, he was on the massage table, with Roper Barrett and Maskell gazing down in concern as they fanned him. Perry believes that the reason for his fainting was the tremendous strain of playing France just outside Paris in a stadium packed with fired-up Frenchmen. Roper Barrett scheduled Lee and Hughes instead of Perry and Hughes against Borotra and Brugnon in the doubles, and the French pair won. On the final day, the players on both sides felt the stress of the occasion even more acutely. Cochet, with a magnificent effort, came back against Austin after twice being down a set, and defeated him, 5–7, 6–4, 4–6, 6–4, 6–4. Once again, the burden of playing the deciding match rested on Perry's shoulders. Young Merlin played much better tennis against him than he had against Austin. Hitting the ball hard, he took the first set, 6–4, passing Perry consistently when Perry followed his approach shots in to net. In the second set, he held two set points. When he lost the second of them, the tide turned swiftly. Perry pulled out that set, 8–6, and won the next two, 6–2 and 7–5. Great Britain had won the Davis Cup.

After the official dinner for both teams, Cochet suggested to Perry that they go out for a night on the town. Cochet and a couple of his friends got hold of the Davis Cup, and, along with Perry, they went from one night club to another, filling the cup with champagne at each stop and toasting both countries while the orchestras played the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the King." In England, as the Davis Cup team returned by railroad from Dover to London, people were out in their gardens waving proudly to them all along the route. Ten thousand people mobbed the team at Victoria Station.

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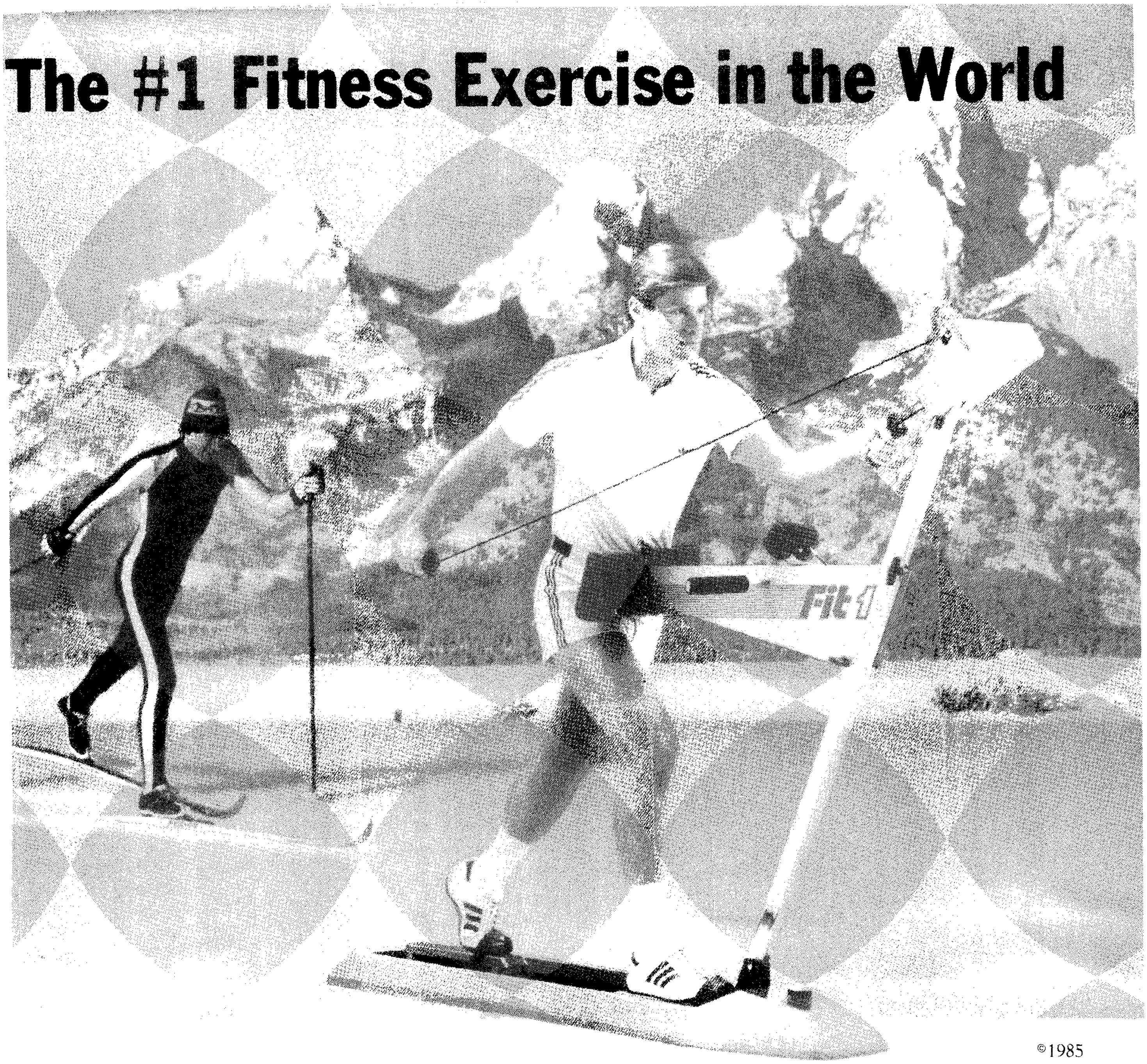
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court. He radiated confidence, and even a touch of likable theatricality. Most important, his game had come together. Like Tilden, he used the same toss whether he was hitting a slice serve, a twist serve, or a flat serve. This was an asset, but what made his service a superior one was his ability to consistently hit the ball very deep in the service boxes. On the forehand, he did not always take the ball on the rise, but when he did, with a quick flick of his cocked wrist, most players couldn't stay with him. It was hard to read his forehand—to guess whether he would be going down the line or crosscourt. He was a sure volleyer, and the spring in his legs helped to make his overhead dependable and decisive. When he hit his backhand, it looked as if he had overrun the ball, but he hadn't. On his stroke, he shifted his weight smoothly from his left leg to his right, and could place the ball accurately and with pace. In the 1933 United States championship, at Forest Hills, Perry robbed Jack Crawford of a possible Grand Slam by beating him in the final, 6–3, 11–13, 4–6, 6–0, 6–1. In the ten-minute break after the third set, he went to the changing room under the stands and, as was his habit, towelled himself off and put on a fresh shirt and a fresh pair of trousers. When he returned to the court, he found Crawford chatting with his wife in a courtside box. Perry always felt that Crawford's failure to change out of his sweaty clothes was the principal reason for the letdown in his play in the last two sets. That night, Perry received a cablegram from Austin: "WELL DONE OLD CAB HORSE."

Following his victory at Forest Hills, Perry won the Pacific Southwest tournament, and then went on a leisurely tour of New Zealand and Australia, which was climaxed by his victory over Crawford, 6–3, 7–5, 6–1, in the final of the Australian championship, in Sydney, in January, 1934. The new year was to be a banner one for Perry—the first year of his reign as the No. 1 player in tennis. He lost only *one match of consequence:* bothered by a sprained ankle, he was beaten in the quarter-final round of the French championship by Giorgio de Stefani, an ambidextrous Italian. Following this, he won Wimbledon—the first Englishman in twenty-five years to do so. After defeating Sidney Wood, the accomplished American player, in five sets in the semifinals, he won the final from Crawford, 6–3, 6–0, 7–5, mainly as the result of a terrific burst in which

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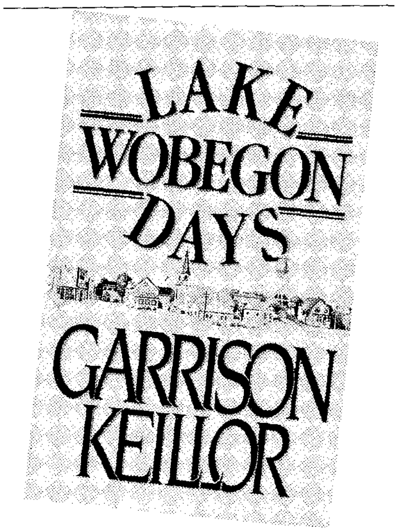

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he took twelve straight games, beginning at 1–3 in the first set and continuing through 1–0 in the third. Crawford, a stylish player, may have reached his zenith the year before, when he defeated Vines in a spectacular Wimbledon final. He remained a difficult opponent. There was a purpose behind each shot that Crawford played, and, in one of our talks, Perry described his movements on the court as "surreptitiously fast." Perry's main tactic against Crawford was to hurry him persistently, so that he would lose some of his rhythm and composure. His play against Crawford in the Wimbledon final inspired many tributes but none quite as lavish as this one from George Lott, the American doubles star:

> During the second week of July in the year 1934, I was sitting in the players' section of the Wimbledon Centre Court pulling for my friend Jack Crawford to beat the daylights out of a cocky Englishman named Fred Perry. An hour and a half later, I was still sitting in the players' section contemplating the drama that had taken place. On that particular day, in that particular match, I had seen the perfectly conditioned athlete play the perfect match. . . . Here was a man who not only possessed but exhibited the qualities so necessary in a champion, namely, confidence, concentration, condition, coördination, courage and fortitude, determination, stamina, quickness and speed.

That year, both Perry and Austin won their two singles matches in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, in which Great Britain fended off the United States, 4–1. Perry beat Wood in five sets and Shields in four, the last one 15–13. He finished the season by taking his second United States championship, defeating Allison, 8–6, in the fifth set of a hard-fought match. By this point in his career, he and Pops Summers had worked out the best way for him to play his most dangerous opponents. Allison was such a superb natural volleyer that one tried to pin him at the back of the court. Von Cramm's intentions could be read because of the unusual length of his racquet movement in preparing to play his strokes. For another thing, Perry realized that he could hit the ball harder than von Cramm, and so he never worried about being driven from the baseline in their matches. Later, when Budge was just coming into the picture, Summers and Perry figured out that the best strategy was to try and get him into long rallies, and, as went without saying, to keep the ball away from his murderous backhand. They were also able to detect the man-

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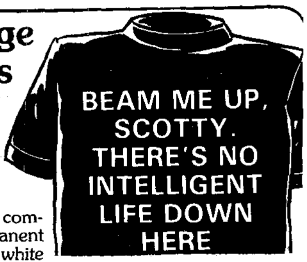

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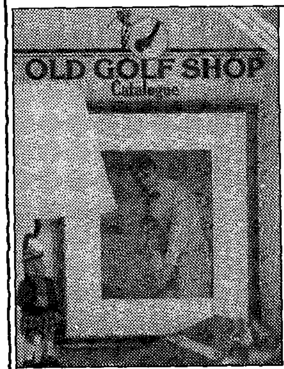

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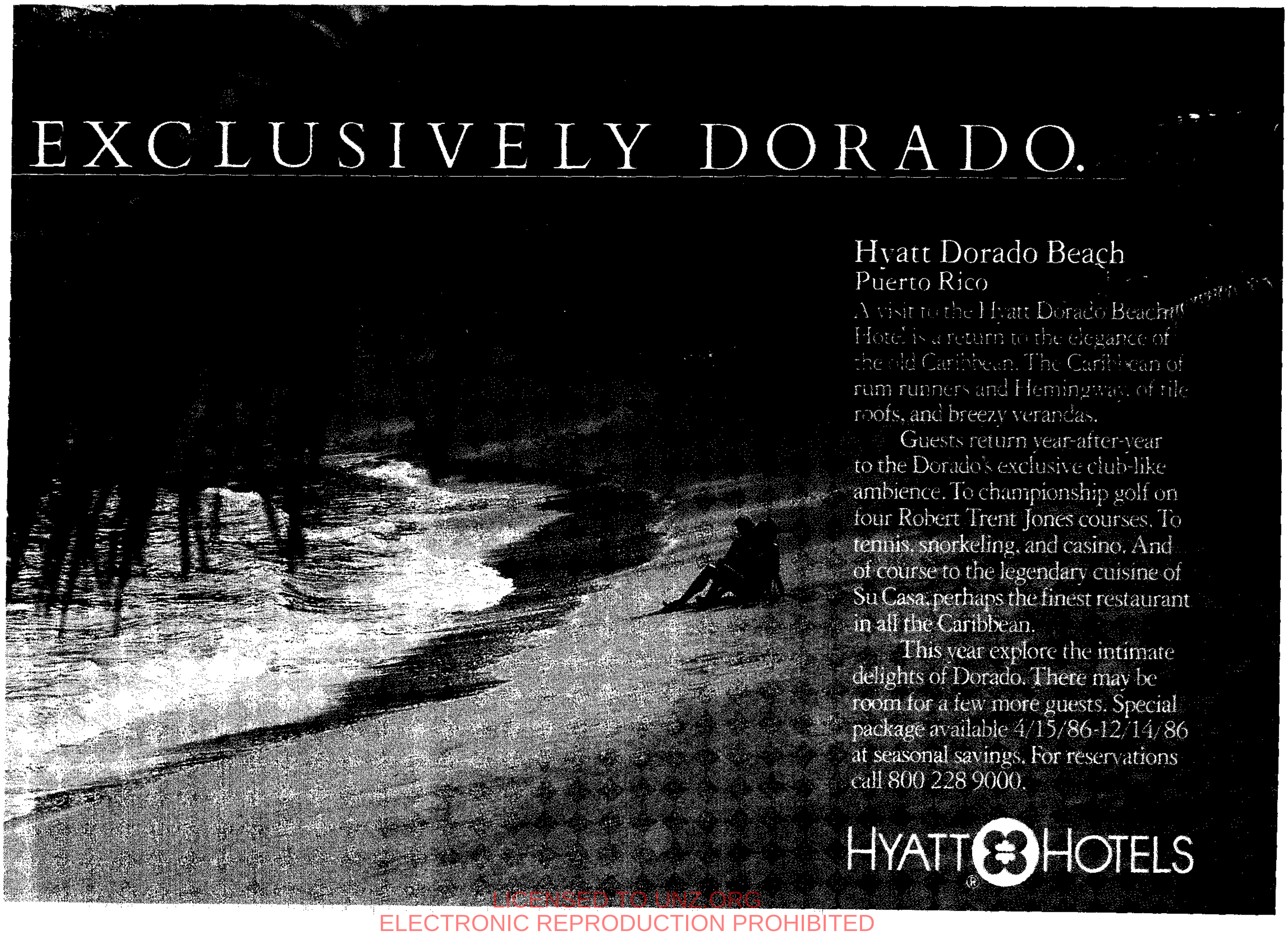
erisms that many of the top players nconsciously fell into when they were eeling nervous. Austin, for example, egan to walk around in small circles. on Cramm's face became white, and ink spots appeared on his cheeks. rawford, who ordinarily wiped his et hands on his trousers, started to ipe them on his shirt. Perry knew he ould have days when he was not at is best, and every smidgen of infor-ation about his opponents would elp.

The next year, 1935, Perry opened he season, as he invariably did, by laying the British Hard Courts hampionship, at Bournemouth. He et Austin in the final and defeated im. He then won the French cham-ionship, becoming the first English-an to do so, and also the last. His pponent in the final was von Cramm, he defending champion. Perry got by im without extending himself, 6–3, –6, 6–1, 6–3. On his return to England, he worked hard, as he invari-bly did, to prepare himself for Wim-ledon, and during Wimbledon he tuck closely to a schedule that would let nothing interfere with his being at his best during the fortnight of the hampionship. He used to go to bed, in his father's house in Ealing, shortly after ten. The telephone was always off the hook. Each year, an old friend of Perry's, Sandy Thomson, took two weeks off from his job as a salesman for a soft-drink company and stayed with Perry at Ealing during Wimbledon, so he could drive him wherever he wanted to go. Perry didn't want to do any driving himself, because he believed that driving affected the focus of the eyes, and he wanted his eyes to be right for tennis. At Wimbledon, to escape from the pressure that might build up as he waited to play his match, he sometimes went over to the golf course across the street from the grounds of the All England Club and whiled away the time by practicing putting on the last green. His old and staunch friend Dan Maskell, the professional at the All England Club, would get in touch with him half an hour before his match was due to be called, and would warm him up. All this assiduousness paid off for Perry at Wimbledon in 1935. After getting by Roderich Menzel, the giant Czechoslovakian, in the quarter-final round, he beat Crawford in four sets in the semifinals and went on to beat von Cramm in the final, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4. The week after Wimbledon, he relaxed at Sherry's dance pavilion, in Brighton, listening to the music of his favorite dance orchestra, Jack Hylton's. He liked to pull up a chair back of the piano player and "let the music wash over him."

In late July, Perry was in just the right mood for the Davis Cup Challenge Round match, in which Great Britain faced the United States again. That year, the British team rose to great heights and won by 5–0. Both Austin and Perry defeated Allison and the sensational newcomer, Budge. Hughes teamed with Raymond Tuckey to take the doubles from the experienced team of Allison and Van Ryn.

Near the end of the summer, Perry went to the United States to defend his singles crown at Forest Hills. He had found that Americans were much harder to beat in their own back yard than they were abroad. They played with infinitely more confidence at home. Although the American grass courts were not at all in the same class as those at Wimbledon, Perry found that because he took the ball so early on his forehand—sometimes only seven or eight inches off the ground—



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he could cope with erratic bounces off the rough grass much better than most visitors could. He made his way past Frank Parker and Shields, and, in the semifinals, came up against Allison, a player he had never lost to. In the first set, Perry, who had always counted on his athleticism and tiptop physical condition to carry him through whatever unanticipated situations arose during a match, raced across the baseline of the slippery court to reach a forehand by Allison. In his hurry, he tripped over his own feet, most uncharacteristically. As he fell to the ground, the handle of his racquet plunged into his right side, with all his weight behind it. He thought at first that he was only winded by the tumble, and resumed play, but he soon realized that the injury was more serious. Although he was in pain, he elected to stay on the court until the match was completed. Allison won it, 7–5, 6–3, 6–3, and the next day he went on to beat Wood in straight sets for the title.

Perry went to a doctor to find out what had happened in his nasty fall, and learned that he had torn the suspensory ligament of a kidney and had cracked a rib. He was advised to play no tennis for at least a month or two. He took it easy in California for a while, and then went to Australia, where he was committed to playing several tournaments. He didn't feel right, though—his back hurt him, and he had lost a good deal of weight—so he thought it best to return to England. In London, Hugh Dempster, the osteopath, treated him daily. Perry also began to try to work himself back into robust health by training once again with the Arsenal soccer team. In April, when the British Hard Courts championship rolled around, he was ready to try to play some competitive tennis and see how things went. He played well enough to beat Austin in the final. He went over to Paris for the French championship. He got to the final and there faced von Cramm. The Baron was not in one of his majestic moods, and they split the first four sets. Perry had always prided himself upon having the reserves to beat anyone in the fifth set, but von Cramm swept it, 6–0.

The loss of the set and the match was a shock for Perry. He realized that he hadn't been ready physically or mentally to go five sets with a player of von Cramm's class, and he searched for the real explanation. He concluded that the fundamental error was that

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he had not played nearly enough tournament tennis over the last seven months. To rectify this, he began to get in as much high-level tennis as he could during the weeks before Wimbledon. He played one practice match after another with Hughes and Maskell. An American tennis friend of his, David Jones, who was then at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar, possessed an exceptionally hard and fast serve, and Perry persuaded him to come down from Oxford on the weekends and serve one cannonball after another to him, so that he would not be fazed if he came up against an American with a thunderous serve at Wimbledon. When the championship began, however, Perry was not at all certain he was up to winning. He was still hitting a good many tentative strokes. His first two opponents, G. D. Stratford, of the United States, and K. Chartikavanji, of Siam, gave him little trouble, but they were hardly world-class players. In the third round, he beat Van Ryn, the veteran internationalist, 6–3, 6–2, 6–0. As Perry came off the court, Maskell said to him, "You'll do now." Maskell's observation was right on the mark. From the Van Ryn match on, Perry played increasingly good tennis. He defeated, in straight sets, both C. E. Malfroy, of New Zealand, in the fourth round, and Bryan (Bitsy) Grant, the demon retriever from Atlanta, in the quarter-finals. In the semifinals, against Budge, he lost his first set of the tournament, but, as Perry put it in his autobiography, "I had regained my ability to battle it out, and I won 5–7, 6–4, 6–3, 6–4." In the final, he was due to meet von Cramm. The tennis fans at Wimbledon and around the world looked forward to this clash with great expectations—it might well turn out to be one of the most exciting matches of all time. They were in for a big disappointment. When von Cramm was warming up in the morning, he pulled a thigh muscle. Some people recognized early in the first set that he was not moving as easily as he usually did, and it became more and more apparent that there was something wrong with his right leg. The match was over in forty minutes—Perry, 6–1, 6–1, 6–0. At the conclusion of the match, von Cramm, a genuine sportsman, congratulated Perry and then went over and talked with the umpire. Shortly afterward, the umpire, after quieting the gallery, said, "Baron von Cramm asks me to state that he has strained a muscle in

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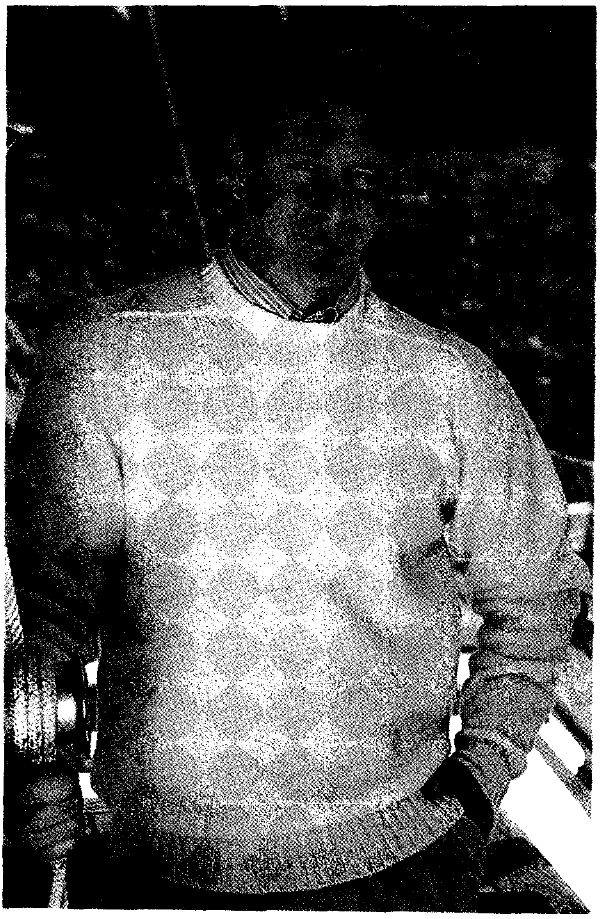
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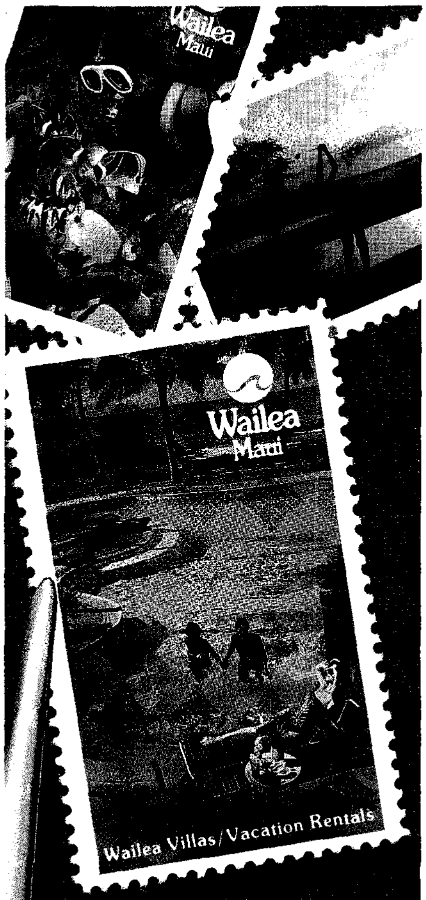

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his leg and is sorry that he could not play better this afternoon."

Perry would have undoubtedly felt much better if he had defeated a healthy von Cramm, but winning his third straight Wimbledon title after a long season of depression did more for his spirits than a corps of psychologists could have. This was made evident by *the sharpness of his play three weeks* later, when Great Britain met Australia in the Davis Cup Challenge Round, at Wimbledon. Perry won his first singles from Adrian Quist, a solid player, 6–1, 4–6, 7–5, 6–2. Three days later, with each team having won two points, it was Perry's lot to face his old rival Crawford, in the match that would determine whether or not Britain kept possession of the cup. The Austin-Quist match, which had gone on first, had been an extremely long one, and there was some doubt whether the deciding match could be completed before darkness forced a postponement. Crawford served the first game. Perry followed in to net on each return of service, including a flubbed shot he had hit on his racquet handle. He won the game. As the two men changed courts, Crawford said, "What are you trying to do?" Perry replied, "Jack, I'm coming in on everything." He did, charging the net whenever it was even vaguely possible. It took him hardly over an hour to close out the match, 6–2, 6–3, 6–3. The old cab horses had held on to the cup for the third straight year.

It was expected by this time that Perry, now twenty-seven, might well entertain the idea of turning professional and going out on the high note of his personal victory at Wimbledon and the British team's victory in the Davis Cup rather than risk a possible defeat in the United States championship. He decided to accept the risk, particularly after the men who would be backing a proposed professional tour had told him that the tour was bound to be much more successful if Perry won at Forest Hills that summer. Then if some American arena owners asked the promoters how good this fellow Perry was they could reply *that he had beaten the best American* players in our national championship and was the current United States champion. Things turned out so neatly at Forest Hills that they might well have been following a script. Perry and Budge met in the final, and a whale of a battle ensued. In the fifth set, Budge served for the match at 5–3, with new balls. He lost that game on a double fault. Shortly afterward, Perry forged ahead, 6–5, with his serve coming up. Each time he served, he raced into the forecourt, and, each time, Budge blazed a passing shot by him for a winner. Perry managed to move in front, 9–8, with his serve coming up. Throughout the match, he had been serving to Budge's forehand, *steering clear of his tremendous back*hand. At 40–15 in this game, serving to the deuce court on match point, he took a chance and snapped his serve down the center line. Budge had shifted slightly to his right, expecting the serve to be on his forehand side again. Before he could shift back, the ball was past him, and Perry was on his way to the net to shake hands.

FROM the summer of 1930, when Perry first visited the United States as a member of the touring British team, he very much liked the way of life in this country. In 1938, he became an American citizen. During the Second World War, after the elbow he broke at Madison Square Garden had begun to heal, he served in the Army Air Forces, doing rehabilitation work with injured veterans. When the war was over, he assisted Vincent Richards and Bill Tilden in setting up weekly professional tournaments with fields of thirty-two entrants. This modest series of tournaments was the forerunner of today's gilded professional tour, in which, each week, at least one and as many as four tournaments are played. In 1947, he returned to Britain to attend his first Wimbledon in over a decade. On that visit, he played in a professional tournament at Scarborough put on by the Slazenger company. There were serious limitations to Perry's tennis—he could not hit the ball crosscourt, and, in his phrase, he had to fiddle his shots—but he gradually improved his shotmaking through sheer stick-to-itiveness. In the summer of 1948 and during the next three summers, Perry and Maskell, in an attempt to get young people in Britain more interested in playing tennis, toured the country in a series of clinics called Focus on Tennis. In this *country, Perry found the perfect post* for himself: in 1947, he became the teaching professional at the sumptuous Boca Raton Hotel, south of Palm Beach. He had the ideal running mate in Tommy Armour, who was in charge of the golf at Boca Raton. Armour, who had been a great player in his time, understood the workings of the correct golf swing as well as any

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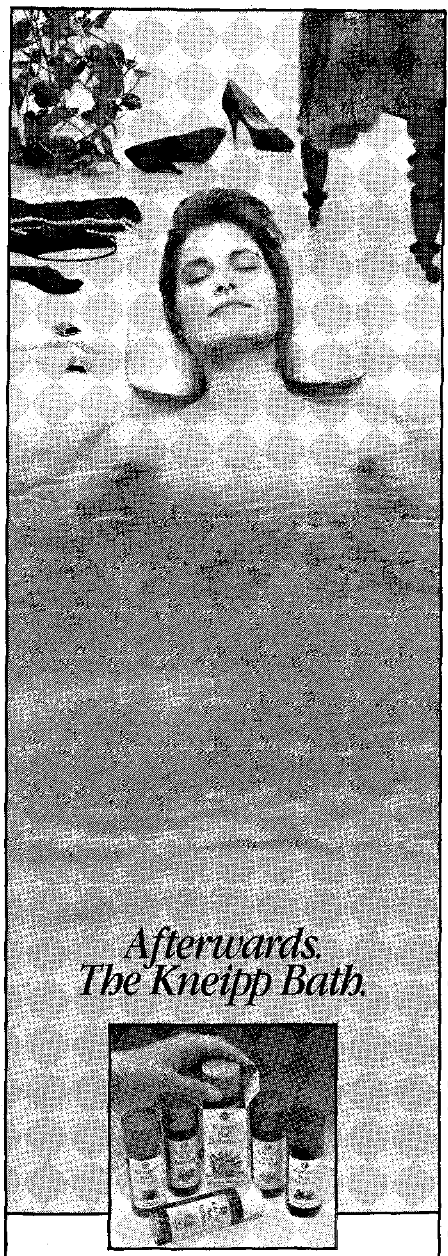

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person of his generation, and under his tutelage Perry became a 3-handicap golfer. "I spent thirteen wonderful winters at Boca Raton," Perry told me. "It was heaven. My wife and I had a lovely home on the Intracoastal Waterway about a half mile from the hotel. I would commute to and from the hotel in a nice little boat. In the evenings, if you dined at the hotel you could dance to Freddie Martin's orchestra. You couldn't ask for much more, could you?"

During this period, Perry and Theodore (Tibby) Wegner, a former Austrian soccer player, started a small business in England. They began by making sweatbands for tennis players. This went well, and they were encouraged to see whether they could make a go of manufacturing sports shirts. They were notably successful: Wegner found out how a superior sports shirt should be made, how to get it done, and where to get it done; Perry handled the merchandising. A good number of tennis players of his era had become sportswear buyers for large stores throughout England. When Perry called on Sam Cox at Lillywhites, in London, for instance, and showed him the sports shirts he was making, Cox not only ordered ten dozen but phoned the head buyer at Harrods about them. Players who knew Perry liked to wear his shirts, and many became agents for the company in their home towns or home countries. Fred Perry Sportswear made Perry financially independent.

Perry has never stopped working. In 1962, when his friend Bernard Sunley—the man who made the portable wooden court for Perry and Vines during their tour in 1937—founded a resort, Runaway Bay, on the north coast of Jamaica, Perry became its director of golf and tennis. Runaway Bay had a charming, informal atmosphere, and the Perrys wintered there happily until 1983, when the island's internal problems became too much for the owners of the resort to cope with. It was then that the Perrys began to make their apartment in Boca West their year-round residence whenever they were not off on trips. In addition to his broadcasting, his clinics, and personal appearances, one other activity has helped Perry to stay at the center of the game. In 1978, Philippe Chatrier, the president of the International Tennis Federation, appointed a panel of three former champions—Perry, Budge, and Hoad—to attend the major events and

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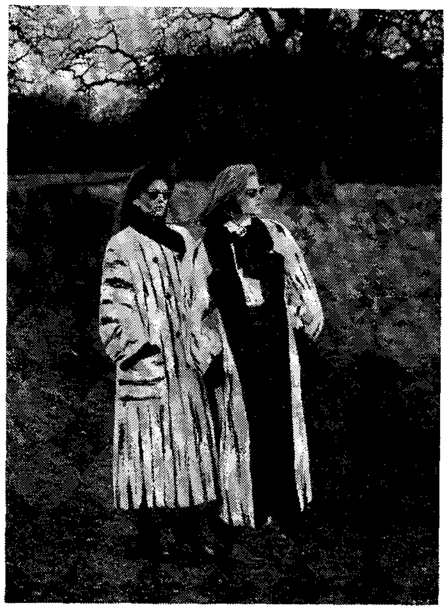

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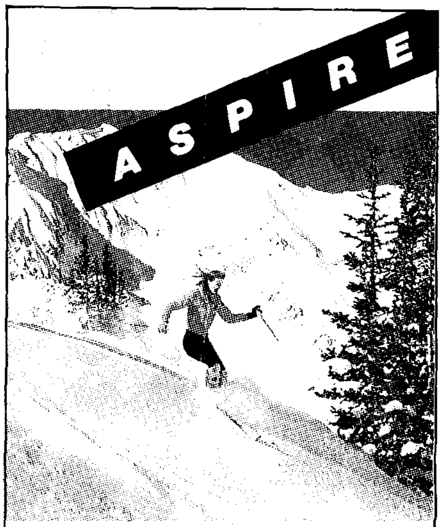
to meet in New York each January, following the Masters tournament, to select the I.T.F.'s Men's World Champion. (Last January, Frank Sedgman and Tony Trabert were added to this panel.)

There are many things about the modern game that strike Perry as harmful trends. He doesn't like the strange way the computer rankings work, and he thinks that precocious young players are allowed to enter too many tournaments and are excessively harassed by the big-money endorsements common today. He dislikes the way the playing of tennis matches has been slowed down: he sees no reason for the server to be allowed to take a full thirty seconds before serving, and he is opposed to the rule that permits the players ninety seconds of rest during the changeover intervals every two games. (Budge, Kramer, and Perry timed the length of the changeovers during a recent U.S. Open and found that they frequently lasted as long as two minutes and twenty-five seconds—the network needed that much time to get the commercials in.) In Perry's day, play was continuous, and he thinks the game was better that way. He deplores the decay of respect and discipline which has radically changed the deportment of both the players and the galleries in the last decade; he believes that a player who blatantly misbehaves should be given one warning and then, if he persists in his ways, be disqualified. "It is perfectly possible to play tennis without hawking four-letter words all over the place or making obscene gestures," he has said. "Unfortunately, the juniors tend to copy the players who make waves, rather than those who don't, and nowadays the one they tend to copy most is John McEnroe—a very intelligent man and a brilliant player who suffers from perfectionism. John McEnroe cannot be wrong in public—or so he seems to think. There is evidently some quirk in his character which comes into operation whenever he is publicly accused of being wrong, and this prevents him from grasping what this might mean."

Whom does Perry rate as the greatest tennis player he has ever seen? William Tatem Tilden II. Late in 1936, when Perry turned pro, Tilden, who had left the amateur ranks in 1930 after winning his third Wimbledon title, at the age of thirty-seven, offered this characteristic put-down: "All Perry has is a forehand drive. What's more, it is produced very bad-



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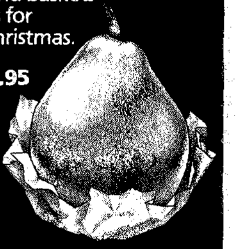

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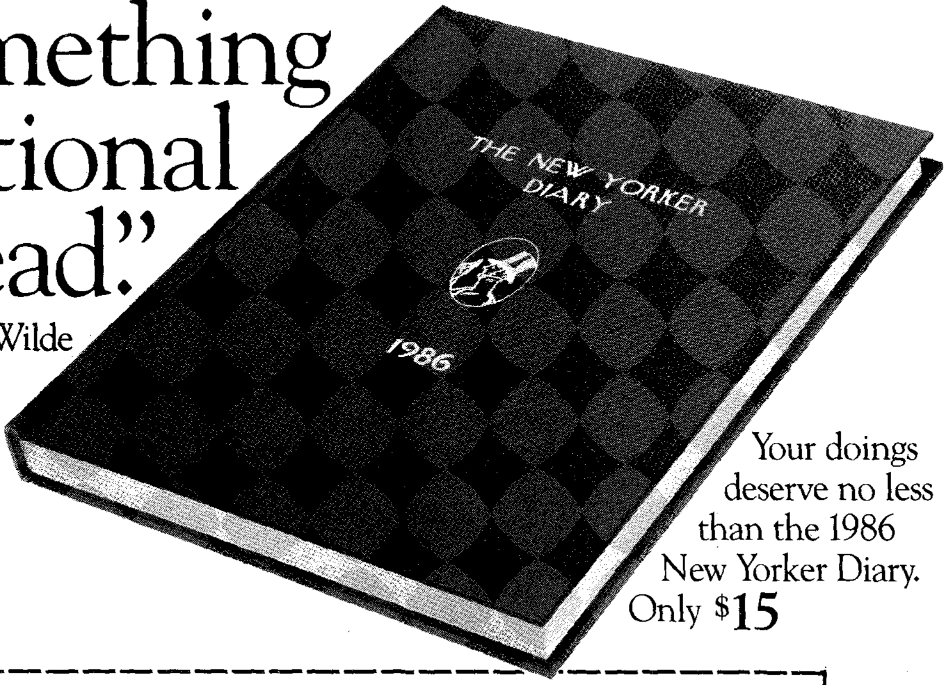

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ly—wristy and unorthodox." Many years later, after they had played each other more than three hundred times, each man came to have a very high regard for the other. Perry admired Tilden's immense knowledge of tennis and his ability never to play an opponent the same way twice. Tilden had come to esteem Perry as an unusually sound player. One day, when they were scheduled to play a night match in Independence, Kansas, Tilden phoned Perry in his hotel room in the afternoon and insisted that he come down to the tennis court and hit a few balls with him—he had something to show him. Perry reluctantly agreed to do so. "When we got on the court, he asked me to hit a few to his forehand low and wide," Perry recorded in his autobiography. "I did this, and he returned them using a perfect Continental grip, just as if he were mimicking my own forehand. When I inquired what he was up to, Tilden said, 'After playing so many matches against you and studying your style, I realized that the Continental grip, and not my own Eastern grip, is the only one for that sort of shot. I felt I wouldn't be the complete tennis player unless I mastered it to the stage where I could use it in a match if I wanted to.' "

ONE of the many interesting observations Perry has gleaned from more than sixty years of playing, teaching, and studying tennis is that while many of the finest American players have burst into full bloom at only twenty-one or twenty-two, most of the outstanding European players have been in their middle twenties before their extraordinary talents have been developed to the point where they were clearly apparent. There have been exceptions, of course. Tilden was twenty-seven when he won his first important tournament, the 1920 Wimbledon championship. (During the winter months that year, Tilden had at last acquired a dependable backhand, by working on that stroke on an indoor court in Providence, Rhode Island, built by the father of Arnold Jones, who became a ranking player.) Another exception is Björn Borg, of Sweden, who was fifteen when he played on his country's Davis Cup team and had just turned eighteen when he won his first major championship, the 1974 French Open. This year, another precocious European arrived in force: Boris Becker, the rugged, intelligent, and very likable seventeen-year-old from West

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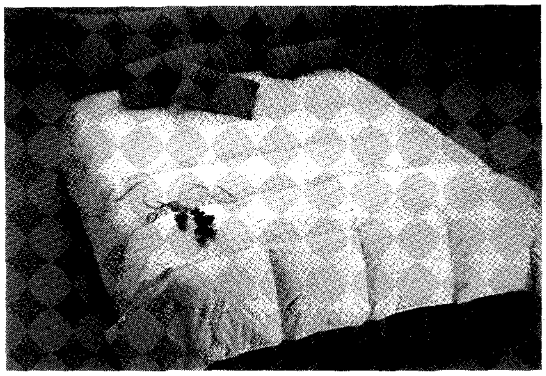

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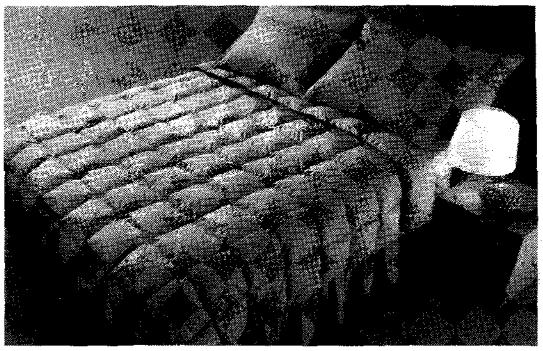

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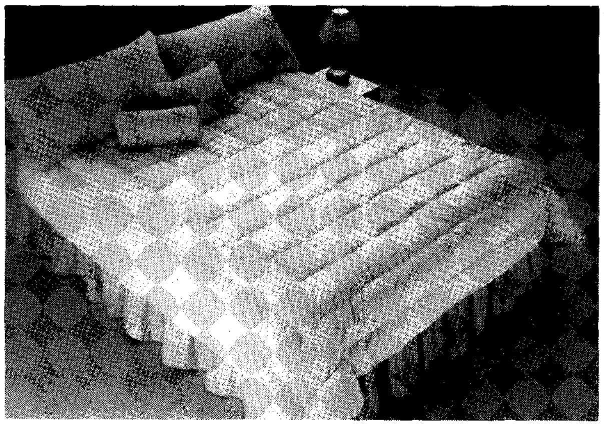

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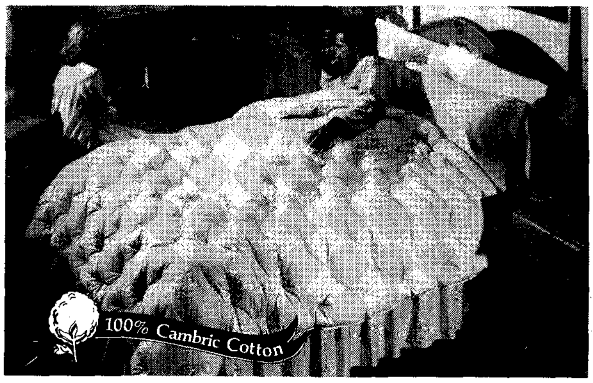

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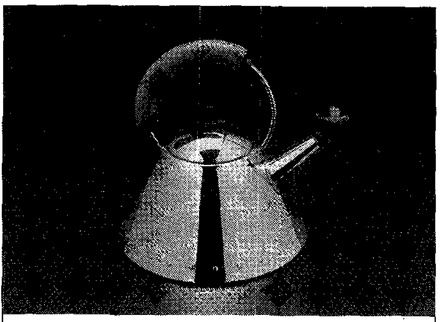
Germany. Becker became the first unseeded player ever to win at Wimbledon when he outclassed Kevin Curren, a South Africa-born naturalized American, who had eliminated both McEnroe and Connors in making his way to the final. Then Becker showed that he was not just a flash in the pan by leading the West German Davis Cup team to a victory over the American team in the quarter-final round at Hamburg, and by winning the Association of Tennis Professionals tournament, in Cincinnati, the week before the start of the U.S. Open. He was seeded eighth in the Open, and, the way the draw came out, he and McEnroe, if they survived their first four matches, would collide in the quarter-finals during the night session on the second Wednesday of the championship.

This dream confrontation didn't occur. Both men had close calls in the early rounds. McEnroe barely escaped defeat in his first-round match with Shlomo Glickstein, of Israel, who has been a journeyman player for years and on the eve of our Open was ranked one-hundred-and-seventy-fifth on the A.T.P. computer. The first set of the McEnroe-Glickstein match went as had been expected. McEnroe, though not at his sharpest, waltzed through it, 6–1. Glickstein, a heavy-shouldered man who moves somewhat ponderously, won the second set in a tiebreaker, 7–6. In the third set, he began to play even better and controlled most of the rallies. He was able to read McEnroe's intentions almost faultlessly, and a good number of his returns, hit with deceptive speed, caught his nimble opponent flat-footed many strides away. McEnroe, by contrast, had trouble reading what Glickstein had in mind; for example, in the seventh game of the third set Glickstein broke McEnroe's serve for the second time by wafting a soft lob yards behind McEnroe, who had rushed the net. Glickstein took that set, 6–2. Two years ago in the first round of the Open, McEnroe lost two of the first three sets to Trey Waltke, an American player who is good, though not in his class, but then took charge totally and rolled through the last two sets with no trouble at all. The same pattern seemed to be evolving in McEnroe's match with Glickstein. He began serving more crisply; he broke through Glickstein's serve in the fourth game of the fourth set, and he went on to win the set, 6–3. One expected that he would quickly wrap



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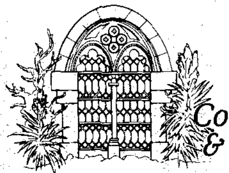

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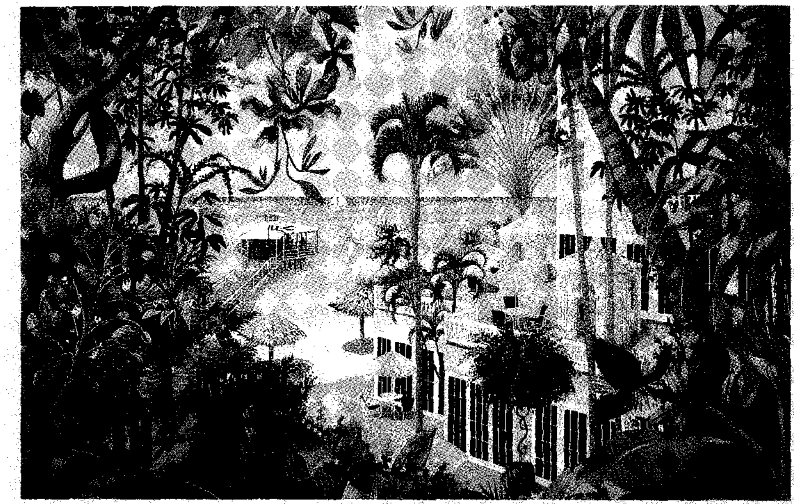
up the fifth set and the match. He broke Glickstein's serve in the third game, and then a surprising thing happened: in the sixth game, Glickstein broke McEnroe back. He wasn't folding. McEnroe broke him again in the seventh game, and Glickstein immediately broke him back, at love, to square the set, 4–4. In addition, at this stage of the set Glickstein was playing the more assured tennis. At 6–6 in games, they began to play the tiebreaker. (In a tiebreaker, the two opponents alternate in serving two points. If a player wins seven points before his opponent has won more than five, he is the winner. If the tiebreaker is not decided then, it continues until one of the players gains a two-point advantage over the other.) At 3–3, McEnroe rattled off three successive points—one on an overhead error by Glickstein, one on a forehand passing shot down the line, and the third on a backhand error by Glickstein. This put him out in front, 6–3. All he had to do was win one of the next three points to take the tiebreaker, the set, and the match. The amazing Glickstein stood resolute. He forced McEnroe to net three consecutive backhands. That made the points 6–6. The two battlers moved to 7–7, whereupon McEnroe forced an error on a return of service and then terminated a brief rally with a crosscourt backhand placement to win the tiebreaker, 9–7, and the match.

Once past this scare, McEnroe lifted the level of his game noticeably in his next three matches and arrived at the quarter-final round having swept through nine consecutive sets. In that round, however, he did not meet Becker. Becker, in his first-round match, had beaten Peter Doohan, of Australia, in straight sets with the loss of only seven games. He breezed through his next match, too, dropping a total of only five games to Huub van Boeckel, of the Netherlands. He had a much more difficult time in the third round, in which he came up against Kelly Evernden, a young man from New Zealand who, after earning himself a place in the championship draw at Wimbledon through his successes in the qualifying rounds, went to the second round before being eliminated. Evernden, who moves easily and hits hard, evidently wanted to make the point that he was the peer of the Wimbledon champion. He hit some bravura shots that Becker couldn't handle, and on these and other occasions he played to the gallery, trying to



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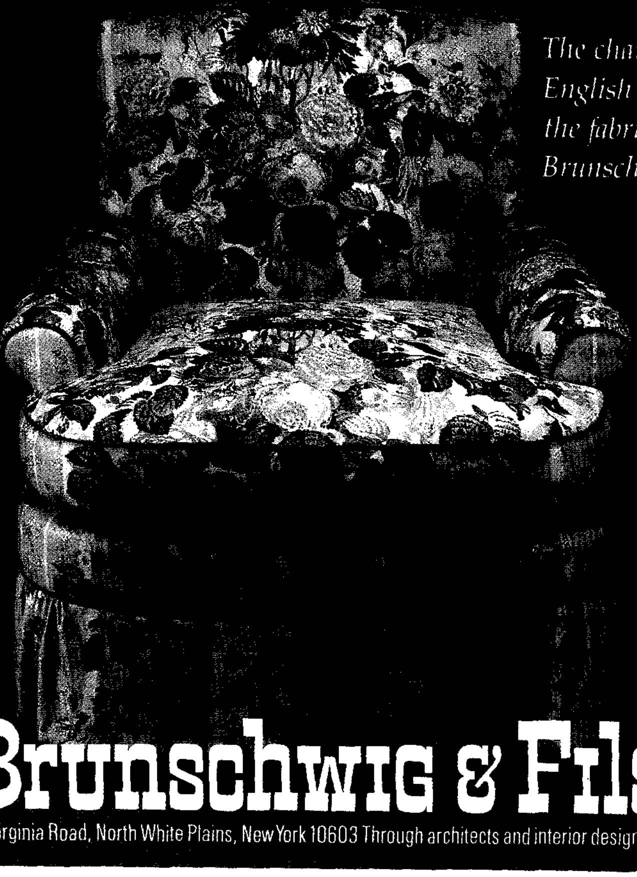

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get it on his side. He also did one thing I can't remember ever seeing before in a major championship: after losing an extended rally, he showed symptoms of a leg cramp; it disappeared miraculously a few points later when he had to sprint into the forecourt to reach a ball on which the outcome of an important point depended. Becker's tennis was patchy that day, and though he won in straight sets, the scores properly disclosed the tightness of the match: 7–6, 6–3, 7–6. In the second tiebreaker, Becker trailed 4–6 before he pulled it out, 9–7. He does not lack courage.

Becker, one felt, would have to play better tennis in the round of sixteen to get past Joakim Nystrom, one of the four capable young Swedes still left in the Open. Becker had won two of their three previous matches, but when they met at Wimbledon this year, in the fifth set Nystrom had served twice for the match. Nystrom, who is twenty-two, is a nice-looking fellow with a thatch of blond hair. He does not possess an outstanding serve or real attacking ground strokes—he is more of a counterpuncher. Blessed with an excellent sense of anticipation, he returns service well with a semi-topspin forehand and a two-handed backhand. Along with this, he knows how to play points. He has a flair for drawing his opponents into rallies with shrewdly placed shots that frequently lead to his closing out the point with a clean passing shot. In his fourth-round match with Becker, Nystrom, calmly following his game plan, made Becker, who loves to hit the ball hard, manufacture his own pace. That day, Becker could not find his timing on his heavy serve or on his punishing topspin forehand. He lost the first set, 6–3, and, still struggling to get going, lost the second, 6–4. He played sounder stuff in the third set, and, with his serve beginning to crackle, won it, 6–4. He is a fighter, and at that moment there was a possibility that he might still be able to pull out this match against an adversary who was playing him perfectly. It wasn't to be. Nystrom broke Becker's serve in the first game of the fourth set, and, holding on to that break scrupulously, won the fourth set, 6–4, and the match. The winner had served only two aces and the loser twenty.

In any case, we will be seeing a lot of Becker in the years ahead. He has a talent that should continue to grow. He is also an unusually mature an pleasant young man. His comments o his loss to Nystrom were typical: “ played not so good. I played bad. It's credit to Joakim. He played good tennis, for sure. I have to say well done t Joakim.” The expression “for sure,’ which Borg leaned on heavily, ha now become established among th tennis players in Sweden and othe northern-European countries as a keystone phrase in the English language.

SO it was Nystrom, and not Becker, whom McEnroe faced o Wednesday night in the quarter-final under the lights in the Stadium Cour —before a packed house openly disappointed at not seeing a head-on meeting between McEnroe and Becker bu nonetheless hopeful of seeing Nystro make a match of it. He didn't. Whe McEnroe is at his best—and he wa fairly close to it during the first tw sets—he can make his opponent loo like a fellow who couldn't make hi high-school team. In winning the firs set, 6–1, McEnroe broke Nystrom' serve twice and permitted him to scor only three points off his own serve which, when he is in high gear, i the finest in the game. He whippe

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through the second set, 6–0, pausing in his endeavors only long enough to order a spectator to put his cigar out. What a contrast there is between the way he approaches the game of tennis and the way the Swedish players do! At one point during this love set, he protested a linesman's call and said to the umpire, in his treble voice, "It's scary, it's frightening when you commit a call like that." That evening, which must have been a particularly dolorous one for the Swedish team, John-Anders Sjögren, its middle-aged leader, and several of the Swedish players—Mats Wilander, Anders Jarryd, and Hans Simonsson—were seated together in a row in the bleachers, stoically absorbing the humiliation that Nystrom was suffering through without a whimper. The Swedes always turn out to watch a match a teammate is playing. "We think it helps the one who is on the court," Wilander once explained. Technically, however, the Swedes are no longer a team. Their contract with SIAB, a construction company, expired in November, 1983. Sjögren, who had been Wilander's coach before SIAB undertook to back a Swedish team, continues to coach him. The other Swedish players have their own coaches. Nevertheless, the Swedish team concept has remained, just as if the contract with SIAB had never been terminated.

The third set was somewhat different. Nystrom was concentrating on playing McEnroe's backhand, as he had been all evening, and was still making little or no impression on that stroke or on McEnroe's game in general. McEnroe broke Nystrom's serve in the first game and held his own with the loss of only one point in the second game. He had now won a total of thirteen consecutive games. After the next game, Nystrom went to the umpire's chair and asked whether the linesman might have made a wrong call on the last point of the game, a forehand approach shot by McEnroe that Nystrom thought had landed outside the baseline. When the umpire ruled that the point be replayed, Nystrom went on to win the point and the game. McEnroe was enraged, and unleashed one of his familiar harangues at the umpire. In the fifth game of this third set, during which the umpire issued a warning to McEnroe for verbal abuse, Nystrom broke McEnroe's serve for the first time, and, finally starting to roll, moved to 5–2. In this dangerous corner, McEnroe, realizing that he had to pump himself up, quickly called for the tournament referee, Bob Howe, and asked him to remove a member of the CBS television crew who was picking up the sounds of the match with a boom microphone. The referee declined to do this, but when McEnroe resumed play he had achieved his purpose. He was able to raise the standard of his play substantially, and ran off five games in a row for the set and the match.

Along with McEnroe, the other semifinalists in the men's singles were Wilander, the victor over Jarryd, who had been forced by heat prostration to retire in the third set of their quarter-final match; Jimmy Connors, now thirty-three but still relentlessly bashing back those low, harsh, skiddy returns from the baseline, as Heinz Gunthardt, of Switzerland, had found out in their quarter-final match; and Ivan Lendl, seeded second in the championship, who, just as he hoped, was making his way to the final in the bottom quarter of the draw as quietly and unobtrusively as Natty Bumppo. The only set Lendl had dropped came at the beginning of his fourth-round

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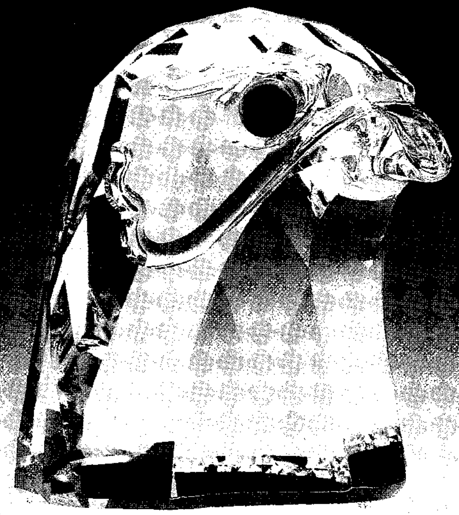

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match, with an unknown, pocket-sized, hard-hitting seventeen-year-old Peruvian, Jaime Yzaga, whom he gradually wore down in four sets. Thus, the top four players had come through unscathed in a championship in which the weather, with few interruptions, had been terribly hot and humid.

IN the women's singles, the top three players—Chris Evert Lloyd, Martina Navratilova, and Hana Mandlikova, who were seeded in that order—had reached the semis safely. The fourth seed, Pam Shriver, was the only casualty. She had been upset in the quarter-finals by Steffi Graf, a determined sixteen-year-old from West Germany. Graf began playing tennis at four and has been coached by her father, who runs a tennis school. This was a classic battle of the serve-and-volley player, the tall and rangy Shriver, against the confirmed baseliner, Graf, who has a forcing topspin forehand and a nicely produced sliced backhand. The match could not have been closer. The first set went to a tiebreaker, in which Graf, who had lost the first three points, surged back to win five straight points and, ultimately, the tiebreaker. The second set also went to a tiebreaker. It was the reverse of the first. Down three points to one, Shriver went off on a tear in which she won six successive points—all she needed. The third, and deciding, set (the women play the best two of three sets) was climaxed by yet another tiebreaker. With the score tied at four points each, Shriver made three consecutive errors: she netted a forehand volley, failed to return service, and finally lost the tiebreaker and the match when she hit a low backhand volley inches over the baseline. The score of the match—7–6, 6–7, 7–6—marked the first time since 1975, when the U.S. Open adopted the twelve-point tiebreaker, that all three sets of a women's match had been decided by a tiebreaker.

The women's semifinals were played, as is the custom, on Friday, the eleventh day of a tournament that now spans thirteen days. It first brought us Graf vs. Navratilova, the defending champion, and then, after the men's doubles finals, Hana Mandlikova, of Czechoslovakia, vs. Chris Evert Lloyd. This day, the temperature on the court reached almost a hundred degrees. As was generally expected, Navratilova had little trouble dominating Graf with her big serve-and-volley game. The scores were 6–2, 6–3. Navratilova had been much more severely tested in her fourth-round match, with Catarina Lindqvist, the best of the young women players who have come to the fore in Sweden during the last few years. Navratilova has now gained such command of her game that far more often than not she disposes of her opponents in less than an hour. It took her the better part of two hours, however, to subdue Lindqvist, 6–4, 7–5. The twenty-two-year-old daughter of a construction engineer, Lindqvist has a wonderfully sound backhand, a rousing forehand, a serve that is much faster than it appears to be, and, above all, an exceptional instinct for staying in a point. She broke Navratilova's serve three times. If I were her coach, I would prescribe a good deal of burst running for her, because if she can add speed of foot to her sense of tennis she may well become a player of world stature.

The Evert Lloyd–Mandlikova match was their twenty-second. They had first met on clay in Perugia, in the 1980 Italian championship, when Mandlikova was eighteen. Evert Lloyd had won eighteen of their matches, including victories in 1980 and 1982 in the final of the U.S. Open. Both women are capable of magnificent tennis, and both are subject to grievous off days, when they are so nervously tight that they do not come close to doing themselves justice. In Mandlikova's case, this has been almost tragic, because she has an all-around game that for sheer beauty of stroke and natural power is in a class by itself on those all too rare occasions when she is able to maintain her concentration and her confidence throughout a match. Only Navratilova at her best has a superior serve, and no one has a forehand, hit flat with a bit of topspin, that is the equal of Mandlikova's. Yet in six years of international campaigning she had won only two major championships—the Australian, in 1980, and the French, in 1981. As for Evert Lloyd, she has been having troubles of her own the last few years. These days, she never knows until she steps out onto the court whether she will be relaxed and aggressive, as she was in defeating her arch-rival, Navratilova, in the final of the French Open this year, or taut and tentative, as she was in losing the 1985 Wimbledon final to Navratilova in three sets. In her semifinal match against Mandlikova, Evert Lloyd played an adroit first set, keep-

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ing a tight rein on their rallies. She denied Mandlikova any pace to speak of, and from time to time she took charge of their exchanges with hard-hit crosscourt forehands and backhands. She won this set, 6–4. About midway through the second set, Mandlikova took control. She began to hit her ground strokes on the rise, and she followed them into the forecourt at the right times and volleyed effectively. Her assurance grew visibly as she won most of the key points, and she pulled out the match, 4–6, 6–2, 6–3. She was ebullient at her press conference. "I think I am playing as good as Martina," she said. "What I must do in the final is to serve well and come in before she does, and take the net away from her."

Mandlikova's victory destroyed the prospect of another classic clash in the final between Evert Lloyd and Navratilova. Though Evert Lloyd is only thirty, she has reached the final round of the U.S. Open nine times. (She has reached the semifinals a record fifteen straight years, beginning in 1971, when she made her first appearance in our championship, at Forest Hills.) She has won the women's championship six times, defeating Evonne Goolagong Cawley twice, Wendy Turnbull once, Shriver once, and Mandlikova twice. She has been defeated in the final three times—once by Tracy Austin and twice by Navratilova. Her rivalry with Navratilova transcends our national championship. Since 1973, they have met sixty-six times. Navratilova has defeated Evert Lloyd thirty-four times, and Evert Lloyd has defeated Navratilova thirty-two times. Evert Lloyd had been looking forward keenly to narrowing that margin this summer at Flushing Meadow. Until their next confrontation, she will have to derive temporary consolation from her remarkable total of seventeen victories in the four major championships: six in the French (1974, 1975, 1979, 1980, 1983, and 1985), three at Wimbledon (1974, 1976, and 1981), six in our Open (1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1980, 1982), and two in the Australian (1982 and 1984).

As it happened, Evert Lloyd's elimination in the semis this year set up a final between Navratilova and Mandlikova that will go down as one of the most emotional, most brilliantly played, and most stirring matches in history. Before it was over, everyone in the huge Stadium Court had become personally involved in its outcome. As

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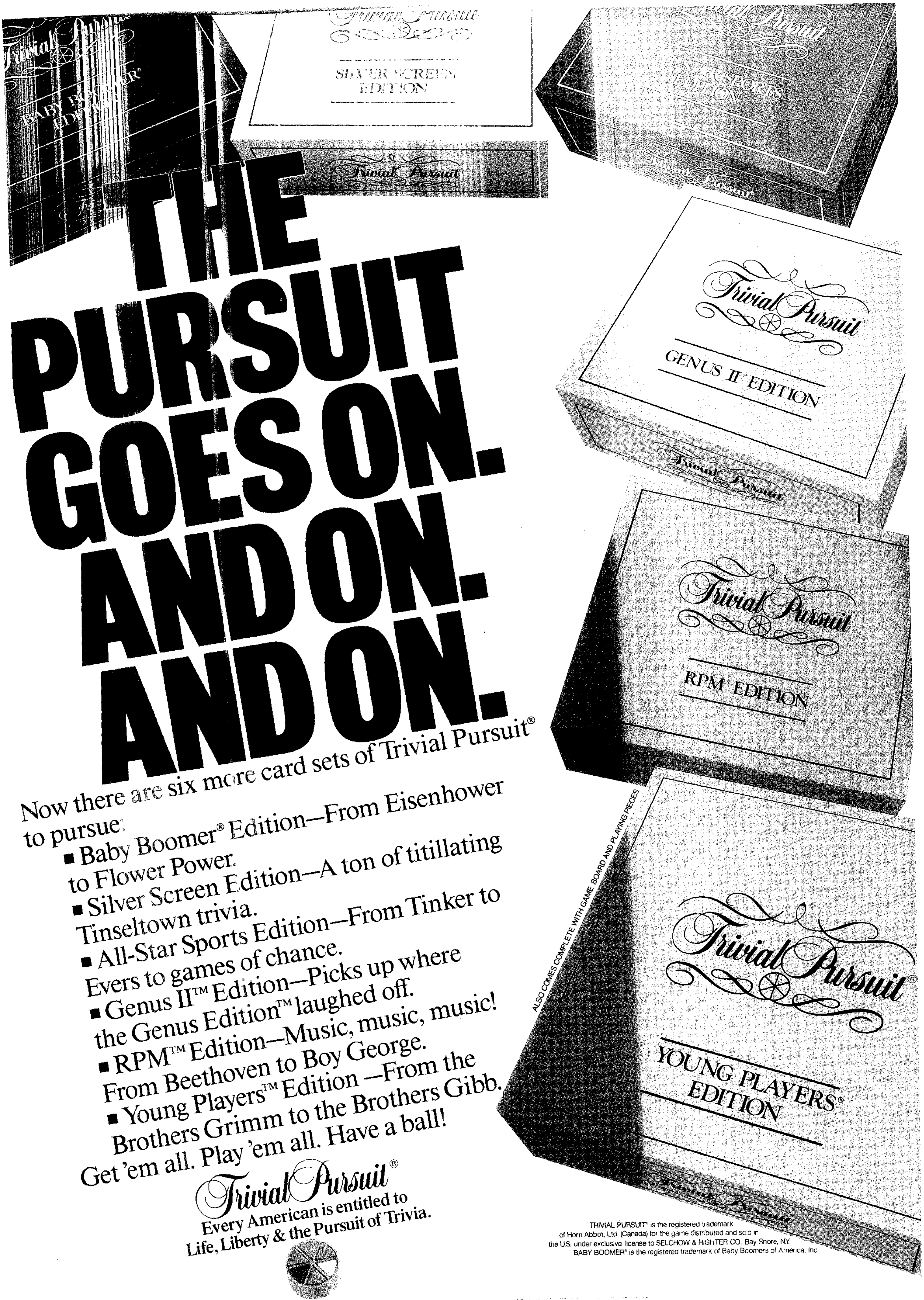
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long as tennis exists, people will discuss it. For these reasons, I am going to save it for last, and deal at this point with the semifinals and the final of the men's championship.

ON the next-to-last day of the championships, the Flushing Meadow schedule calls for one of the men's semifinals to be played before the women's final and for the other men's semifinal to be played after it. That can make for an extremely long day. Last year, I believe, the last ball was not struck until about eleven-fifteen. This year, the program did not demand such endurance, mainly because Connors was unfortunate enough to injure an ankle around four o'clock, when he was hitting a few balls on a practice court, tuning up to play Lendl in the second semifinal. Many players would have defaulted in such a circumstance, but not Connors. He had his ankle taped by the trainer, and, being able to play only at half-speed, went down in straight sets. For the fourth time in four years, Lendl had reached the final.

The earlier semifinal, between Wilander and McEnroe, went the full five sets, with McEnroe winning, 3–6, 6–4, 4–6, 6–3, 6–3. During the first three sets, Wilander, who this spring had ousted McEnroe on the way to winning his second French championship, had a slight edge in the play. He was placing his short, quick-toss serve deep in the corners of the service boxes; he was scoring regularly with his most dangerous shot, his two-handed crosscourt backhand; and he was winning his share of the rallies by coming in to net to volley—the latest facet of his ever-enlarging game. In each of the last two sets, after Wilander broke McEnroe's serve McEnroe fought back and broke Wilander's—twice in the fourth set and three times in the fifth. McEnroe played heady tennis in the last two sets. He had not been volleying especially well, though volleying is usually one of his strongest suits, and he decided to stay back most of the time and try to outmaneuver Wilander from the backcourt. (His near-defeat by Glickstein may have prompted this change of tactics.) McEnroe also had better control of his service than Wilander in the last two sets, though at no time during the tournament did he serve anything like as well as he had in winning the Wimbledon and U.S. Open finals last year.

McEnroe was favored to defeat

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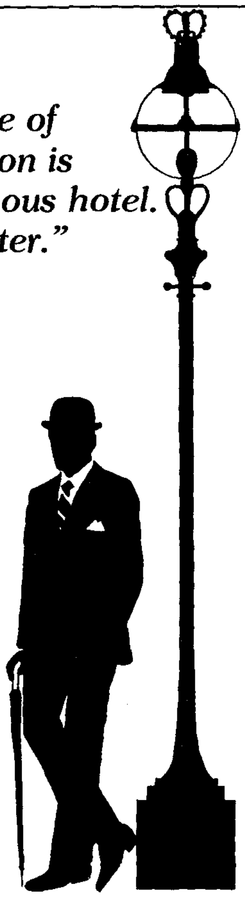

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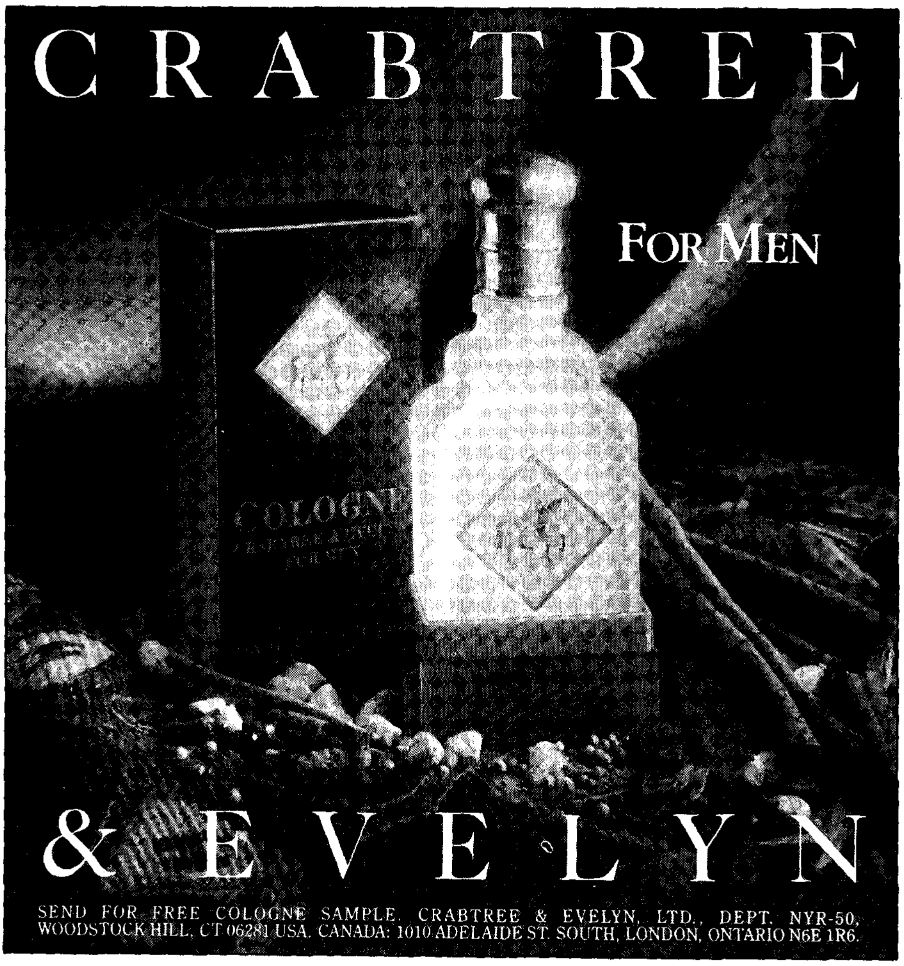

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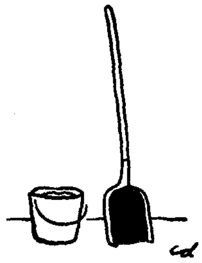
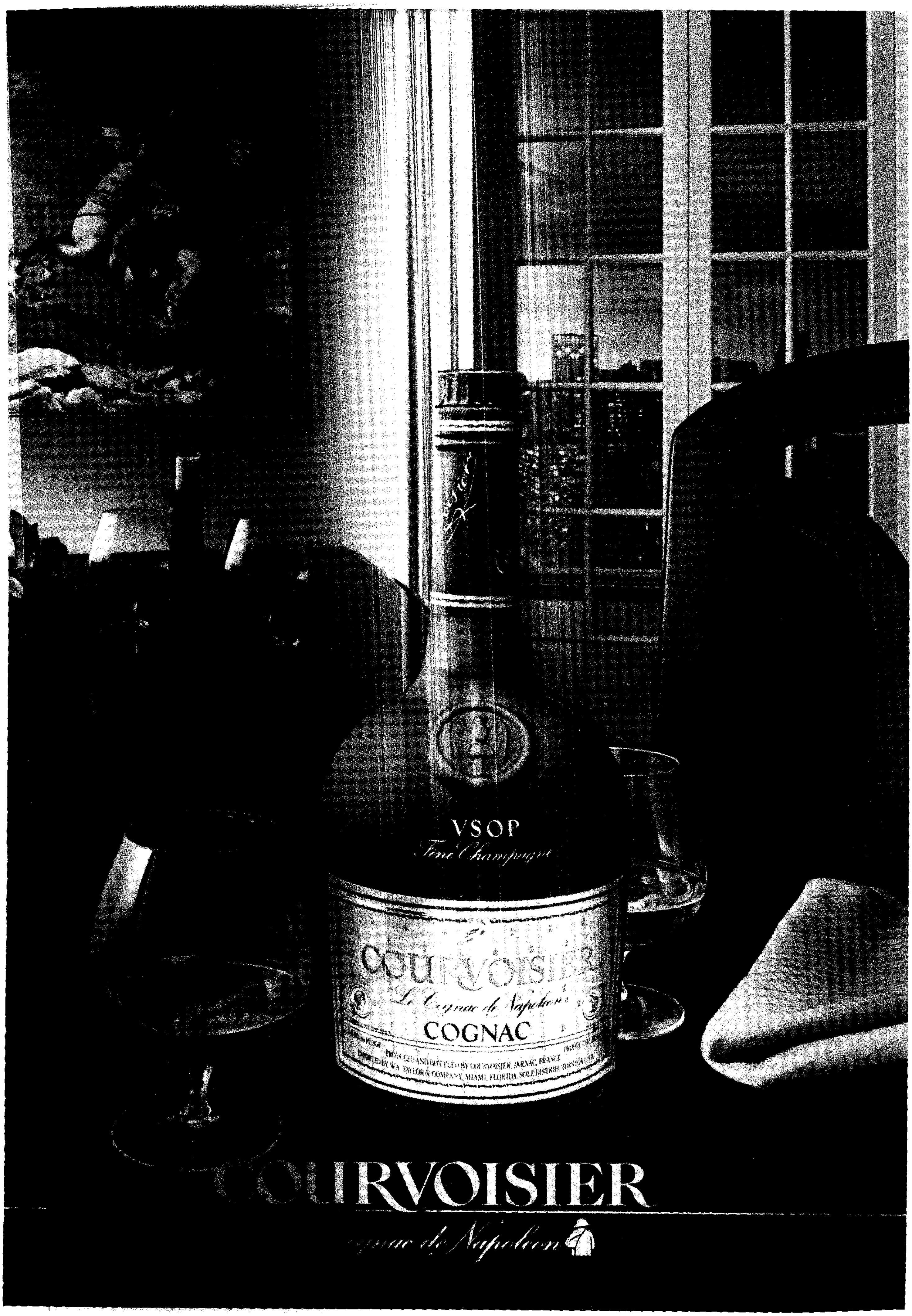
Lendl in the final, although behind Lendl lay a spring and summer of strong tournament play. Lendl was extremely fit, and he had made an astute move in hiring Tony Roche, John Newcombe's old doubles partner and a shrewd singles player, to coach him. To top it off, Lendl had lost only one set of the nineteen he had played at Flushing Meadow en route to the final. If most people were hesitant about picking him to defeat McEnroe, Lendl's performances in the last three U.S. Open finals had a good deal to do with their attitude. The pressure of the big occasion had been too much for him. Against Connors in 1982, Lendl, after ousting McEnroe in straight sets in the semis, was so overcome with nervous tension that he couldn't get his legs to start moving to chase down a shot until it was too late. The score was Connors in four sets, 6–3, 6–2, 4–6, 6–4, and the only mystery was how Connors had managed to lose the third set. In 1983, when Connors and Lendl again faced each other in the final, Lendl played well for almost three sets. After dropping the first set, he took the second in a tiebreaker, and he reached set point on his own serve in the third set. He missed his first serve. He then patted a wobbly second serve into the net. After that, he just crumbled. Connors took the third set, 7–5, and raced through the fourth, 6–0. It should be said that Lendl stood up to this humiliation well. He offered no alibis; he admitted that he had simply fallen apart. It was at about this time that many of us began to respect Lendl. Here was an athlete who did not evade the truth, even at the most difficult times. In June of 1984, he at last won his first major title. Down two sets to none against McEnroe in the final of the French Open, he came on to win the last three sets, 6–4, 7–5, 7–5. Last year, when he again reached the final at Flushing Meadow—he would be playing McEnroe—we hoped that he would give a decent account of himself. While his game didn't disintegrate completely, as it had the two years before against Connors, in a sense Lendl gave the match away. He played few thoughtful points, seeming content to slam the ball for an outright winner or loser. He played far better than the score—6–3, 6–4, 6–1—indicated, however, even if one takes into consideration the possibility that McEnroe reached his peak last year, his serve having never since been as dazzling. For all that, there was surely something wrong when a man of Lendl's ability and experience could win only four points in McEnroe's three service games in the last set. This past September, when Lendl again came through the bottom half of the draw to meet McEnroe in the final, I didn't expect him to win, but since McEnroe was playing only fairly well, I felt that Lendl might not be overawed and might give him all he could handle.



Soon after the final of the men's singles began, I thought that I had made a gross miscalculation. McEnroe, who served the opening game, won it at love. Lendl, on his own serve, had won only one point and double-faulted meekly to hand McEnroe the game. McEnroe then whistled through another love game on his serve, to lead 3–0. Lendl was overhitting nearly every ball, like a callow amateur. Then he settled down somewhat and began to play slightly better. He held his serve in the fourth game, and also in the sixth and eighth games, but it wasn't until the ninth game that he scored his first point off McEnroe's service. On that point, the first of the game, McEnroe netted a backhand volley. He then made three more errors in a row: he drove a forehand into the net; he batted a ball, which had taken a funny bounce, over the baseline; and he was wide with a volley after a strong return of serve by Lendl. This game marked the turning point of the match. Lendl held his service to knot the set, 5–5. Then, after the score had reached 6–6, he won the tiebreaker, 7–1. His shakiness was by that time a thing of the past, and he was in full flight. He was belting his topspin forehand and backhand drives with such ferocity that McEnroe could do nothing with them. He was also mixing up his attack. During several rallies, when McEnroe followed an approach shot in to the net Lendl passed him effectively on the short side. Every now and then, he caught McEnroe by surprise by moving in quickly and volleying his opponent's approach shot to an open corner. From time to time, Lendl resorted to serve-and-volley to good advantage. I think I detected a touch of Roche in these departures from Lendl's standard baseline game. Roche may also have had something to do with a change in Lendl's service tac-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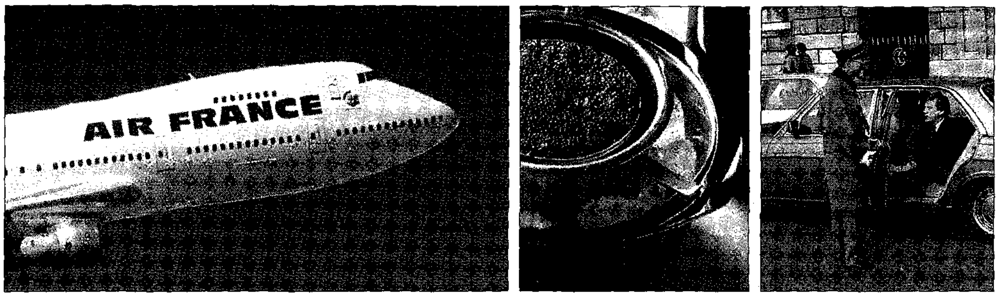

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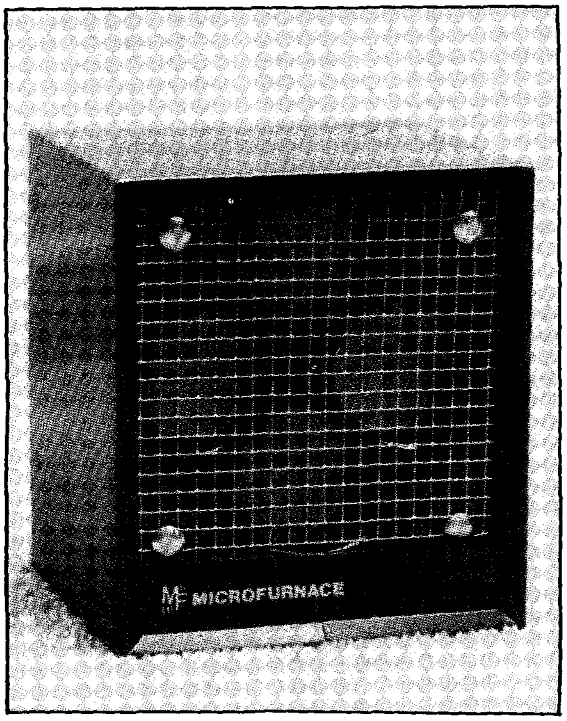
tics. Lendl's first serve has always been thunderous and difficult to handle, but he had somehow fallen into the habit of hitting his second serve much too cautiously; it lacked both depth and spin, with the result that his opponents had been clobbering it regularly for easy points. In this match, once Lendl had moved out in front he took the full thirty seconds the server is allotted, and if his first serve was a fault he took almost the full thirty seconds on his second serve and whacked it with nearly as much velocity as his first. In the fifth game of the second set, when Lendl, serving to go ahead 4–1, was leading McEnroe 40–love, he rocketed a big first serve that appeared to hit the right-hand line of the service box. The linesman called it a fault, but McEnroe walked over to the line and, indicating to the umpire where Lendl's ball had hit the sideline, conceded an ace and the game. Considering Lendl's lead in the game at this juncture, my reaction was that McEnroe's gesture was at least as artful as it was sporting. In any event, during Lendl's next service game McEnroe protested bitterly and at length to the umpire that Lendl was taking too much time. Lendl was certainly taking close to the full thirty seconds allotted, and this procedure was undeniably of value to him, as he racked up another love game and won the second set, 6–3. In the third set, serve followed the server until the ninth game, when Lendl broke McEnroe. He then served out at love for game, set, and match: 7–6, 6–3, 6–4.

A Czechoslovakian who made the big time in tennis only five years ago, Lendl still does some things awkwardly, but he is a very good fellow, and the reaction of the full house of more than twenty thousand people in the Stadium Court to his short acceptance speech after he was awarded the championship trophy was gratifyingly positive. "To me, this is the biggest tournament in the world," he said. "It is the championship of a country where I enjoy living very much. I'm just so happy that I'm not even going to try and describe it." I was delighted that he had at last conquered his U.S. Open block with such a thumping exhibition of power tennis, and it is good to know that Roche will continue to be in his corner, helping him to play wisely and consistently well. Lendl will need to, for when McEnroe is on his game he has a touch of genius, and there is a whole world of Wilanders



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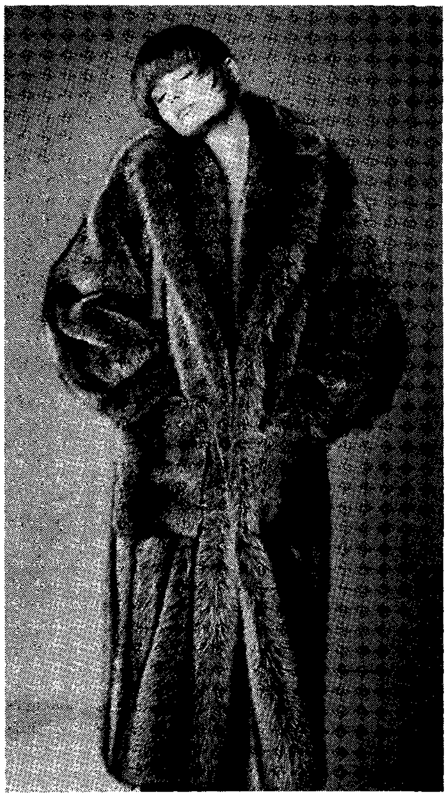

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coming along. Oh, yes. Lendl, who turned twenty-five last March, is a perfect example of Perry's observation that most top-class European tennis players do not reach full maturity until their middle twenties.

LIKE Lendl, both Martina Navratilova and Hana Mandlikova were born in Czechoslovakia. Navratilova, who became an American citizen in 1981, turns twenty-nine this month. She is roughly five and a half years older than Mandlikova. They are both sizable women. Mandlikova stands five feet eight and weighs a hundred and thirty pounds. She has a slim figure and a pretty face. Navratilova, who is five feet seven and a half inches tall, has a big-boned frame and weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds—a good deal less than she did when she was a teen-age star. She is an astounding athlete. One can see her playing center half on a soccer team or a strong rebounding forward, who can also handle the ball, on a basketball team.

When Navratilova began playing tennis internationally, around 1975, she had a swift left-handed service, a fairly wide assortment of ground strokes, some fluency at net, and a tendency to fall apart in a close match by trying to hit needlessly spectacular winners or by protesting out of all proportion a close call that had gone against her. She has many talents, among them a great ear for language. In less than two years after her arrival here, she spoke English with hardly any accent and had an astonishing verbal range that featured much American slang. She has ambition. Dissatisfied with her computer ranking of No. 3 in the world, she moved up to No. 1 in 1978 and 1979, winning Wimbledon both years. When she found herself back at No. 3 in 1981, trailing Chris Evert Lloyd and Tracy Austin, her reaction was to form what came to be called Team Navratilova. Dr. Renee Richards was her tennis coach; Nancy Lieberman, the basketball star from Old Dominion, supervised her physical conditioning; and Dr. Robert Haas, the nutritionist, came up with a special diet to help her get rid of some extra pounds and also increase her speed of foot, her quickness of reflex, her strength, her energy level, and her stamina. By 1982, she was back at No. 1 and was clearly playing better than ever. The main credit for this belongs to Dr. Richards. Navratilova's chief

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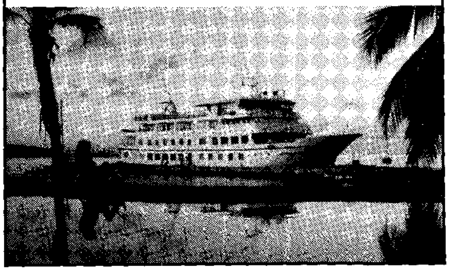

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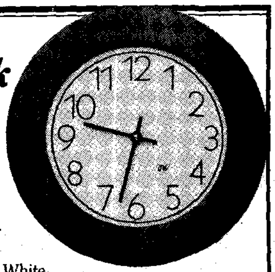

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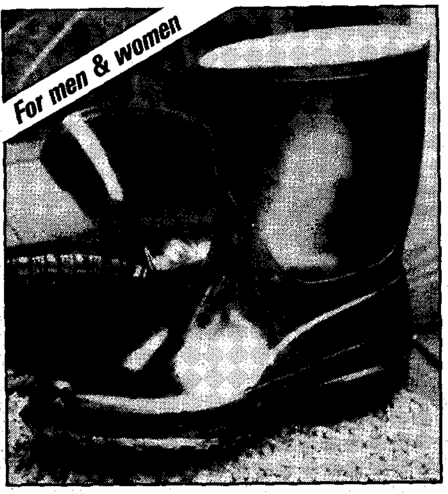
weakness had been her backhand. She had always chipped it or sliced it defensively, and, naturally, her opponents had exploited it. Dr. Richards taught her how to hit a fast, deep topspin backhand, and the importance of this new stroke cannot be overestimated. She also helped Navratilova to improve her serves, in particular her potent slice serve into the ad court, and, all in all, so thoroughly enhanced her vocabulary of shots and her understanding of how to play them that in the last few years Navratilova has brought off such incredible feats as winning seventy-four consecutive matches. In 1984, her total prize money came to $2,173,556. She has become such a stupendous player that often, if she is caught off balance, she can improvise some stroke she has never played before and put it away for a winner. Navratilova now owns an apartment at the Trump Plaza in New York, but she makes her residence in Dallas.

Mandlikova's achievements, in comparison, have been limited. In 1980, her first successful year on the professional circuit, she won the Australian Open, and the following year she won the French Open. Twice, in 1980 and 1982, she has been the runner-up to Evert Lloyd in our Open. She has the most natural and fluid stroke production in tennis, and watching her is an aesthetic experience comparable to that of watching the young Sam Snead hit a golf shot. Her coach is Betty Stove, of the Netherlands. At the same time, Mandlikova has been another example of that familiar figure in sports—the youthful player of surpassing talent who, for unknown reasons, has never fulfilled his or her potential and become a true champion. More often than not, in matches that really counted she has beaten herself with numerous unforced errors. In 1982 and 1983, when she was not up to par physically, she almost disappeared from sight, being eliminated in the early rounds of most of the big tournaments. At length, in 1984 she turned things around, winning tournaments in Oakland, Washington, Houston, Dallas, and Boston, and also reaching the semifinals in the French Open and at Wimbledon. This year, she defeated Evert Lloyd in winning the Oakland tournament again, and she also defeated Navratilova in the semifinals on her way to winning the United States Indoor championship, in Princeton. Her match with Navratilova in the U.S. Open final this year marked only their twentieth meeting in a rather limp rivalry in which Navratilova had held a fourteen-to-five advantage.

The final, played on a sweltering afternoon, came to life almost instantly. In the first game, Mandlikova fell behind 15–40 on her serve. She saved the first break-of-serve point with a backhand drop volley and saved the second with a forehand drop volley. She then ran out the game. This comeback apparently gave her exactly the lift she needed. She broke Navratilova's serve in the second game when, at 15–40, she feathered a perfect topspin lob, which Navratilova had no play on. Already, the people in the packed stadium were up and shouting after nearly every point. They had ample reason to do so in the third game. Mandlikova, with that beautiful service motion of hers, put in some deep, swerving first serves and backed them up with some fine volleys, to move to 3–0 in games. She was on an unbelievable roll. She broke Navratilova's serve again, forcing errors with the pace of her forehand drives, and then she held serve to move to 5–0. No one had expected anything like this. At 30–30 in Navratilova's next service game, Mandlikova smacked a backhand down the line and held set point. Navratilova countered with a crosscourt backhand placement, and went on to pull out the game. Serving at 5–1 for the set, Mandlikova moved swiftly to 40–15, but Navratilova fought off two more set points and ultimately broke Mandlikova's serve. That took her to 2–5. The gallery quickly sensed that the tide was turning. Navratilova, poker-faced and businesslike, held her serve easily. She then broke Mandlikova's service at love and held her own in a deuced game, to get to 5–5. She had retaliated against Mandlikova for her effrontery in winning five straight games by doing the same thing herself. The eleventh game was a long and stormy one. Mandlikova finally held her serve, but only after she had saved eight break points. Navratilova moved relentlessly to 6–6 in games. Her serve was doing more for her now. It might well be the difference in the tiebreaker.

Mandlikova started the tiebreaker inauspiciously with a double fault, but she was soon playing with noticeable brio again. It was three points each in



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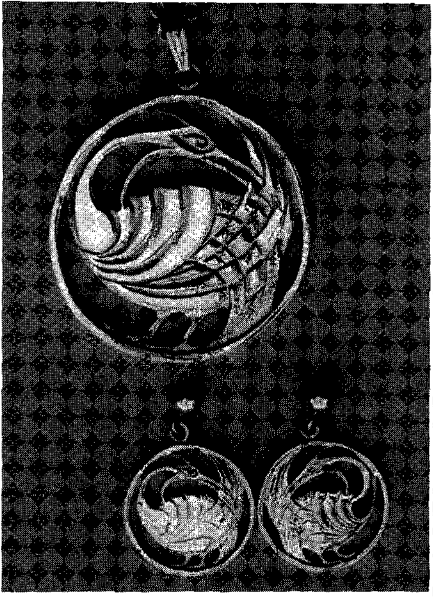

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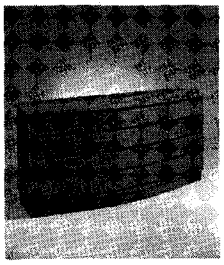

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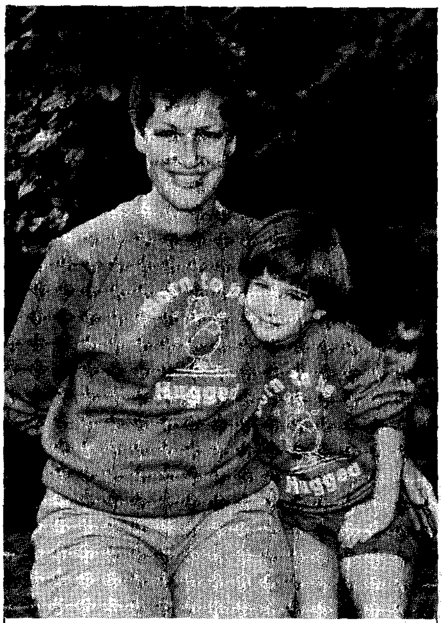
the tiebreaker when they changed courts. Then, out of the blue, Mandlikova went off on an explosive burst of shotmaking. She won her fourth point of the tiebreaker with a powerful forehand hit crosscourt that beat Navratilova by yards. She won the next point when Navratilova's hurried return of a heavy serve to her forehand carried over the baseline. She won her sixth point of the tiebreaker with a clean ace. She won the tiebreaker on the next point, when she followed her return of service into the forecourt, correctly read that Navratilova was going to try to pass her on her backhand side, and passed Navratilova with a low backhand volley. First set to Mandlikova, 7-6. (The score of the tiebreaker was 7-3.) The Stadium Court was in an uproar. What a staggering set! How often does one see this kind of tennis: Mandlikova rushing off with five straight games; Navratilova coolly asserting her superiority by ripping through five, and nearly six, games in a row; Mandlikova fighting back in the tiebreaker and ending it with a flourish of four handsomely played points.

The second set, as one expected it might be, was comparatively tame. Navratilova was all determination. She was eager to take command of the match. Flicking her platinum-blond hair off her forehead, she took less and less time between hitting her serves. Mandlikova, on the other hand, was trying to pace herself, so that she would have something in reserve if the match went to a third set. In the fourth game, Navratilova broke Mandlikova's serve at fifteen, extracting one error and winning the three other points on glittering forehand placements. She underlined this surge by winning her next service game at love, to jump into a 4-1 lead in the set. She broke Mandlikova's serve again in the sixth game, and then ran out the set, 6-1. She had shown emphatically who was the boss.

The third set started quietly. Mandlikova held her serve fairly comfortably in the first and third games, and Navratilova held hers in the second and fourth. The first break of serve came in the eighth game. Mandlikova, hitting out boldly for winners, broke Navratilova at fifteen to go out in front, 5-3. Navratilova was quick to respond. In the next game, after she had dissipated a 15-40 lead, she broke Mandlikova back with two untouchable backhand drives, the second a particularly severe shot down the sideline.



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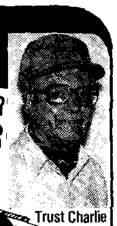

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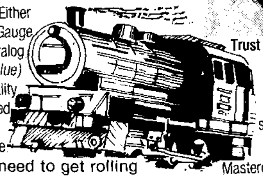

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This made it 4–5 in games, and Navratilova then held her serve at fifteen to even the set at 5–5. Mandlikova closed out her next service game with another picture-book ace down the center line, and when Navratilova then held her serve, the games were 6–6, and we were into another tiebreaker.

There was no question whom the spectators favored in this dramatic duel. Shouts of "Hana! Hana!" erupted excitedly all around the Stadium Court. The umpire called for quiet, and soon afterward a momentary hush fell over the stadium. Mandlikova to serve the first point, into the deuce court. She came in with that sweeping slice serve, and Navratilova put her return into the net. Navratilova to serve two points now, the first into the ad court. She did not handle Mandlikova's backhand return of serve well, and hit it over the baseline. Mandlikova, just as she had in the first tiebreaker, was going for winners, hitting everything big. She won her third straight point by angling a low topspin backhand drive across the court. Mandlikova to serve two points now, the first into the ad court. She got in another torrid first serve and drew another error—a backhand that sailed out of the court. Mandlikova won her fifth consecutive point when Navratilova ran around a serve to her backhand and netted her reverse-forehand return. She now led the tiebreaker five points to none, with Navratilova to serve into the ad court. Mandlikova jumped all over a very good serve and slammed it at Navratilova's feet. Navratilova got her racquet on the ball but hit it low into the net.

With Mandlikova now leading the tiebreaker 6–0, the players changed ends of the court. Most of the spectators were on their feet and yelling, some in support of the underdog, others because of the sheer excitement of the match. Navratilova, serving into the deuce court, silenced them somewhat by scoring her first point when Mandlikova slid a forehand into the alley. She added a second point when Mandlikova, serving to the ad court on the first of her two service points, ended a short exchange by hitting a forehand volley over the baseline. The next point, which Mandlikova served into the deuce court, resulted in a brief but stunning midcourt rally. It looked as if Navratilova had it won when she cracked a forehand low over the net to Mandlikova's left, but Mandlikova made a

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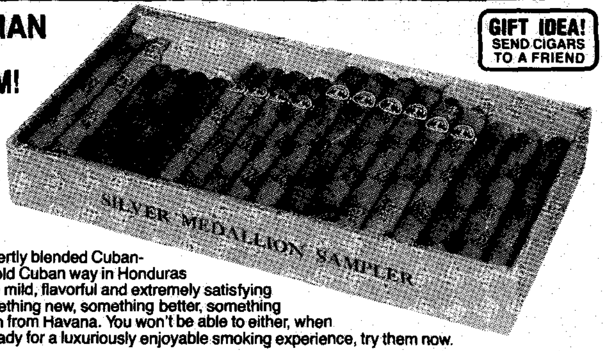

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sensational stretch volley with her backhand, which barely cleared the net as it shot crosscourt past Navratilova before she could shift her racquet to play it. That was it. Mandlikova had won the tiebreaker, 7–2, and, with it, the match, 7–6, 1–6, 7–6.

As she saw her winning volley streak past Navratilova, Mandlikova flung her racquet down onto the court in jubilation. Then she slowly sank backward and stretched out ecstatically on the court for several seconds. She raised her legs and got up, retrieved her racquet, hurled it a good twelve yards away, and, lifting her hands to the sky, shrieked with joy. I can't recall ever having witnessed such a spontaneous display of exhilaration and relief after a tennis match. Navratilova, thank goodness, had had the thoughtfulness to walk around the net and onto the edge of Mandlikova's side of the court. The two players threw their arms around each other.

As I walked to the press conference, it dawned on me that this was the first time since her well-earned rise to the top that I had seen Navratilova blown off the court. Mandlikova, sitting at the small table at the end of the interview room, was much more relaxed than she usually is during a press conference. "When Martina was serving, I was almost in the middle of the court to take the ball early," she said. "That's my game." She added, "After struggling for two years with a bad back, I know myself a little bit better. I'm not all grown up, but I can understand people more. I always had a heart for people, but I didn't show it." She paused a moment, then said, "Americans develop mentally much faster than we do. The kids here do everything for themselves. Maybe as a baseliner it took me a little longer."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

MOST DISAPPOINTING CORRECTION OF THE WEEK

[*From CanadExport*]

CORRECTION

In a report in the Aug. 12 edition of CanadExport, then-Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty was erroneously identified as Warren Beatty.

•

Addressing an audience at Yeshiva University, Shultz said: "The Talmud upholds the universal law of elf-defense, saying, 'If one comes to kill you, make haste and kill him first.' "—*Washington Post.*

Actually, it's from the Book of Kells.

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

A COUPLE of years ago, the irresistible "Yellow Fever," an artful combination of mystery, parody, satire, and social comment by the Canadian dramatist R. A. Shiomi, had a successful run Off Broadway under the auspices of the enterprising Pan Asian Repertory company. The only question about its sequel, "Once Is Never Enough," was: Can they pull it off again? The answer is: Not quite. The hero is again Sam Shikaze, the private eye whose beat is Powell Street, formerly the main strip of the Japanese settlement in Vancouver. But the play is sombre, and the once jaunty Sam is discouraged and sad, for Powell Street has become a skid row and is about to be urban-developed by a rich, crooked real-estate entrepreneur named Hubert Sloane. Again Sam, in his snap-brim Sam Spade hat, spends as much time talking directly to the audience as he does talking to the other characters. Again he drops into Rosie's Café for his dinner and for the company of his friends. The supply of friends is dwindling: one of them has been knifed before the action begins, and several others have become corpses by the time it is over. But Rosie herself remains a source of comfort and joy, dispensing advice along with noodles and tea, and she is again deliciously portrayed by the Hawaiian actress Carol A. Honda.

The plot elements this time are cocaine smuggling, real-estate bullying, murder, treachery, and lost love. The lost love is Yoko, a beautiful Japanese-Canadian, with whom Sam had an affair that ended when she married the villainous Sloane, and who now asks Sam's help with a divorce. Yoko, as played by Natsuko Ohama, even walks like Mary Astor. But such little jokes are scarce; the mood, as I say, is bleak and discouraged, from beginning to end. Anything but dull, though—there is plenty of activity and rough stuff.

"Yellow Fever," that treasure, was written by Mr. Shiomi alone; "Once Is Never Enough" was written by Mr. Shiomi in collaboration with Marc Hayashi and Lane Kiyomi Nishikawa. The original impulse is dispersed along with the comment and the humor; the tongue has left the cheek. Perhaps all these comparisons, these "again"s, are unfair, but the repeated characters—a Chinese-Canadian lawyer and Rosie and, of course, Sam himself (played this time by the commanding Henry Yuk)—keep reminding us of the original work. The acting throughout, by those performers I've mentioned and by Ronald Nakahara, Glenn Kubota, and Alkis Papuchis, is satisfactory. The expressive lighting is by Victor En Yu Tan; the setting and costumes are by Christopher Stapleton and Eiko Yamaguchi, respectively. Raul Aranas was—again—the fine director.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

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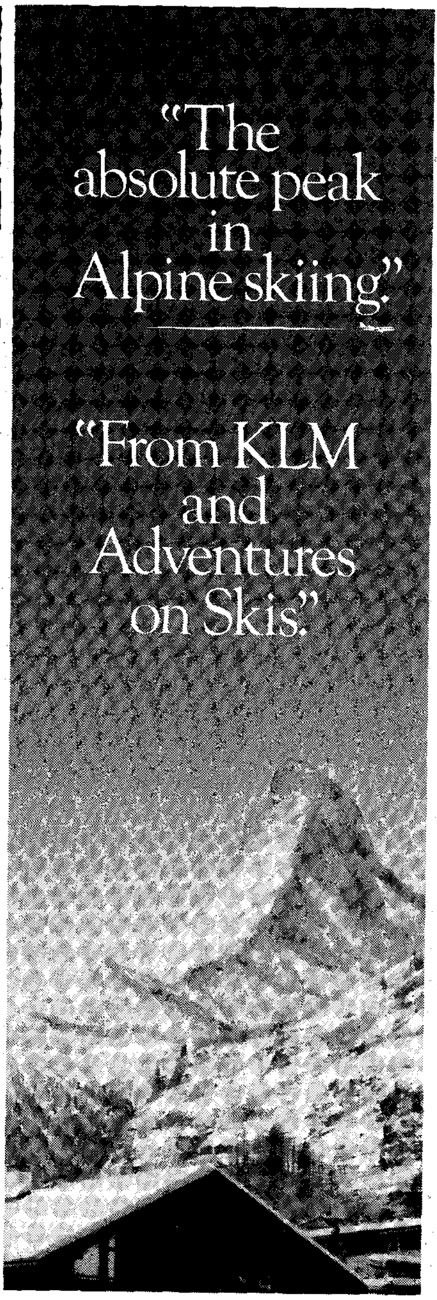
half hour of the day. It's like a train ride
lasting night and day. In the end you're totally
crushed. You no longer think about the straining
of the engine, or about the hills or
flat countryside, but ascribe all that's happening
to your watch alone. The watch which you continually hold
in the palm of your hand. Then shake. And bring slowly
to your ear in disbelief.

—RAYMOND CARVER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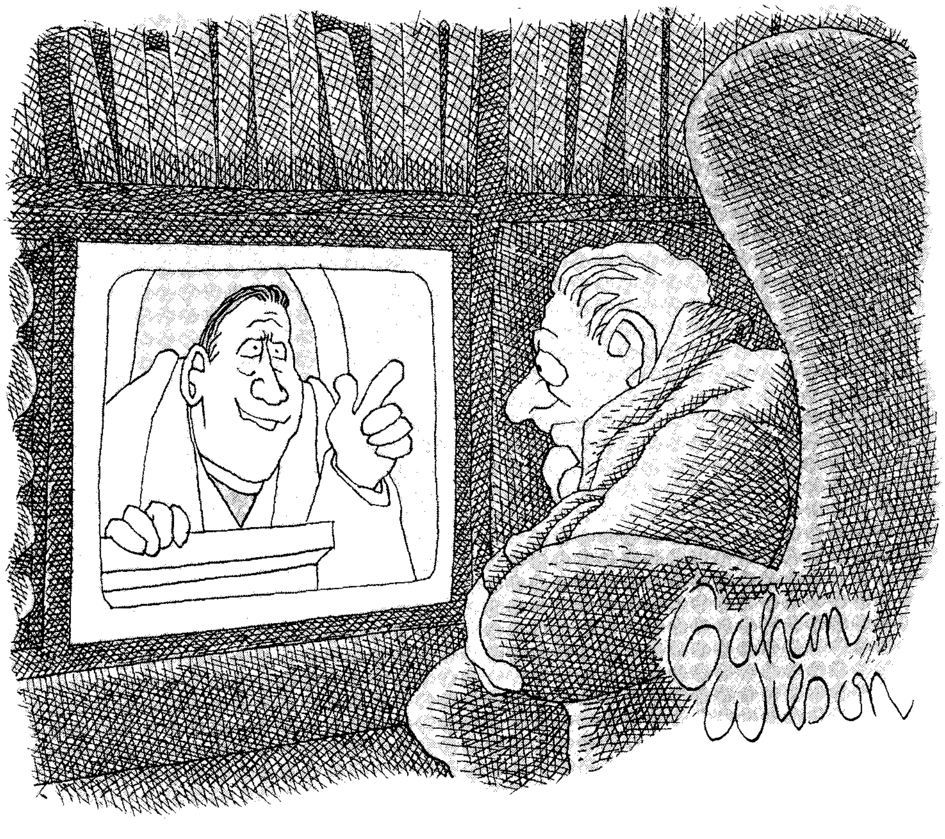
JAZZ

The Early Blue Notes (Concluded)

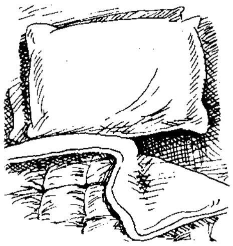
WITH the release of "The Complete Edmond Hall/James P. Johnson/Sidney De Paris/Vic Dickenson Blue Note Sessions" and "The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Sidney Bechet," Mosaic Records finishes its noble rescue and restoration of the best of the Blue Notes made between 1939, when the company was started, by Alfred Lion and Francis Wolff, and the late forties, when it gradually began shifting its attention to bebop. Mosaic has already reissued the Blue Notes by Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, by the Port of Harlem Jazzmen, and by John Hardee and Ike Quebec (the Quebecs done between 1944 and 1946, that is; he returned to the Blue Note studios between 1959 and 1962), and all, with the possible exception of the Hardees, are invaluable. The first of the two new reissues has sixty-six selections, on six L.P.s, many of which are by a kind of repertory company consisting of De Paris, Hall, Ben Webster, Dickenson, Johnson, Jimmy Shirley, and Sidney Catlett. Hall leads one of the repertory-company sessions, and he also leads three other, very different sessions, which include Charlie Christian, Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Benny Morton, Harry Carney, Carl Kress, and Catlett. There are also eight James P. Johnson solos and a Vic Dickenson date. The Bechet set has seventy-four selections, on six L.P.s, recorded by Bechet with the Port of Harlem Seven, a trio with Josh White, his own quartet, and assorted bands made up of De Paris, Dickenson, Max Kaminsky, Art Hodes, Sandy Williams, Wild Bill Davison, Albert Nicholas, and Jonah Jones. (The albums, in limited printings, are available from Mosaic Records, 197 Strawberry Hill Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut 06902.)

Four of the eleven groupings on the first album are by the repertory company, and the first three are as fresh and limber and original as they were forty years ago. (The fourth suffers from the absence of Catlett, who is replaced by the plodding Arthur Trappier—not "Al," as he is called in the personnel listings.) The versions set down of "High Society," "Royal Garden Blues," "After You've Gone," "Everybody Loves My Baby," and "Ballin' the Jack" have never been surpassed, and "After You've Gone" is one of the great jazz recordings. There are also five lilting, imperturbable medium-slow blues. The music on these recordings is not classifiable. It may have been designed by Alfred Lion to mesh with the New Orleans revival then under way, but it has little to do with New Orleans music. Edmond Hall was born not far from New Orleans, but he came up in big and small swing bands, as did Webster, De Paris, Dickenson, and Catlett. James P. Johnson, of course, was one of the pioneer stride pianists, and he helped build the bridge from ragtime to jazz. (He doesn't actually fit very well here. Someone a little sleeker—a Joe Bushkin or Eddie Heywood or Kenny Kersey—would have been better.) The ensembles are loosely arranged or jammed, but they are not in the New Orleans or Chicago mold. The voices do not strive or jar or jostle; they coast and converse, they cast no shadows. The solos they enclose are often exceptional, and they are often supported by riffs or organ chords. It is an amiable, cool New York music of a kind now gone—and it should be studied by such modern archeologists as David Murray and Henry Threadgill. The brilliant "After You've Gone" is, like the soaring "Sweet Sue" done eleven years earlier by Red Allen, Dicky Wells, Benny Carter, and Coleman Hawkins, simply a string of solos. But they are so good and fit so tightly that the number gives the impression it is going faster and faster when it is actually moving easily and steadily and with grand momentum toward its triumphant final chorus: Sidney De Paris paraphrasing the melody over organ chords and Catlett's lifting half-open high-hat. (Listen all through these numbers for the intricate rhythmic hide-and-seek Catlett plays with De Paris and Dickenson, who rarely played as well with other drummers, and to his great tongue-in-cheek Dixieland drumming on "Ballin' the Jack.")

One of Edmond Hall's four sessions is quite famous. It includes Hall, Charlie Christian on acoustical guitar (the only recordings he made with an unamplified instrument), Israel Crosby on bass, and Meade Lux Lewis on celeste, a chichi forerunner of the electric piano. It was a unique chamber group. Hall, with his cordovan Albert-system clarinet sound and his growls and stilted rhythmic sense, represented the old school, as did Lewis;



"And now for the sermon behind the sermon!"



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Christian, then with Benny Goodman, belonged with early modernists like Lester Young and Thelonious Monk; and Crosby, reading the future, often played melodic rather than rhythmic bass. Despite Crosby's big low register, it was a treble group, full of piping and tintinnabulation. It also never quite swung, and it is still not clear why. Perhaps Hall was ill at ease. (He liked a strong Catlett-style flow behind him.) Perhaps Crosby's melodic ruminations got in the way. Perhaps Lewis, a tractor-trailer driver, felt he had been put at the wheel of a Morris Minor. Perhaps Christian did find Hall and Lewis archaic. The remaining Hall dates swing and are free of pretension. One has no drummer and includes Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, Carl Kress, and Johnny Williams, and the other has a rhythm section made up of Don Frye, Everett Barksdale, Junior Raglin, and Catlett, and a horn section of Hall, Benny Morton, and Harry Carney. The first session is cheerful and cool (Norvo and Wilson, true style-mates, are in excellent form), and the second has great melodic beauty—attend to both takes of "It's Been So Long" and "I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me." The album has one other blessing—a 1951 Vic Dickenson date on which the trombonist plays four numbers backed by Bill Doggett on organ, John Collins on guitar, and Jo Jones on drums. Already deep in his long and lyrical musical maturity, Dickenson plays two good medium-tempo numbers and two classic slow numbers—sly, satiric readings of "Tenderly" and "I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You." Tommy Dorsey made this last famous as his theme song, but, never able to improvise, he always played it smooth and straight. Dickenson performs it with a cunning smoothness, then steps off into an improvisation full of smears and asides and whispers that gently twit Dorsey's silkiness and the tune itself. And there are three choice solos by Collins, a superlative guitarist who worked for Art Tatum and Nat Cole and has been hidden away on the Coast.

But this Mosaic set is not, after all, quite complete. Left out is the admirable session made in January of 1945 with Benny Morton, Barney Bigard, Ben Webster, Sammy Benskin, Israel Crosby, and Eddie Dougherty. There were four long numbers, including a fine, sliding "Limehouse Blues" and a slow blues, "Conversing in Blue," in which the horns, humming and sigh-

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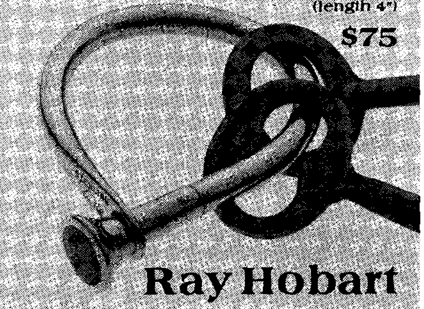

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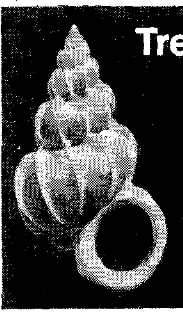

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ing and swaying through the final exquisite ensemble, do talk.

ALTHOUGH Sidney Bechet's impassioned, vibrato-ridden style never changed, he regarded himself as a modern musician who liked to travel in fast musical company—thus the often brilliant sides made for Victor in 1940 and 1941 with the likes of Red Allen, Sidney De Paris, Rex Stewart, Charlie Shavers, J. C. Higginbotham, Vic Dickenson, Sandy Williams, Earl Hines, Kenny Clarke, and Sidney Catlett, and the first session he did for Blue Note in 1939 with Higginbotham, Catlett, and Frankie Newton. But, for whatever reasons, many of the seventy-odd numbers he recorded for Blue Note during the next fourteen years were made with inferior musicians. There were exceptions. The De Paris–Vic Dickenson session of 1944 contains the great Bechet slow blues "Blue Horizon," played on clarinet and full of antediluvian misery and melancholy, and it also has a lovely "Muskrat Ramble." A date done a month later with Max Kaminsky has some dense, high-spirited ensembles—particularly those in which Bechet, again playing clarinet, moves through his own hollowed-out space between the trumpet and the trombone ("High Society" and "Salty Dog"). A 1945 session with Wild Bill Davison swings (despite the ponderous rhythm section), and there is a serene series of duets done the next year with the New Orleans clarinettist Albert Nicholas. The final session on the album, done in 1953, during Bechet's last visit to this country (he had settled in France), is with fast company. Jonah Jones is on trumpet, and there is a streamlined rhythm section built around the fine, little-known pianist Buddy Weed. Jones is majestic throughout and Weed sparkles, and Bechet responds to them both.

LAST August, I reported in an article on Peggy Lee published in this magazine that Benny Goodman had told Miss Lee over dinner a year or so before that he "didn't care much for Helen Ward's singing." Miss Lee added that Helen Ward was "one of his earlier singers, and a good one." Goodman has since told Helen Ward, who has sung for him off and on since the thirties, that he had someone else in mind that night—that he wasn't talking about her at all.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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IN "Sweet Dreams," Jessica Lange plays the pop-and-country singer Patsy Cline with a raw physicality that's challenging and heroic. "Patsy didn't hold anything back," Lange has been quoted as saying. "Patsy had a way of hitting life head-on." That's exactly how Lange plays her. It took courage for Lange to abandon her blond silkiness and appear as a raw, small-town Southern girl with bushy dark hair who dresses in outfits that her mother makes for her. (Patsy's mother seems to have cornered the market in shrill-blue fabrics.) And it took intelligence not to tone up the story with genteel movie-star conceits. Lange's interpretation of Patsy Cline's character is based on the best possible source—her singing—and she creates a hot, woman-of-the-people heroine with a great melodic gift. Almost insistently clumsy and completely unpretentious, her Patsy is like an American backcountry version of the young Anna Magnani. The singing voice that comes out of her is from the vocal tracks of recordings that Patsy Cline made between 1960 and 1963. (In some cases, new instrumental tracks with new background singers have been laid on.) It takes a few songs before you get used to Lange's body with Patsy Cline's voice, but as Lange's Patsy rises to stardom, bouncing and dancing as she sings, you feel the unity: Patsy's voice is generating Lange's performance.

Patsy Cline was one of the rare full-throated belters with the ability and stamina to belt musically, exultantly, and Jessica Lange's body lives up to the sound. So does her speaking voice, which she modulates so that it's in the same range as Patsy's singing. Growing as confident as the singing voice coming out of her, Lange even puts a raucous growl on a line of dialogue to match Patsy's growl. Lange and Patsy Cline's voice energize the picture, give it a vigor that women have rarely had a chance to show in starring roles. "Sweet Dreams," which was directed by Karel Reisz ("Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," "Morgan!," "Isadora," "The Gambler," "Who'll Stop the Rain," "The French Lieutenant's Woman"), is a woman's picture of a new kind—a feminist picture not because of any political attitudes but because its strong-willed heroine is a husky, physically happy woman who wants pleasure out of life. Lange's Patsy Cline doesn't have to talk about her art: we can see that she's happiest and rowdiest and most fully alive when she sings, and when she's rolling in the hay. What the movie makes you feel is her lust for living. And what makes the movie different from the women's pictures of the past is that there's no call for the heroine to be punished, and no suggestion that she shouldn't want *more*. "Sweet Dreams" doesn't step back from her; she's taken on her own terms.

The big weakness in this kind of bio-pic is that once it's on the rails ("Sweet Dreams" starts in 1956) you can see where it's heading: Patsy is going to marry Charlie Dick (Ed Harris) and be battered on the climb to stardom, and she's going to die in a plane crash in 1963, at the age of thirty. And you recognize the signposts: honky-tonks, the Grand Ole Opry, top of the charts. So in basic story terms it's almost inevitably going to seem banal. "Sweet Dreams" doesn't transcend this limitation, but the fighting and boozing are kept to a minimum, and, scene by scene, the script, by Robert Getchell (who wrote "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore"), has a funny, edgy spontaneity, a tang. Getchell cuts through the familiarity of the material by providing mean, lowdown banter for Patsy and Charlie, with innuendos right out on top. And he writes scenes between Patsy and her mother (the soft-faced Ann Wedgeworth, a marvellous comedienne) that have a lovely, tickling humor. Patsy's mother was married at sixteen and raised three children by herself—by her sewing. She has never had anything to her name. Yet she's imbued with middle-class moral niceties, and she giggles shyly, as if she were the fluttering essence of gentility. She's disturbed and titillated—in about equal parts—by Patsy's swinging hips and uncouth language. So, of course, Patsy delights in shocking her. These scenes have a real mother-daughter rapport; they stir so much recognition that they're small comedy classics. (Wedgeworth plays prudishness as a sly form of flirtation.) Almost every scene in the movie comes up with something that nips at you and makes you laugh or takes you by surprise. And you like the people more when you hear them taunting and kidding each other. Patsy gives a delayed party to celebrate her younger sister's graduation from high school; she explains the delay to the guests (she didn't have the money earlier), and then she explains why the event called for a major celebration: her sister is the first person in the family to graduate high school. And with that wry, proud announcement a whole raft of details you've been noticing fall into place.

Patsy and Charlie are passionately in love but have never learned to control their tempers or their impatience. They flare up at each other, and Patsy the smartmouth gives as good as she gets; they keep destroying their own happiness. But they keep experiencing it, too. After Charlie has been drafted, Patsy goes to see him at Fort Bragg and they go to a motel; she makes a very simple postcoital speech—she tells him, "You can't go to your grave sayin' you weren't ever loved"—and it has a resonance that carries through the movie. Ed Harris brings out Charlie's tragic, pitiable sweetness. This husband, who's in awe of his wife's talent, wants a stable marriage more than he wants anything else in the world, yet he has never known how to live on an even keel. Charlie comes on at first bristling with sexual confidence, but the essence of Harris's acting style is the intensity he brings to quietness. Gradually, Charlie loses his bravado, and becomes quieter, more bewildered, and his big scene—a jailhouse monologue about the death of his father—is perhaps the most hushed, most introspective moment he has.

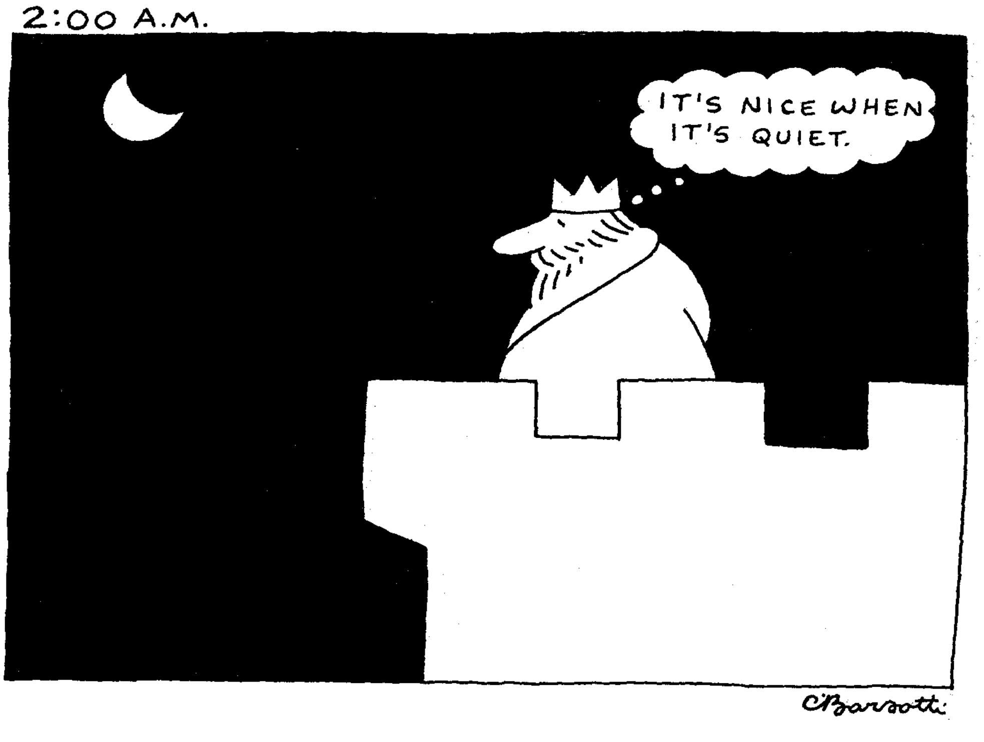
When Charlie and Patsy dance (to music such as Sam Cooke's "You Send Me," on a car radio), it's just about their only tranquil time together. They weave and sway rhythmically; they barely move their feet. The stillness is hypnotic, and it's the only time when Charlie seems at peace and in control of things. Harris has done this erotic swaying in other movies recently—with Amy Madigan in "Places in the Heart" and "Alamo Bay"—but it's effective here, too. When Patsy, dressed in a cowgirl outfit, appears on the Arthur Godfrey show, Charlie watches her at home on TV, and he dances alone to the rhythm of her singing. It's sexy, but it's also desolate. When he and Patsy dance together, it points up the marriage of opposites: the mysteriously quiet man who's suspended in the middle of nowhere, who never finds himself, and the woman who has it all, who knows her gift almost from childhood. It's Patsy's singing—the sureness of it—that attracts him. As Charlie is presented, he's sure he knows how to have a good time, and he's sure of his sexual prowess, but of not much else.

"Sweet Dreams" should look better than it does: the sets and costumes are fine, but the cinematography is very ordinary, especially in the interiors, and a few sequences are almost ostentatiously dark. There are also a couple of scenes that raise issues without any follow-up, leaving gaps in the continuity. Reisz's staging isn't inspired, either, though he comes through now and then. But Reisz, a Czech-born Englishman, brings the American humor out of the script, and he does beautiful work with Ann Wedgeworth and with Ed Harris. He doesn't interrupt Patsy Cline's songs, and he stays out of Jessica Lange's way. She doesn't have the opportunities for brilliant nuances that she had in the dud movie "Frances," and her performance may not have the suggestion of worldly ripeness or the affecting qualities that Beverly D'Angelo brought to her few scenes as Patsy Cline in "Coal Miner's Daughter," but when Lange's Patsy slings her strong young body around she gives off a charge. Lange has real authority here, and the performance holds you emotionally. This is one of the few times I've seen people cry at a movie that wasn't sentimental—it's an honest tearjerker. People can cry without feeling they've been had.

THE English film "Dreamchild" is about a moment of epiphany. Just before her eightieth birthday, in 1932, Mrs. Alice Hargreaves (Coral Browne) sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration at Columbia University. The voyage is disorienting, and her mind goes back to her childhood days, and to the lazy boating party of July 4, 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson, Lecturer in Mathematics at Christ Church, Oxford, where her father was the Dean, had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning the nonsense tale that grew to be "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." Later, during the ceremonies at Columbia, when a men's choir sings the Mock Turtle's song, "Will you, wo'n't you, will you, wo'n't you, wo'n't you join the dance?," she remembers the Reverend Mr. Dodgson's shyness on another summer day. There were adolescent boys on the excursion, along with the grownups, and she was self-conscious in their presence. When Mr. Dodgson, feeling her rejection of him, tried to recite, he stuttered. She had giggled in embarrassment; her giggles had set off giggles from one of her sisters, and that had got *her* going again. The humiliated, pink-faced little Dodgson had stuttered so much he had to break off in the middle of the "Will you, wo'n't you." Apologetic when she saw how hurt he was, the young Alice had gone over to him, kissed him gently on the cheek, and embraced him. It's only now, at this commemoration and with her own death close at hand, that the elderly Alice, remembering how he shrank back from her touch, grasps how deeply tormented he was, and that he loved her. The full force of the revelation shakes her while she speaks at Columbia. She recognizes that she knew it then, yet didn't quite know it. And she almost loses control. It's a fine, affecting scene: Coral Browne suggests the shock to the wide-eyed little girl who is alive in her still, and it's clear that that girl—Dodgson's dreamchild—has learned enough in her eighty years to value his love now for what it was.

Nothing I've seen Coral Browne do onscreen had prepared me for this performance. In the past, this Australia-born actress (who's in her early seventies) seemed too bullying a presence; she was too stiffly theatrical for the camera, and her voice was a blaster. Here, as Mrs. Hargreaves, she has the capacity for wonder of the Alice of the stories, and when she's overtaken by frailty her voice is querulous and fading. Through most of the film, her decisive tones suggest the practical-mindedness and vanity that link her with the bright, poised, subtly flirty Alice at ten (played by Amelia Shankley), whose conversations with her sisters have an angelic precision. The sound of these imperious little-princess voices blended in idle chitchat is plangent, evocative. It makes you happy and makes you respond to the happiness of the Reverend Mr. Dodgson as he loiters outside the little girls' windows, eavesdropping.

Ian Holm, who plays Dodgson, has to achieve almost all his effects passively, by registering the man's acute and agonizing self-consciousness and his furtive reactions to what goes on around him. As Holm interprets Dodgson's stifled emotional life, pleasure and terror are just a hairbreadth apart. The freedom of imagination that Dodgson shows in the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poems and stories he writes for little girls (there were many of them—generations of them—after Alice) disappears in his dealings with the adult Oxford world. Dodgson the Don is a priss—a scholarly celibate who is obsessive about purity of thought. The movie, which was directed by Gavin Millar, from a screenplay by Dennis Potter, doesn't have to formulate most of this; it's all there in Holm's performance. It's all there in the single shot of Dodgson feeling so gratified by Alice's pecking at his cheek that he must retreat from her, squirming in his oversize stiff collar. (His clothes make him look like a wizened naughty little schoolboy, a close relative of his dressed-up brainchildren in Tenniel's illustrations.) It's a wonderful performance—sneaky-dirty in its recessiveness, funny and painful at the same moments.

The picture is a curio; it's anomalous in the way the projects that Dennis Potter ("Pennies from Heaven," "Brimstone and Treacle") instigates often are, and its structure and techniques suggest a literate TV show rather than a movie. Despite the collaboration of Jim Henson's Creature Shop, "Dreamchild" is not a movie for a wide audience; it simply isn't conceived in the broad, narrative patterns that please most moviegoers. Yet it's very enjoyable; it has a twinkling subtext, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that the new mainstream films don't get near. It's about how children can hurt us, and it's about how a man who forbids himself any transgressions against propriety—a man who looks to be dying inside—can split his life between writing "nonsense" and writing mathematical treatises and never, ever crack. I wish that we could have seen other areas of Dodgson's life. How did this prodigy comport himself when he was around the artists he knew, such as Ruskin, Millais, Ellen Terry, Tennyson, and the Rossettis? Did he allow something of the sweet, fey fellow who amuses Alice to come through? And was it creepy for Alice when she passed beyond his favored age range and saw him transfer his devotion to her successors—other bright little Victorian girls?

But Dennis Potter has his own obsessions, and American pop entertainment of the thirties is one of them. The movie is plotted around the impoverished Mrs. Hargreaves' trip to New York, in the company of an adolescent girl (Nicola Cowper) whom

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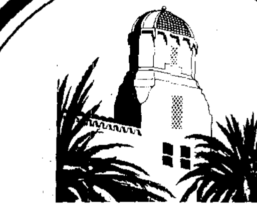
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she has taken from an orphanage to serve as her nurse-companion. This girl also serves as the film's ingénue. Potter has devised a ramshackle romance between her and a young American (Peter Gallagher), a brash reporter who, having been fired from his job, becomes Mrs. Hargreaves' agent and sets her to delivering product endorsements on the radio and in the press. This aspect of the movie is like a parody tribute to Hollywood's newspaper comedy-romances (such as "Love Is News"), with Gallagher, who is all curly lips and dimples and black eyebrows, doing the Irish charm and blarney that the young Tyrone Power was a wizard at. The romance allows for some pleasant enough musical numbers. ("I Only Have Eyes for You" is sung at a tea dance at the Waldorf-Astoria, and Mrs. Hargreaves has a scene at a radio station that serves no great purpose except to allow us to hear a crooner's gloriously nasal rendition of "I'm Confessing That I Love You.") But Millar, the director, who has a lovely touch with Dodgson and the Dean's little daughters, doesn't seem to know what to make of Potter's quirky affection for Hollywood's exhausted conventions, and Mrs. Hargreaves' Potteresque adventures in the Art Deco New York wonderland have wobbly tonalities. (I began to visualize an old-fashioned Hollywood story conference, with Potter trying to explain his ideas to a studio head like Louis B. Mayer or Harry Cohn.)

The conception is pure fluke, but it almost works. The picture is magically smooth, and it's full of felicities, such as Nicola Cowper's unsentimental ingénue (this orphan is a fast learner) and Peter Gallagher's playing the high-pressure charmer in a loose, affable style. Billy Williams' cinematography has a glowing dreaminess; his lighting helps us over the transitions between 1932 and 1862, and into the glimpses of the world inhabited by the eerie Lewis Carroll–Tenniel–Jim Henson creatures. There are six of them here, complexly detailed creations, and rather malign—as they are in the book. (They're almost too fascinating for the brief appearances they make.) The Gryphon and the sorrowful Mock Turtle live among ledges of rock on a darkling seashore with rippling plastic waves—a Fellini-like night world of the imagination that the aged Mrs. Hargreaves visits. The March Hare has broken, yellowish-gray teeth and soiled-looking whiskers, and he seems to be chewing even while he's speaking. He, the Mad Hatter, and the Dormouse, and the Caterpillar, too, converse in the same matter-of-fact, egalitarian manner that the visiting little Alice does. They—and little Alice herself—rattle around in Mrs. Hargreaves' mind as she experiences a second childhood in the cocky splendors of New York. She knows that her flashing back is a sign of senility, but her new experiences are jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, and when she flashes back she sees the riches that she has cut herself off from for seventy years.

"MARIE" stars Sissy Spacek as Marie Ragghianti, who, in 1976, became the first woman to head Tennessee's Board of Pardons and Paroles, and discovered that she was expected to rubber-stamp the deals of the state officials who were selling pardons, commutations, and orders of executive clemency. The movie, which is based on Peter Maas's "Marie: A True Story," shows us that the politicos erred in taking her for a yes-woman. Directed by Roger Donaldson ("Smash Palace," "The Bounty"), who is working here with the cinematographer Chris Menges, the film tells Marie's story cleanly and briskly; the structure that the screenwriter John Briley ("Gandhi") has provided is somewhat like that of the tense Costa-Gavras political thriller "Z," but Donaldson's pace isn't rat-a-tat—his style is more fluid, less emphatic. "Marie" is a highly accomplished piece of work. It moves, it looks professional, and it's well acted: by Spacek, who conveys the idea of an inner-directed person; by Jeff Daniels, who, as the governor's legal counsel and toady, suggests the dark side of Southern chivalry—he's Marie's protector for only as long as she does just what he tells her to; by Fred Thompson, the lawyer who figured in the Watergate case and also represented Marie Ragghianti in court, playing himself; and by just about everybody else in the cast. Yet the picture is weightless.

It may be that the moviemakers, faced with the inspiring story of a modern heroine who fights the corrupt system and proves that the individual can make a difference, were a little wary, and played it down. Or it may simply be that John Briley thought the facts of Marie Ragghianti's life would be more effective without much dramatization. We see Marie in 1968, when she leaves Georgia and the hus-

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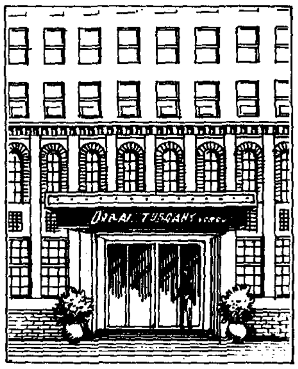

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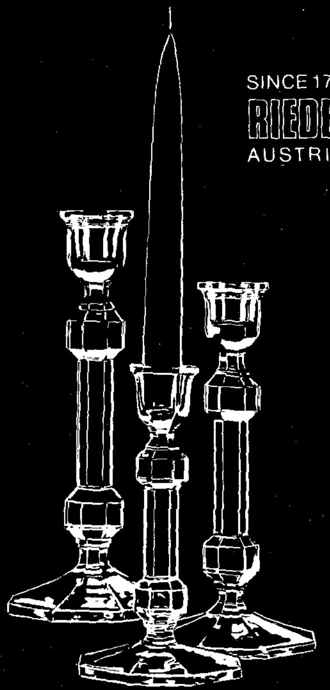

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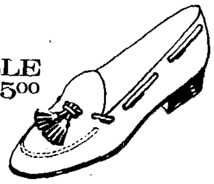

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band who's brutalizing her, and, with her three small children, goes to live with her invalid mother in Nashville; she supports her kids and herself by working as a cocktail waitress while she attends Vanderbilt University. She graduates, at thirty-two, in 1974, and goes to work for the government, in a series of jobs that culminate two years later in the chairmanship of the parole board. It all zips by quickly—her chronically ill child, crisis after crisis—and the events don't seem to be of interest in themselves. They're preparation for the courtroom proceedings at the end, after she has refused to go along with the orders she is given. Governor Ray Blanton charges her with irregularities in her expense accounts and fires her publicly, on television; she sues him for unlawful dismissal, and creates a political scandal. The implicit question is what formed Marie's character. How did she develop the moral resources to fight the state machine? But all we get is the hardships she goes through—not how she is strengthened by dealing with them. Things never seem to register on her fully or sink in; nothing even leaves a residue—Marie seems untouched.

Fine, magnetic actress though she is, Sissy Spacek doesn't appear to have any way of communicating experience, maturity, womanhood. (This weakened the second half of "Coal Miner's Daughter.") It isn't her tininess that limits her; it's the girlish, small-voiced acting style that she developed because of it. In "Marie," she's playing a woman in high position who is involved in making life-and-death decisions, but she moves and talks like a private, unobtrusive person; at parole hearings, her words have a tinkling unimportance. Spacek's manner might have been used to dramatic effect if the officials who put Marie in office were counting on her to be as docile and slight as she looked and then she surprised them. But Briley's script doesn't take account of her gossamer quality, and we never see her turn the tables and show some shrewdness, some awareness. The story the movie tells doesn't add up right: What did she think she was getting into when she took the job? Could she have been as naïve as the movie presents her as being and still function? This Marie may be an exact replica of the real Marie Ragghianti, but she has no existence as a character; she's too good—and too dinky—to be believable.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

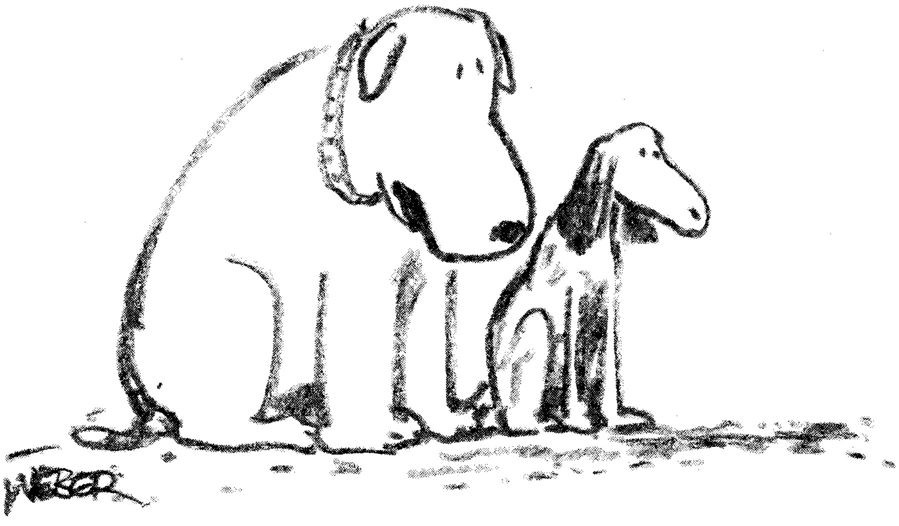
Thursday Splendor

THE so-called stagione—as opposed to the repertory—way of putting on operas allows a company to focus its forces intently on the polished presentation of just one or two shows at a time. This season, the first six weeks of the New York City Opera, a repertory company, brought ten operas: "The Student Prince," "La Rondine," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Carmen," "The Mikado," "La Cenerentola," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "Attila," "Norma," and "I Puritani." The first six weeks of the English National Opera brought three: an elaborately spectacular (but, I thought, heavy and hideous) new production of "Orpheus in the Underworld" and revivals of "Rigoletto" and "Così Fan Tutte." The first five days of the Metropolitan season brought four operas: "Tosca," "Jenůfa," "Falstaff," and "Der Rosenkavalier." The first two weeks of the Covent Garden season brought two: Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Donnerstag," a new production, given six performances, and a revival of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," done twice. "Donnerstag" ("Thursday")—music, libretto, dance, actions, and gestures composed by Stockhausen—is a work that stretches a company's scenic, technical, and organizational resources to the utmost. It lasted about five and a half hours, counting from the brass, piano, and percussion Greeting that welcomed the audience in the foyers of the theatre to a five-trumpet Farewell that at the earlier London performances was played from windows and balconies in the street outside Covent Garden but was then moved into the theatre after protest from wakened residents of the quarter. The work is one "day" of a seven-day opera-in-progress, "Licht," upon which Stockhausen embarked in 1977. A scene from "Tuesday," called "The Course of the Years," appeared in Tokyo that year. Scenes from "Thursday" appeared in Donaueschingen (1978), Jerusalem (1979), and Amsterdam (1980); the whole opera was assembled and staged at La Scala in 1981. (A Deutsche Grammophon recording was published in 1983.) During the next three years, parts of "Saturday" appeared in Metz, Assisi, Donaueschingen, and Ann Arbor; the whole opera was assembled and staged by La Scala last year. Stockhausen is now busy with "Monday," and seriatim premières of its parts have been announced.

The principal characters of "Licht" are Michael, Eve, and Lucifer. "Thursday" is essentially Michael's drama, "Saturday" is Lucifer's, and "Monday" will be Eve's. In 1977, Stockhausen devised a formula—or genetic cell, or microcosmic blueprint—in which Michael's, Eve's, and Lucifer's themes are ranged on three staves, and vertical bars divide the days. The themes are strongly characterized and soon become recognizable. The tonality, pitches, melodies, proportions of "Licht" are derived from this formula. It is reproduced and some of its applications in "Thursday" are lucidly demonstrated in Peter Britton's article "Stockhausen's Path to Opera," in the September *Musical Times*. In Mr. Britton's words, "The *Formel* blueprint, in which the groundplan for each opera, each act and each scene is implicit, provides a touchstone of coherence. It will suggest new paths if the imagination falters; it will also adapt itself to unpredictable surges of inspiration, the intuitive 'flashes' that are so vital." The coherence of "Thursday" and, even more, of "Saturday" has, however, been questioned. Act I of "Thursday" is a trio, Act II a trumpet concerto, and Act III something like a scenic oratorio. The circumstances of the commissions that gave rise to each scene have plainly played a part in the shaping of the operas: "Saturday" includes a band episode, composed for the Symphony Band of the University of Michigan (which went on to Milan to take part in the première of the whole opera), while the segment first heard in Assisi is a setting of words of St. Francis. The performers close to Stockhausen have also determined to some extent the forces he employs: his trumpeter son, Markus, is one of the incarnations of Michael, and the clarinettist Suzanne Stephens is one of the incarnations of Eve; "Thursday" also has prominent roles for his pianist daughter, Majella, and his saxophonist son, Simon. Chance events have also played their part: a strike by the Scala chorus which maimed the earlier performances of "Thursday" is echoed in an episode of "Saturday." The variety of forces, forms, textures, and matter seems to me, however, a strength and a pleasure of "Thursday." (I've not heard "Saturday.") The grand design is flexible enough to admit of incidentals that come along. The somewhat ramshackle construction saves the work from solemn pretentiousness. There's even a playful quality about much of it, although the essential seriousness is not in doubt and inner musical integrity is not compromised.

In "Thursday," Michael, Eve, and Lucifer are given each a threefold embodiment: by a singer (tenor, soprano, and bass), an instrumentalist (trumpet, basset horn, and trombone), and a mime/dancer. The composer summarizes the plot thus:

> Michael is the Creator-Angel of the local universe of which our Earth is a tiny part. He is engaged on the great experiment which is Man, despite the opposition of Lucifer, the purist intellectual. The ex-



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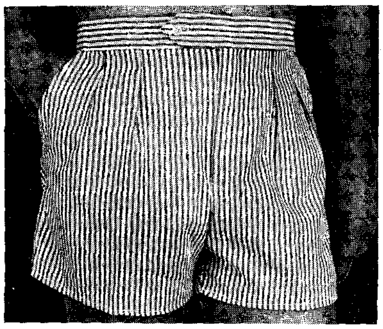

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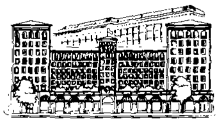

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periment, in which Eve has taken responsibility for the quality of new human beings, will involve Michael coming to the Earth, experiencing human life and returning to the heavens. During this process we first see Eve as Michael's earthly Mother and as his lover and artistic muse Moon-Eve, and Lucifer as Michael's earthly Father.

Act I, "Michael's Youth," is apparently autobiographical. The boy's mother delights in his skills. His father, a schoolmaster, takes him shooting. His mother is removed to an insane asylum, and is there put to death. His father joins the Nazi Party, and goes to war. In the second scene, Michael meets Moon-Eve, a fantastic bird-woman, playing the basset horn, and "discovers that he can control the creature's music by erotically playing with her body." The third scene is his examination for entrance to the Musikhochschule: as singer, as trumpeter, and as singer, trumpeter, and dancer together he recounts the matter of the previous scenes in three "trial songs" that insure his enthusiastic admission. The principals perform against the mysterious, fluctuating background of a drone chord (sounding, on trumpet, basset horn, and trombone, the three pitches that open the Thursday segment of the formula) and a distant, invisible choir, both of them on tape. The examination scene is also accompanied by brilliant, quirky music from an onstage piano.

Act II, "Michael's Journey Around the Earth," is a chapter of musical autobiography. The trumpeter Michael plays his call and climbs aboard an immense globe, which rotates through a star-filled sky and brings his music into contact with musics of Germany, New York, Japan, Bali, India, Central Africa, and Jerusalem. It's a stretch of rich, exciting, and very dramatic composition: a concerto for trumpet and chamber orchestra with important, enacted roles for a pair of clarinets, a trombone, a tuba, and a double-bass. Moon-Eve reappears. Slowly, *tenderly,* trumpet and basset horn learn one another's melodies. The orchestra dissolves into a chromatic shimmer, a soft-sparkling cascade, and (in the words of the libretto) "the sounds of the trumpet (playing the Eve formula . . .) and basset horn (playing the Michael formula . . .) are flying very slowly and peacefully across the sky, revolving around each other, circling around, gliding." The love duet closes on a rapturous unison trill.

In Act III, "Michael's Return Home," the archangel in his triple manifestation, rejected of men, is greeted on high by Eve, in hers. She has arranged a festival of welcome: invisible choirs (on tape) ring the theatre; there are five choirs onstage, and in the pit a full orchestra. It's a glorious flood of sound. Michael is presented with three mystical plants, the significance of whose forms is explained. Three wondrous "compositions of light" appear. Then Lucifer interrupts the proceedings: as dancer, he suddenly emerges from a globe given to Michael as a souvenir of his earthly visit; as trombonist, he tap-dances on and engages the trumpeter Michael in a duel; as bass, he harangues the tenor Michael from the audience. Dancer and trombonist are routed, and the bass retires in disgust; his last words ("You're a fool! a fool! a fool!") circle around the theatre and drift into the distance. E-flat, the final pitch in the Thursday segment of the formula, steals through the house, and the triple Michael turns to the audience: the tenor sings (in slow motion, and on E-flat) the Michael theme; the trumpeter sounds the Lucifer theme in sequences gradually invaded by and taken over by Michael's music; and the dancer mediates between the two. In seven brief shadow plays, episodes from the previous action are reënacted, and their music is recalled, while Michael declares that on earth he experienced

Melodies of childhood . . .
Intensity of love . . .
Chromaticism of the soul . . .
Harmony of languages . . .
Audiogrammar of the emotions . . .
Ecstasy of polyphony . . .
Light of the resurrection . . .

The acrostic is picked out in light. Then "a wonderful arc of light" spans the stage, and Michael sings:

I became a man . . .
as child born from a human mother's
  womb
to grow, to learn, to aspire,
childlike to invent games with sounds
which, even in human form, still move
  the souls of angels:
that is the meaning of *THURSDAY*
  from LIGHT.

I became a man . . .
to bring celestial music to humans
and human music to the celestial beings,
so that Man may listen to GOD
and GOD may hear his children . . .

The lights fade, and outside the theatre the trumpet calls of Michael's Farewell have started to sound.

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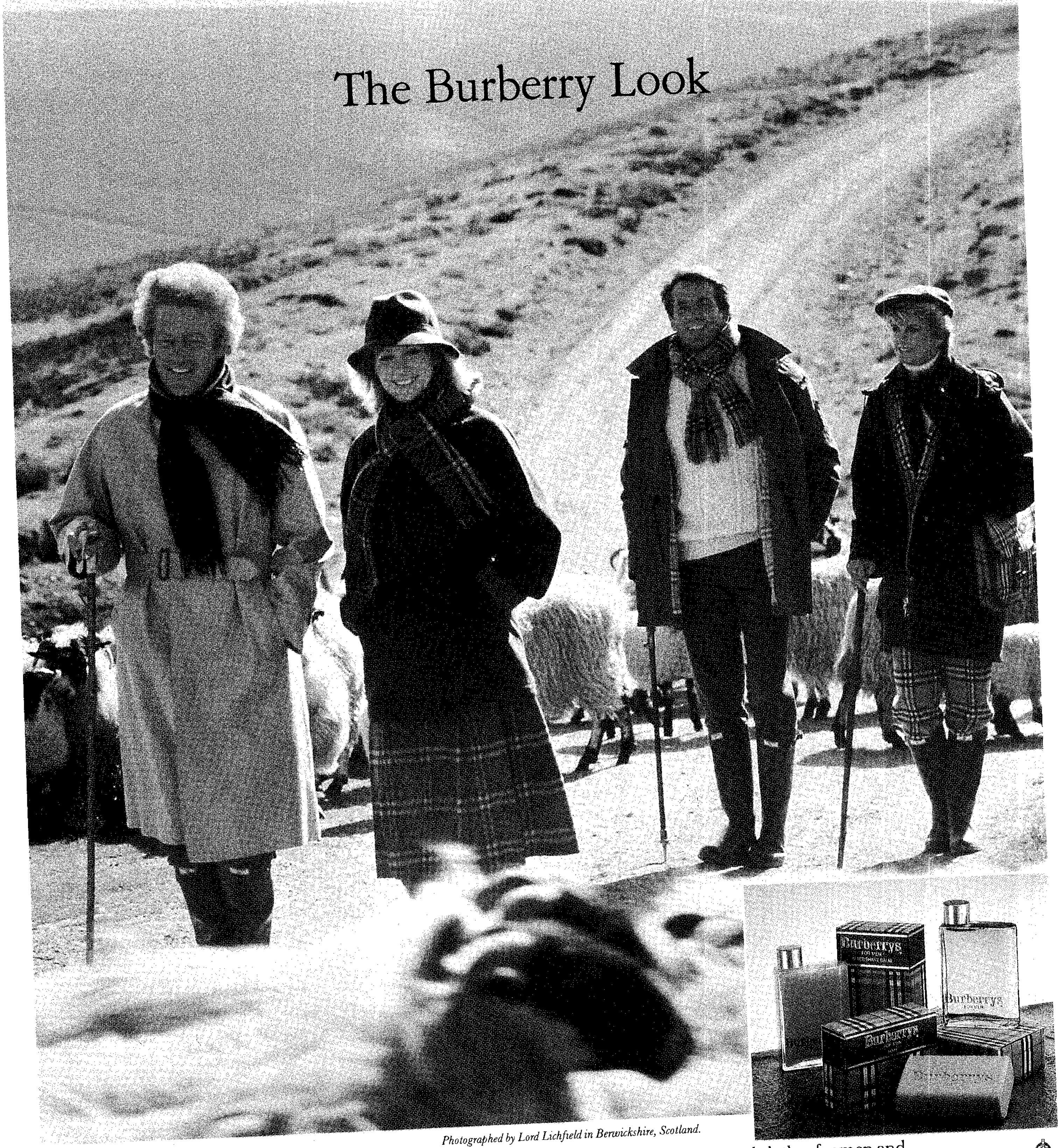

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this recalls the prophetic books of Blake. With Isaiah in Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," Stockhausen might say, "My senses discover'd the infinite in every thing," and with Ezekiel that he was moved by "the desire of raising other men into a perception of the infinite." Blake had asked the Prophets, over dinner, "how they dared so roundly to assert that God spake to them; and whether they did not think at the time that they would be misunderstood." Stockhausen, in a talk before the London première, called Michael, Eve, and Lucifer "living realities," and his opera "nothing but a ritual which tries to evoke them." "I am confident that the angels will be with us tomorrow night," he said. (One critic recalled Hotspur's common-sense retort to Owen Glendower, who boasted that he could call spirits from the vasty deep: "Why, so can I, or so can any man; But will they come when you do call for them?") The composer makes lofty claims, and does so with a confidence that allows his Lucifer, in the final confrontation, to play devil advocate: "Don't you have any sense of humor, little Jupiter? . . . How many more JOURNEYS AROUND THE EARTH does Michael wish to trumpet? How many more FESTIVALS does he wish to have celebrated in his honor?" And Michael himself admits to the audience that "I know many of you will ridicule me when I sing to you." Whether angels wafted with their wings through Covent Garden during the two performances of "Thursday" that I attended, I know not. But I can affirm that hearing and seeing the drama is an engrossing, enjoyable, and elevating adventure. Ear, mind, and spirit are engaged. And, as I suggested, moments of jokiness, naïveté—silliness, even—save the work from being unbearably solemn: Stockhausen-Sarastro has a vein of Papageno in him. There is a great deal to listen to and to watch. Some of the spans, especially in the last scene, are traversed slowly. But things happen; the music doesn't fall into simplistic repetitions or numbing stasis. There are counterpoints to follow. There are supple melodies and rich harmonies. There are wonderful sounds—new and stirring sounds. The score is a culmination of the marvellous musics—in whose making Michael's vision, Lucifer's technical skills, and the inspiration of Eve's love seem to have conspired—that have poured from Stockhausen during the last thirty years. The land of "Licht" is reached after journeys through "Gesang der Jünglinge," "Gruppen," "Momente," "Hymnen," "Stimmung," "Mantra," "Trans," "Inori," "Sirius." The mystic, intuitive compositions of "Aus den Sieben Tagen" and the small-force music-theatre entertainments were also steps on the way. An approach for London audiences was paved earlier this year by a seven-day Stockhausen retrospective, presented by the BBC, with open rehearsals, films, lectures, and six concerts.

When "Licht" is complete, it will keep analysts busy for decades as they trace and define the musical processes, the symbolism, the mythology, anima and ego aspects of Eve and Lucifer, links between autobiography and imagined events, and the interdependences of all these. (If Stockhausen's wives and companions have kept diaries, they may one day make reading as fascinating as Cosima Wagner's.) But what matters most now is the excitement of entering this huge, ambitious work, responding to the sounds and sights, trying to understand it, and feeling, perhaps, that it is—by intention, at least—something like a Divine Comedy and a Comédie Humaine in one.

The Covent Garden production, designed by Maria Björnson, was less beautiful than—to judge from photographs—the spare, clear Scala première, designed by Gae Aulenti, but it was rich, dramatic, and technically exuberant, with a huge openwork globe, Michael aboard, rotating in Act II, and in Act III a vast wheel capable of many motions and metamorphoses. Chris Ellis's lighting was subtle and bold, by turns stark, lustrous, jewelled. Michael Bogdanov's staging was confident, imaginative, powerful, and concerned to serve the work, not gloss it with directorial effects. (The ethnic vignettes marking the stages of Michael's Journey fell into cliché; that was presumably by intention, but the music could be better matched.) The performers were without exception accomplished and eloquent. Some of them were those of the Scala production: Markus Stockhausen, a shining trumpeter Michael, and Michèle Noiret, his limpid dance incarnation; Annette Meriweather, a warm, radiant soprano, Miss Stephens, a tender, lyrical basset-hornist, and Elisabeth Clarke, a bright dancer, the three Eves; Alain Louafi, a crisply danced

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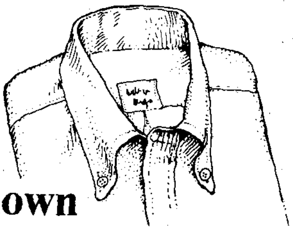

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and mimed Lucifer; Majella Stockhausen, deft accompanist at the examination; Simon Stockhausen, a burly saxophone-playing seraph; Peter Eötvös, the masterly conductor. Others were new: Julian Pike, admirable as the tenor Michael; the fine young bass Nicholas Isherwood and the vivid trombonist Michael Svoboda, both trenchant Lucifers. Covent Garden orchestra players—Ashley Wall (tuba), John Bakewell (double-bass), James Watson and Peter Reeve (trumpets), and David Petken (trombone)—took the stage with aplomb. Although the word setting insures that a good deal of the text is audible, and although the singing Eve and Lucifer were American and the singing Michael was British, "Thursday" was done in the original German. Against the loss of direct communicativeness must be placed the fact that Stockhausen often uses vowels and consonants for their sonic effect: "Ein Narr!" cannot be translated to allow a final rolled "r." A bilingual libretto was available. The soloists—singers and instrumentalists—had each an individual microphone, and over forty more microphones were used in the pit and on the stage and the side stages. Loudspeakers ringed the theatre. Stockhausen, with assistants, sat in the center of the house, a thirty-six-channel mixer before him and a twenty-four-channel mixer beside him, to control balances, dynamics, and timbres. The "sound perspectives" were exquisitely fashioned; the only bothering moments came during a stretch in the last act when Miss Meriweather's voice, on the top line of a long, full ensemble, sounded unnaturally boosted. Covent Garden had devoted to "Thursday" the long weeks of concentrated rehearsal that in summers past it used to spend preparing the annual "Ring" cycles. Its production was a high and inspiring achievement. —ANDREW PORTER

•

If Jane Austen had written about sexual passion and then placed her heroine in a South African frontier town under military siege, the result might be startlingly similar to Colin Burke's *Kimberley.—Blurb in the fall, 1985, catalogue from St. Martin's Press.*

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, OCTOBER 11

CHRISTO has wrapped up the Pont Neuf in polyamide, and the government is trying to wrap up *l'affaire Greenpeace* and not doing very well. Last month, *Le Canard Enchaîné* produced a plan for Christo to wrap the Élysée, with François Mitterrand inside, saying that this would solve the President's problem of how to stay in the Élysée after such a scandal, as well as Christo's problem of how to prove to his critics that he does not spend millions of dollars wrapping up things without some useful purpose in mind. Jeanne-Claude Christo, who orchestrates her husband's projects, is French and a general's daughter, and the general—his name was Jacques de Guillebon, and he was Maréchal Leclerc's *chef d'état-major* during the Liberation of Paris—tried to use his influence to see that *le Pont* (as it was called by the climbers and divers and carpenters and bargemen who did the wrapping) went off smoothly and discreetly, without too much trouble from the politicians. Even so, wrapping the bridge took Christo ten years. He needed permission from the mayor, Jacques Chirac, and Chirac could not make up his mind, because he wanted to be President of France, too, and was worried about what two weeks of a wrapped Pont Neuf would do to his reputation as a candidate. It was never a question of the people in Paris. Chirac likes to appear to Parisians as a man of taste and culture, a friend to art and to the avant-garde, and during the *rentrée* he can be seen regularly at dance festivals and Pierre Boulez concerts, dozing in his seat until Mme. Chirac pokes him. It was the people in the provinces who worried Chirac—the people who vote for his Rassemblement pour la République because Jacques Chirac has assured them that the R.P.R. is not so much a party as a monument to Charles de Gaulle and to the General's solid Catholic values. Those values do not involve wrapping the cultural patrimony in polyamide.

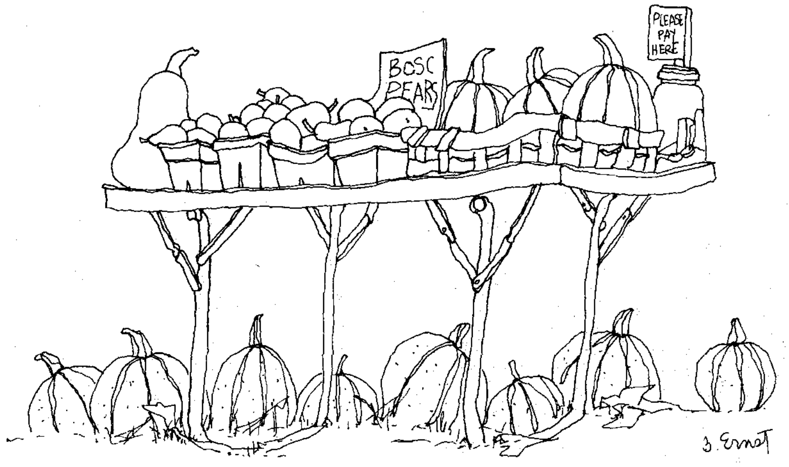
Chirac is a deputy from the Corrèze as well as mayor of Paris, and what the Corréziens heard about Christo was that he was a troublemaker who had once barricaded the Rue Visconti with rusty oil barrels—the barrels were up for six hours before the police removed them—and therefore must have had something to do with 1968 and their rebellious children, with riots in the streets and poems to Che Guevara and Mao Zedong and all the other terrible, anarchic things that broke de Gaulle's heart and sent him away to Ireland to grieve among strangers. By the time Chirac reluctantly agreed to Christo's project, it was 1983, and he was running for mayor again, and this time his friends in the R.P.R. said that he would lose votes right here in Paris if the zealots from the Front National started identifying him with anything as *louche* and "foreign" as a bridge wrapped by a Bulgarian artist from New York. Christo got his permission from the Mairie only after Chirac was safely installed there for another term, and then he had to start all over again, with the Socialists, because the Pont Neuf belongs to the city *and* the state as far as permissions are concerned, and the city and the state are usually more interested in sabotaging each other's projects than in sharing them. Mitterrand's Préfet de Police de Paris, for one, thought that Christo was a public nuisance. It took an order from President Mitterrand to start the project, and two hundred people working from barges and hanging from ropes and negotiating the bottom of the Seine in frogman suits to finish it—and when the hundred tons of ballast and chain and the three miles of steel cable and the nearly half-million square feet of polyamide were all in place and the bridge wrapped up and tied, Paris accommodated it like any other piece of the city, the way Paris accommodated in their time the Eiffel Tower and the colored pipes of Beaubourg and the arches and obelisks and Orientalist fantasies that people have put here since the Gauls pitched skin shelters in the woods that are still under the Pont Neuf on the Île de la Cité.

"Oh, boy! Get a load of that ravaged face!"

The interesting thing about the wrapped Pont Neuf was that in a few hours it looked as if it had always been around. It looked comfortable. It was not witty, like Christo's pink-petalled islands off Miami, which were a corsage for the city, gaudy and exuberant and touching. It had none of the breathtaking beauty of his "Running Fence" of white nylon that had dipped and curved across a couple of California counties until it dropped, suddenly, into the Pacific and disappeared. The "Running Fence" had involved a whole community of ranchers in an almost Keatsian apprehension of time and loss, and the best part of it may have been the moment that Albert and David Maysles caught in a remarkable movie they made about the fence—the moment some of those old Sonoma Valley ranchers came out to see it for the first time. The best part of the wrapped Pont Neuf was the moment when Parisians began to ignore it. The polyamide on the bridge, which was dyed the pale-gold color of old Paris stone, got dirty the way Paris's buildings and monuments get dirty, and after about a week it faded into the city and people began to joke about getting it sandblasted, like Notre Dame or the Mairie. In fact, in certain light, if you were coming from the east, it looked like the ramparts of some ancient Île de la Cité fortress—of a piece, really, with the Conciergerie, around the corner on the Quai de l'Horloge. About two hundred thousand people came to see the Pont Neuf every day and walked it and touched it, and it gave the intellectuals here something to talk about. They observed that the wrapping, with its long, deep folds, was "remarkably French in its commentary." They compared Christo wrapping the bridge to a great couturier dressing a woman: they discussed the "firm softness" of the pleats and talked about the "lovely revealed curves" of the arches. Afternoons, on the bridge, you could hear the students and professors from the neighborhood discoursing on the meaning of the pleat, on the "evident outside and mysterious inside," on the "vaginal folds" in Mallarmé's poetry and the "grimacing folds" of the mourning coats that Baudelaire's women wore. Sometimes they talked about Jacques Derrida's deconstruction of *le pli*, and sometimes about the "wrapped space of the bourgeois interior," with its art collections and its private household objects, which Maeterlinck wrote about and Walter Benjamin described, and a young professor from my building whom I ran into on the bridge decided that Christo had made a kind of ultimate statement about bourgeois capitalism—he had "collected" the Pont Neuf for himself by wrapping it up. When the professor and his friends got bored with the Pont Neuf, they said that perhaps it was Roland Barthes who had had the really interesting idea about surfaces. They quoted from Barthes's famous essay on the Citroën DS19, with its smooth and molded surfaces signifying perfection, "like the tunic of Christ," and the professor went off to write an article to the effect that the fundamental opposition in Western culture was the opposition between draped and flat things, with Christo for the moment on the draped side of the argument. Thus, the wrapped Pont Neuf entered what Parisians like to call *le discours*. Then it was time to take it down.

THE Greenpeace affair is not really about the ecology of the South Pacific or secret agents blowing up the protest boat called Rainbow Warrior or France's right to test its bombs at a safe distance of halfway around the world because it happens to own some suitable atolls there. Everyone I know here seems to have a good idea of what it is not about, but nobody can say for sure why, exactly, it is so absorbing. A *conseiller d'état* who lives around the corner from me and is following the affair from what could be called a constitutional point of view tells me it has a lot to do with the country's obsession with "honor." He says to think of honor as a kind of wrapping for authority (he had seen the Pont Neuf, too) that is taken out and dusted off and aggressively adjusted whenever the country is feeling defeated or weak or humiliated—as a way of rearranging history and of announcing what the authority of the future will be. Honor, he says, has nothing to do with morality or integrity—it has to do with the appearance of integrity. He says he cannot name one Frenchman who questions the morality of blowing up a boat because it was heading for French territorial waters to protest French nuclear testing or the morality of the government's having lied about Greenpeace for at least two months, or of the army's having lied. Lying in politics is not the sin in France that it is in what my friend the *conseiller* calls "the touching Protestant countries." Incompetence *is* a sin, and incompetent deception is unpardonable. One of the first things children learn in school here is that Fifth Republic France is as smooth and seamless as one of Barthes's Citroëns, with none of its insides showing, none of the adjustments and interventions and compromises that it takes to keep it running—a triumph, so to speak, of political technology, and not at all like the jumble of institutions in other countries, disputatious and exposed. The French were ashamed not because they were blowing up Greenpeace boats but because they were caught blowing up Greenpeace boats and became disputatious and exposed themselves. "Criminal and stupid," Mitterrand said, when he finally had to say something.

France and the Greenpeace flotilla—seven sailboats and tugs and trawlers that travel to nuclear-waste and nuclear-test sites carrying protesters—are old antagonists. In 1972, a French minesweeper rammed a Greenpeace boat off Mururoa, a Polynesian atoll where the French do a lot of their underground testing. In 1973, French marines boarded the same boat and beat up David McTaggart, the Canadian ecologist who founded Greenpeace, and his crew, and after that there were run-ins every few years. The commander of France's test-site forces has come to expect trouble of some sort from ecologists whenever the country schedules a round of testing, and last spring, when tests on Mururoa were announced, the commander—at the time it was an admiral by the name of Henri Fagès—wrote to Paris requesting permission to "anticipate" a Greenpeace protest. Sometime in March or April, French secret agents—at least two women and somewhere between five and ten men—started moving in on Greenpeace groups in the South Pacific. The men who have been identified or accounted for belonged to an Army under-



water commando unit based in Aspretto, Corsica, and attached to something called Action Service, which is itself a kind of élite hit and sabotage squad of the Direction Générale de la Sécurité Extérieure, the French Secret Service. The women were officers directly assigned to Action Service by the D.G.S.E. Three of these agents went to New Caledonia and signed on as crew for a doctor from Dieppe, who supposedly wanted to have a South Seas sailing holiday. Two more agents—a man and one of the women—arrived in New Zealand for a "honeymoon" and set off in a hired camper to be alone. Eventually, other agents appeared in Auckland. Working with the honeymooners (who carried Swiss passports and called themselves M. and Mme. Turenge) and with the doctor's crew, two of the frogmen managed to attach two bombs to the hull of the Rainbow Warrior, which exploded on July 10th in Auckland harbor. Everybody fled the boat when the first bomb went off except a young Portuguese photographer, who ran belowdecks to save his camera equipment. The second bomb killed him.

There were not many people in New Zealand to arrest. The frogmen disappeared. The doctor's crew managed to get away after a couple of policemen found them on Norfolk Island and started asking questions. The doctor himself came back to Paris, claiming that all the talk about frogmen and secret agents on his boat had ruined his holiday. But the honeymooners were picked up by the Auckland police when they returned their camper to a rent-a-car garage, and they immediately used the police station's telephone to call a secret emergency number at D.G.S.E. headquarters in Paris and report that they had been arrested—thus letting anyone who happened to be listening in know precisely who they were. Eventually, the people who knew included (along with the Auckland police and the D.G.S.E. switchboard operators) the British Secret Service, Interpol, and the French Interior Ministry, which has its own secret police, the Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire, and spies regularly on the D.G.S.E. in the manner of an F.B.I. spying on a C.I.A. But that was July, and no one in France seemed very interested in Greenpeace in July, least of all the President, who knew that *les faux Turenges* (as they are called here) were agents because his Interior Minister, Pierre Joxe, drove right to the

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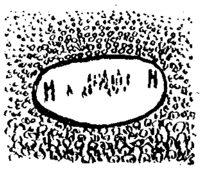
Élysée and told him. It was not until August, when a reporter from a weekly tabloid called *VSD* (for Vendredi, Samedi, and Dimanche) recognized a Secret Service contact in a picture of the crew on the doctor's sailboat and started to track the story down, that people in Paris realized what a summer scandal they had. The Élysée replied to the news with an official disclaimer in the form of a report, dutifully, if cynically, compiled by an old Gaullist named Bernard Tricot, who had been called in to make an "impartial investigation" for the President.

Last month, *Le Monde* took up the Greenpeace affair, and then Mitterrand had to say something—if only that "we are learning from the newspapers what we cannot get from our own intelligence." In fact, most people said that the paper was getting its information from Mitterrand's Interior Ministry, and presumably with the blessing of the Minister, who, for reasons having to do with Party problems and election politics and his own ambitions and simple common sense, wanted the government to come clean and save whatever face it could before the public prosecutor in Auckland brought *les faux Turenges* to trial on murder charges. *Le Monde* had been waiting for something like Greenpeace. The paper had been having problems for almost as long as France had been having problems with Greenpeace boats—money problems and the problems of boring too many of its readers with meditations called "Whither the Left?" and anxious headlines about the rising dollar followed by anxious headlines about the falling dollar, not to mention its own weakness for the honor of the state and its reluctance to subject a Socialist President to what is known in France as "Anglo-Saxon journalism." The paper had got a new director not long before the Action Service commandos started for the South Pacific, and the director—his name was André Fontaine, and he had been at *Le Monde* for nearly forty years—was determined to make *Le Monde* snappier. It was his good fortune to have a *gorge profonde* (as the paper put it) as reliable as the Interior Ministry, and the paper's reputation as the country's journal of record to back him up. There is not much of a muckraking tradition in France. It has been considered disrespectful for any paper but *Le Canard Enchaîné* (which is there to be disrespectful) to discuss the country as if it were an ordinary place, like England or America, and this is probably why *Le Monde* has often been so brilliant in its foreign reporting and so tedious in its reporting from home. It was something of a revolution when *Le Monde* took on the Greenpeace affair. The paper's Paris circulation went up twelve thousand copies in a single day. Parisians were elated and talked about the brave young reporters who must have spent their summer holidays keeping dangerous rendezvous in bad neighborhoods to get their story. The paper itself ran articles modestly referring to Robert Woodward and Carl Bernstein. (Actually, the most dangerous rendezvous any reporter in Paris seems to have had was at a pleasant café across the street from D.G.S.E. headquarters; *Le Monde* reporters supposedly got their "leaks" hand delivered to their offices on the Rue des Italiens).



What *Le Monde* confirmed was that the government had been covering for a bungled act of sabotage that was probably (as Mitterrand said) stupid to have undertaken in the first place and certainly stupid to have bungled. (The bombs on the Rainbow Warrior were never intended to kill anyone. They were set to go off in Auckland harbor rather than at sea, where the boat would certainly have sunk, and they were timed so that the crew would flee after the first explosion, leaving the boat empty for the second, stronger blast.) It was, as Joseph Fouché, the man who created France's Secret Service, put it when Napoleon ordered the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, "worse than a crime—it was a blunder." People in the government began to take it for granted that Mitterrand had lied in saying he knew nothing about Greenpeace until he read about it in the papers, although by then Mitterrand's office was orchestrating its own leaks to the press, which had to do with the President jumping up at Cabinet meetings and crying, "I want to know! I want to know!" They took it for granted that Laurent Fabius, the Prime Minister, may have had to lie, too. They started accusing each other of lying, and by the time they stopped nine people had been implicated in either the decision to bomb the Rainbow Warrior or the decision to cover up the bombing, including Mitterrand's (at the time)

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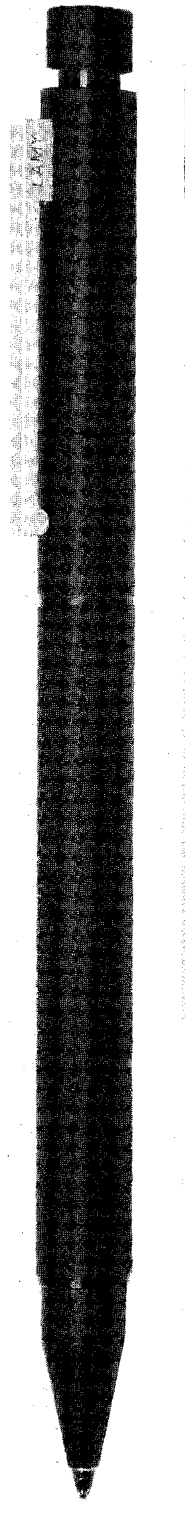

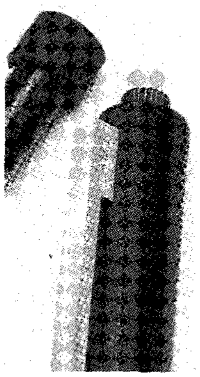

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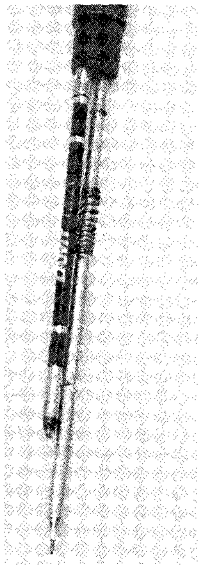

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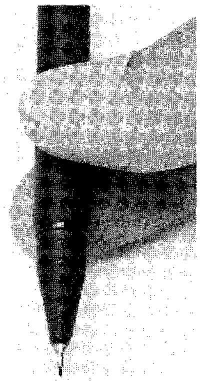

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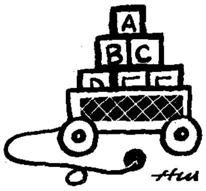
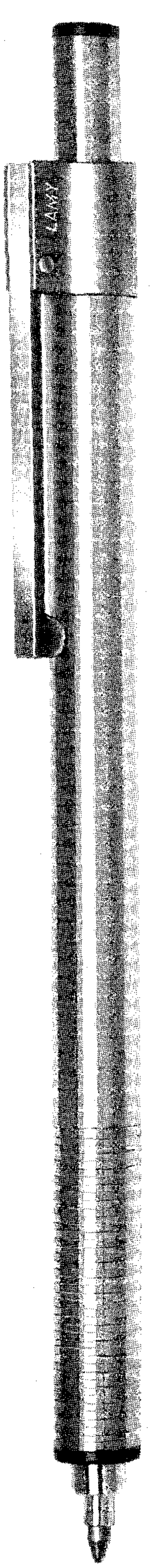
military adviser, Fabius' military adviser, the admiral in charge of the French Secret Service, the Minister of Defense, and the *chefs de cabinet* from Matignon and the Élysée. The Minister of Defense resigned then—or, rather, the Prime Minister announced his resignation. His name was Charles Hernu, and he was one of Mitterrand's oldest and closest friends in the government—loyal during the twenty years that Mitterrand fought for the Presidency and, it turned out, immensely useful once Mitterrand had it. He was a gendarme's son who had grown up loving soldiers and soldiering and had never lost that fascination. The generals trusted him, and it was his job to persuade them to trust Mitterrand, too. Not many of them were notably well disposed to a Socialist President to begin with (and none of them to a Socialist President who kept four Communists in his Cabinet during his first two years in office), but Hernu won them over and became a kind of lobby for the army at the Élysée. In the end, it was a question of whether Hernu controlled the army or the army Hernu. He would not blame his generals for Greenpeace. He would not "sacrifice" his army, he said, to save face for his government, or even for his friend François Mitterrand, and so, reluctantly, he sacrificed himself—and refused to answer the people who wanted to know if Charles Hernu had been the man to say about the Rainbow Warrior, "Who will free me from this turbulent priest?" In a way, the admiral who ran the Secret Service sacrificed himself, too. His name was Pierre Lacoste, and by all reports he was the most prudent of conspirators—the one who had held back, insisting that bombing the Rainbow Warrior would accomplish nothing that could not be accomplished simply by turning it back or putting it out of commission (the way protest boats were often said to be put out of commission when they got near French waters, with a little damage to the engine, or a little something in the pot-au-feu to give the crew indigestion). But he refused to account for Greenpeace when the Élysée demanded an accounting. He said he had a "professional duty" to protect his men, and, by saying that, he challenged Mitterrand's right, as President of France, to any information he sought. Lacoste was fired, and five D.G.S.E. agents were arrested on charges of leaking secret information to the press. One of them, it turned out, had been stationed for a while at the underwater commando base in Corsica. He was evidently troubled in Corsica—troubled not only by the fact that the agents there were fanatically anti-Socialist but that *le discours*, as *Le Monde* put it, was subversive. He had written to Hernu, and even to Mitterrand, to complain.

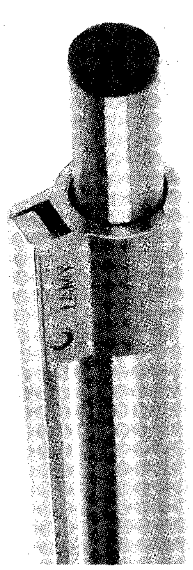


The Secret Service used to be an independent service, responsible to the Prime Minister. It was turned over to the Minister of Defense in 1965, after the Moroccan dissident Mehdi Ben Barka was kidnapped in Paris, outside the Brasserie Lipp, and killed by French policemen and agents presumably in the pay of the Moroccan Interior Minister, General Muhammad Oufkir. Its name was changed and, more to the point, it was directly connected to the military. There are twenty-five hundred agents in the D.G.S.E., and some fifteen hundred of them are Army or Navy officers on loan to the agency—which is why the honor of the military came into the Greenpeace affair, and not just the competence of the Secret Service. The officers in the D.G.S.E. are clearly happier with an admiral like Pierre Lacoste in charge than with the civilian chiefs they sometimes have. Mitterrand's first director of the D.G.S.E. was a civilian. His name was Pierre Marion, and he started out at the office by firing agents he considered reactionary. Some of those agents broke into his flat one night and carried him off, and the next morning he woke up adrift in a dinghy in the Mediterranean. When he was fired, Admiral Lacoste took over. And when Lacoste was fired Mitterrand replaced him with another military man, a general named René Imbot. Imbot was tough, in a steely, Foreign Legion sort of way—which seems to have been what Mitterrand wanted. A week after he took over, he put on his uniform and the medals and ribbons and sashes from a dozen North African and Indo-Chinese campaigns and went on television to glare at the country and talk about how he had uncovered a dark plot at the heart of the D.G.S.E., whose intention was nothing less than the destabilization of the French Secret Service and thus of "one of the five great nuclear powers in the world." Without saying any more, he announced that the matter was in good hands—his hands—and, as far as the rest of France was concerned, closed. By then, it seemed as if a lot of people wanted it closed. *Le Monde* had already renounced some of the pleasures of its "underwatergate" to say that the honor of France and of the men who ran France was never in question, nor was the "deep unity" of the French people and their army or the "fundamental consensus" on which the nuclear authority of France rests. And after that, as is the custom here in a crisis, everybody with a name and an opinion on the crisis contributed that opinion to the *Débats* page of the paper. The young director Patrice Chéreau wrote in to say that the obsession with Greenpeace was distressing him. He said there was a lot of false naïveté in expecting a Secret Service to function perfectly—which means in perfect secrecy—and at the same time to be perfectly "transparent" about its orders and directives. Certainly it would have been naïve to expect Pierre Lacoste to check with the Élysée every time one of his twenty-five hundred agents went off spying or sabotaging or "neutralizing," or whatever else secret agents do, and it is unlikely that he could have checked if he had wanted to—the real secrecy in agencies like the D.G.S.E. is secrecy in the field. And certainly it would have been naïve to expect important people to sit around at the Élysée all day examining D.G.S.E. dossiers as if they were *baccalauréat* scores. But the problem with Greenpeace seems to be that a lot of important people *did* sit around discussing what to do with the Rainbow Warrior, and for the French this raises the question of why those people decided to bomb the trawler when the correct—if the word applies—procedure with protest boats is to track them until they reach your territorial waters and then either turn them back or seize them. It raises the diplomatic question of France's "right" to plant bombs on boats in a friendly country's harbor. It raises the tactical question of what good blowing up a Greenpeace boat would do besides provide the ecologists with a lot of free publicity—which is what their missions are for. It raises the question of security which was so darkly suggested by General Imbot and then much taken up by the papers—the question of whether there was in fact a sabotage plot within a sabotage plot. (The plot-within-a-plot theory is that the Greenpeace operation was planned to fail, and people who hold this theory say that the evidence is on their side: the Rainbow Warrior was bombed right in Auckland harbor; agents seem to have left a trail for the British Secret Service, along with providing the New Zealand police with such obvious clues as a traceable rented camper; spies and saboteurs who by all accounts could not speak English were sent to an English-speaking country; *les faux Turenges* called home from a foreign police station on open lines.) On the other hand, it just as easily raises the question of military competence, because the operation was so misguided it might just as well have been sabotaged from the inside.

The important question, of course, has to do with the quality and calm of the leadership here, and this is probably why the French got interested, and then obsessed, with Greenpeace. It has to do with why some of the most powerful people in France were so upset by the idea of an unarmed protest boat that they decided to destroy it. It is not usually France's policy to treat its passive resisters and dissidents and protesters like terrorists. The disturbing thing about Greenpeace is the sense one has of discipline out of control.

THERE has always been something puzzling to foreigners about the way the military is courted in France. The assumption that a strong army will defer to civilian authority is supposedly at the heart of the social contract in a democratic state—and not quite at the heart of the social contract here. Mitterrand permitted the arrests of the five talkative secret agents to calm his generals down. Hernu resigned talking about the honor of the army. Lacoste himself warned Mitterrand that his responsibility in the affair was a military one. It may be that Joxe and, later, Fabius were asking Mitterrand to choose between the army and the government when they delivered their own ultimatums about Greenpeace; Mitterrand did choose, in a way, by letting Hernu and Lacoste go, and by putting Fabius on television to blame them, but he was as nervous as the president of a shaky banana republic until he had restored its "honor" to the armed forces. The fact is that it was General Imbot who appeared in his ribbons and medals to "close" the Greenpeace affair, and not the President himself (or his new Defense Minister). People were surprised at first that the President had asked Imbot, and then they were surprised because asking him





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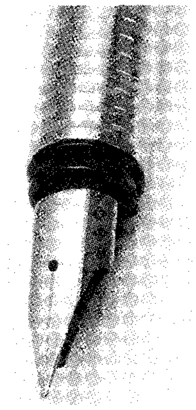

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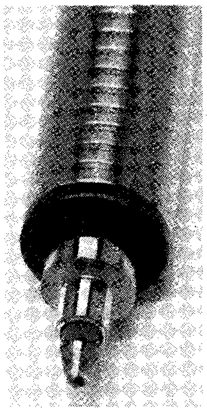

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meant the President believed—or had been persuaded—that what the country needed was military rather than political assurance. The army today is not the old French army, with its officers tied by privilege and family to the other ruling classes of the country and an authority that had to do with the conquest and maintenance of an empire, and with the wars France fought. Today's army is really de Gaulle's. He patched it together in '44 and '45 of Resistance fighters, Free French officers, Communist *maquisards*, agents from the prewar secret services, old Pétainists, and just about anybody else who came along. It was mainly their humiliation in Indo-China that united them. "A bitter *rassemblement*," Jean Planchais, who used to be military correspondent at *Le Monde*, says, and not much sweetened by the war in Algeria that followed, or by the orders to withdraw that put France close to civil war. The classic way to console an army without wars to win or colonies to pacify is to give it weapons, and this, of course, is what de Gaulle did with his Force de Frappe. He assigned the prestige of what the French call *le nucléaire* to the Air Force, which supported him—and withheld it from the Army, which was giving him trouble. He conferred that prestige like medals, and so have his successors. It is not so hard to understand why France's officers despise the Greenpeace boats that sail, so to speak, right into the waters of their prestige and mock it by refusing to go away.

John Ralston Saul, a Canadian writer who lives in Paris and is best known here for a novel about the assassination of the Gaullist general Charles Ailleret, said last week that the most important moment in the Greenpeace affair was not René Imbot's speech but a radio speech by another general warning that if French military men were used as scapegoats "there would be a *malaise* in the army"—meaning a withdrawal of support from the government which, according to Saul, would amount to a highly sophisticated coup d'état. French politics have been punctuated by this sort of military withdrawal since the Revolution. De Gaulle came to power not in an election but because the military had had enough of the Fourth Republic and of the wars no one was allowed to win, and so it withdrew, as it were, from France until the President—it was René Coty at the time—had no choice but to ask

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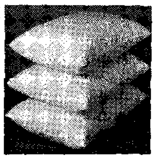

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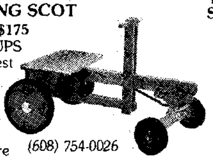

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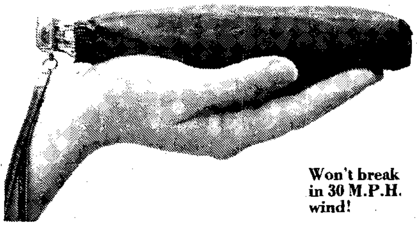

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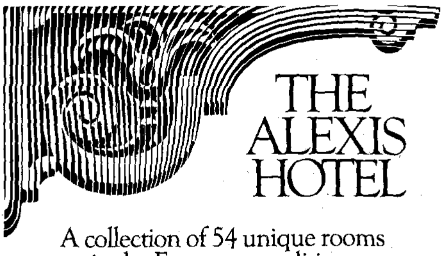

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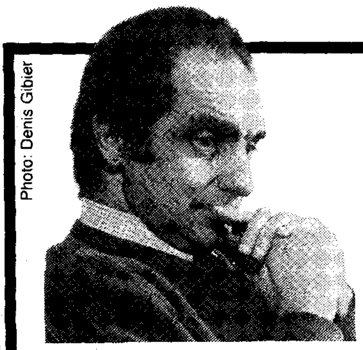
de Gaulle to form a government. De Gaulle began to lose that power when the military left him, as it were, with 1968 on his hands. It may be true that *le nucléaire* is what keeps the military from "withdrawing" now. It is certainly true that *le nucléaire* is what links French men and women, whatever their politics, to the army. The French like being the great nuclear power that General Imbot invoked. They have no argument with the army about nuclear weapons or about the policy that is always referred to here as "nuclear dissuasion." ("*Ma bombe est indiscutable,*" Mitterrand is said to have told Mikhail Gorbachev when Gorbachev was in Paris this month and asked for negotiations on the Force de Frappe.) They have no argument about nuclear power of any sort. Brice Lalonde's Écologistes are rarely heard from anymore, except when something like Greenpeace happens and Lalonde is called on to give "the ecologists' view." When the Rainbow Warrior tried to block Cherbourg harbor a couple of years ago to stop delivery of twenty-four tons of atomic waste to the city, people talked about Communists and hippies interfering the way they talked about Communists and hippies this year when someone reported that Greenpeace was going to "invade" Mururoa atoll with a fleet of rubber kayaks armed with flowers. People in France do believe that their authority and independence and influence rest on an arsenal of bombs and a capacity for "dissuasion"—and they believe it all the more because authority and independence and influence are precisely what they lost with the Occupation and the wars in Indo-China and Algeria and the dismantling of France's considerable empire. They believe the reason that any of the South Pacific is still French has to do with France's nuclear presence in the world. Not even the Frenchmen who live in territories like Tahiti or New Caledonia are moved by arguments about the risks of underground tests so close to home—the risks of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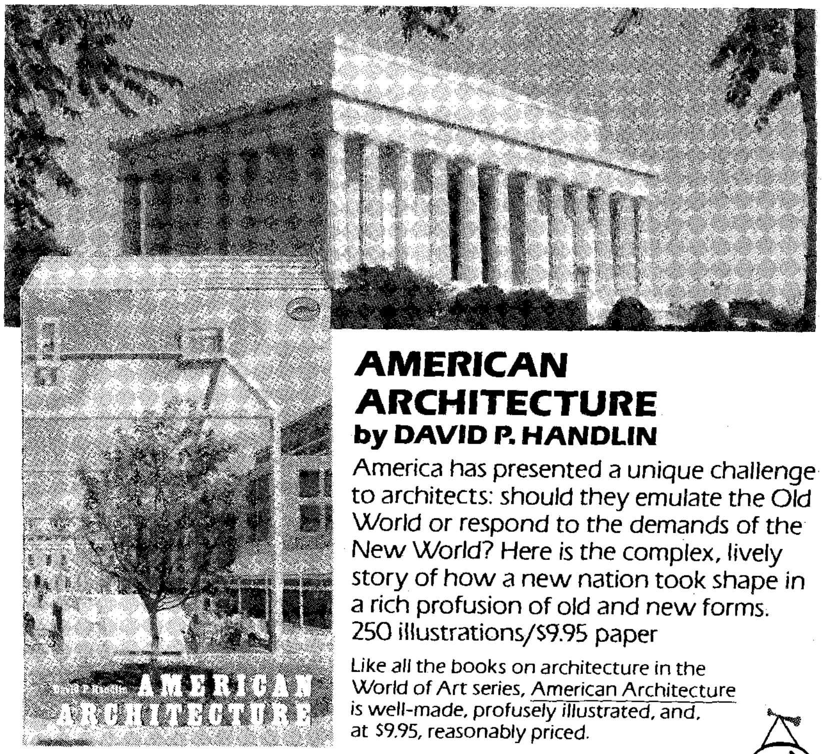

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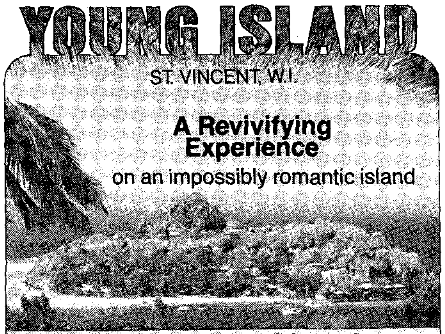

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radioactive leaks through the porous coral of a test atoll or any of a hundred accidents. (When photographers from Gamma-Télévision, a French company that started filming aboard the Greenpeace flagship this week, needed a boat for their equipment, they had trouble finding anyone in Papeete who was willing to rent them one.) The Force de Frappe may be a symbol, insofar as no French leader could really consider using it on his own—but it is a powerful symbol. It represents what the French consider their strength and their sanity in the middle of a morally weakening Europe. People here look at pacifists in places like West Germany and assume that they have been either maddened by romanticism or indoctrinated by Communists or simply drugged. They look at politicians in the South Pacific—politicians like David Lange, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, and Bob Hawke, the Australian Prime Minister—who talk about a "nuclear-free ocean" and assume either that *they* are staking claims to other people's (including France's) territory or that they are simply as ignorant as Europeans have always suspected they were.

THE actress Simone Signoret died last week. It was ironic, to the people who knew her, that she should die at a time when the papers were so full of news about deception and betrayal and important politicians lying "incompetently." Signoret, who was never a politician, was a passionate truth-teller about political life. She was trusted the way politicians here (Pierre Mendès France was the exception) are never trusted. She had such a spontaneous integrity that over the years she came to stand for the integrity that was possible in public life. She was sixty-four when she died, of cancer, but she had already acquired a kind of moral force, along with her famous wrinkles and her smoker's voice, that everyone in France recognized. She was known for her causes, but she was loved for the fact that she never lied to defend them.

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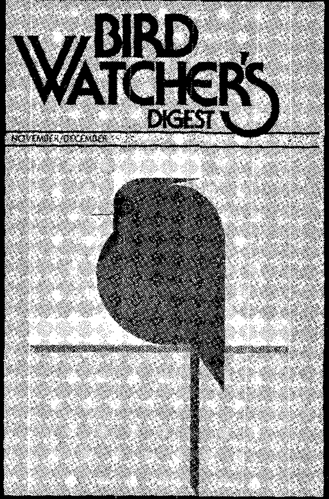

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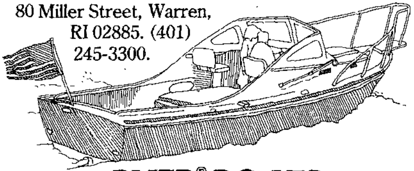

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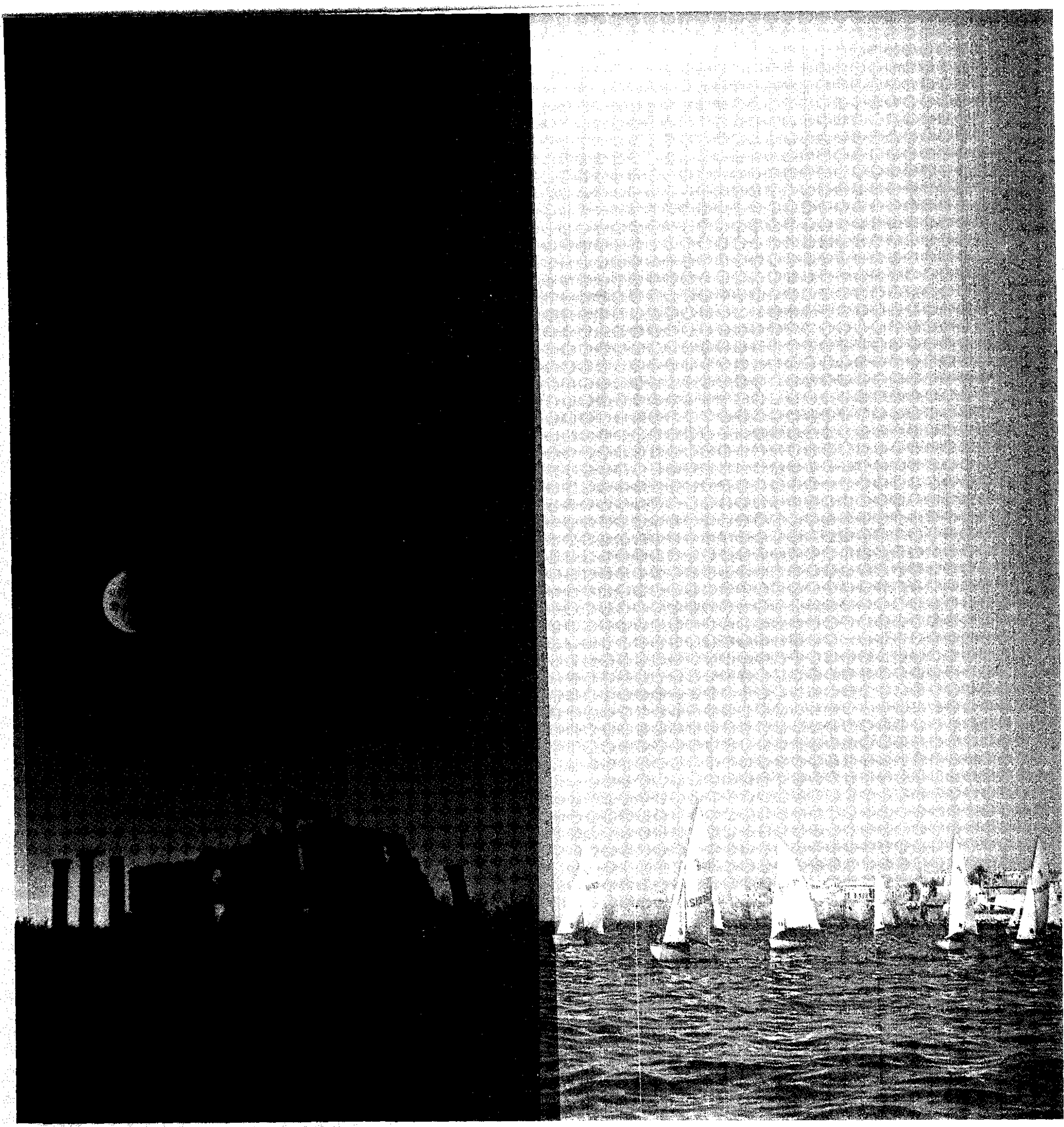

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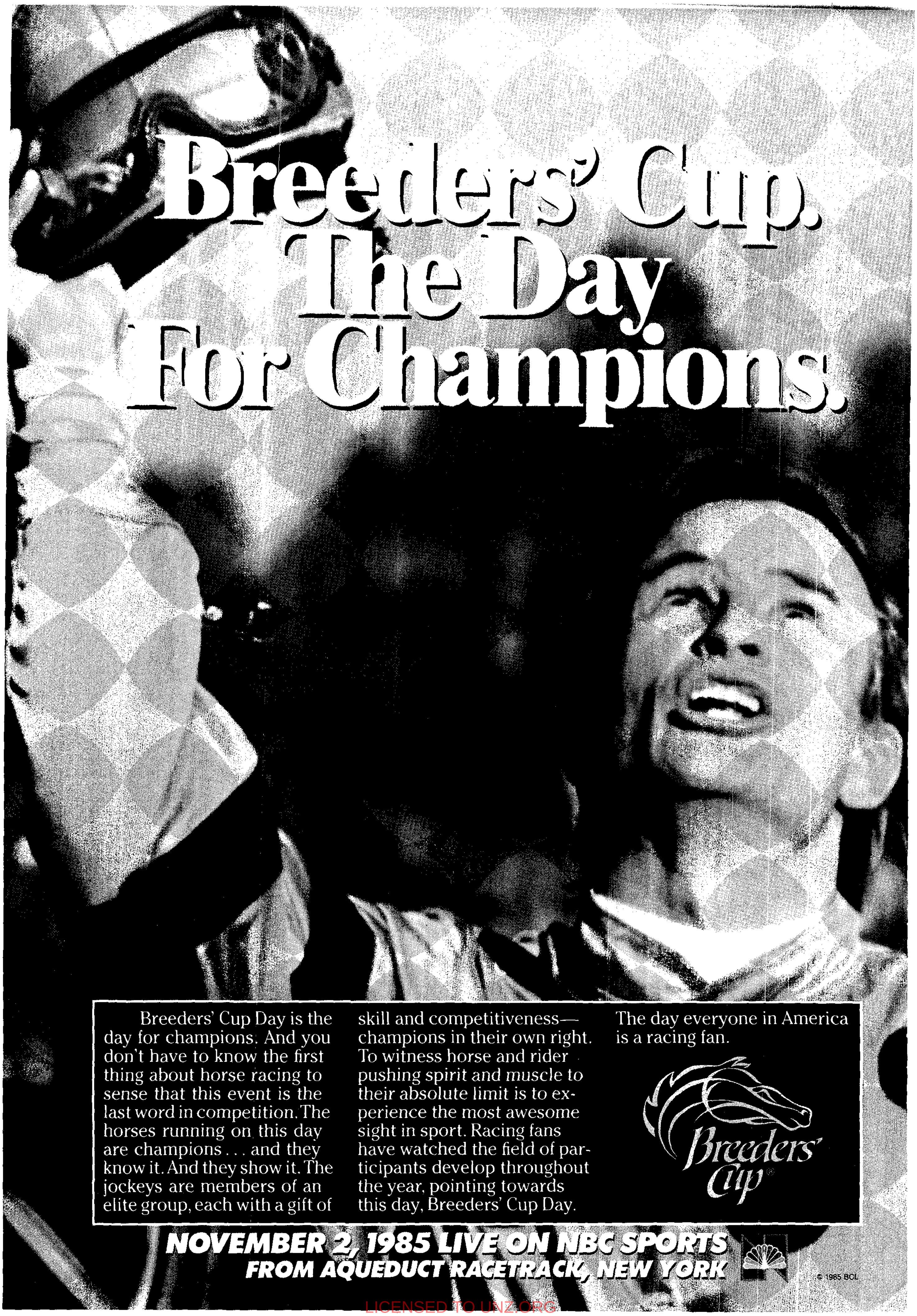
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Bad Neighbors

PENELOPE MORTIMER'S new novel, "The Handyman" (St. Martin's; $12.95), is, to make no ones about it, a lovely book—fierce in ts disillusion, poetic and carefree in its anguage, comic and horrifying and eeply familiar all at once. Concernng three years of widowhood as exerienced by sixtyish, conventional 'hyllis Muspratt, who must cope with wo grown children, two grandchilren, an oddly bouncy handyman, and handful of churlish neighbors in the inister village of Cryck, the novel hows the deft social weave at which nglish fiction excels, but presents its vents with a terse fury the opposite f sociable complacence. An undercurent of desperation presses against evry harsh, droll detail. Phyllis's husand dies in the first paragraph with a tunning lack of fuss: "Gerald Musratt gave no indication of what he as about to do. He walked over to the rench windows in the dining room to spect the weather and, without even rning round, died." aki or Evelyn Waugh ight have begun ith such icy inconequence; but neither ould have so impresionistically given us, few sentences on, the hurn of a distraught oman:

> At first she trembled ith shock, all of a ither; swivelled on her aunches, not knowing hich way to turn, pantng little gasps which unded like oh dear, oh ear God, oh; her hands uttered, patting, pulling t his hairy tweed jacket hen flying away as hough stung. She saw he table from an unnown angle, the packet f Bran Flakes blocking he ceiling, the heavy rches of the toast-rack arnished on the inside, he shadow beneath the im of the plate over hich the dead man's armalade oozed. What o do?

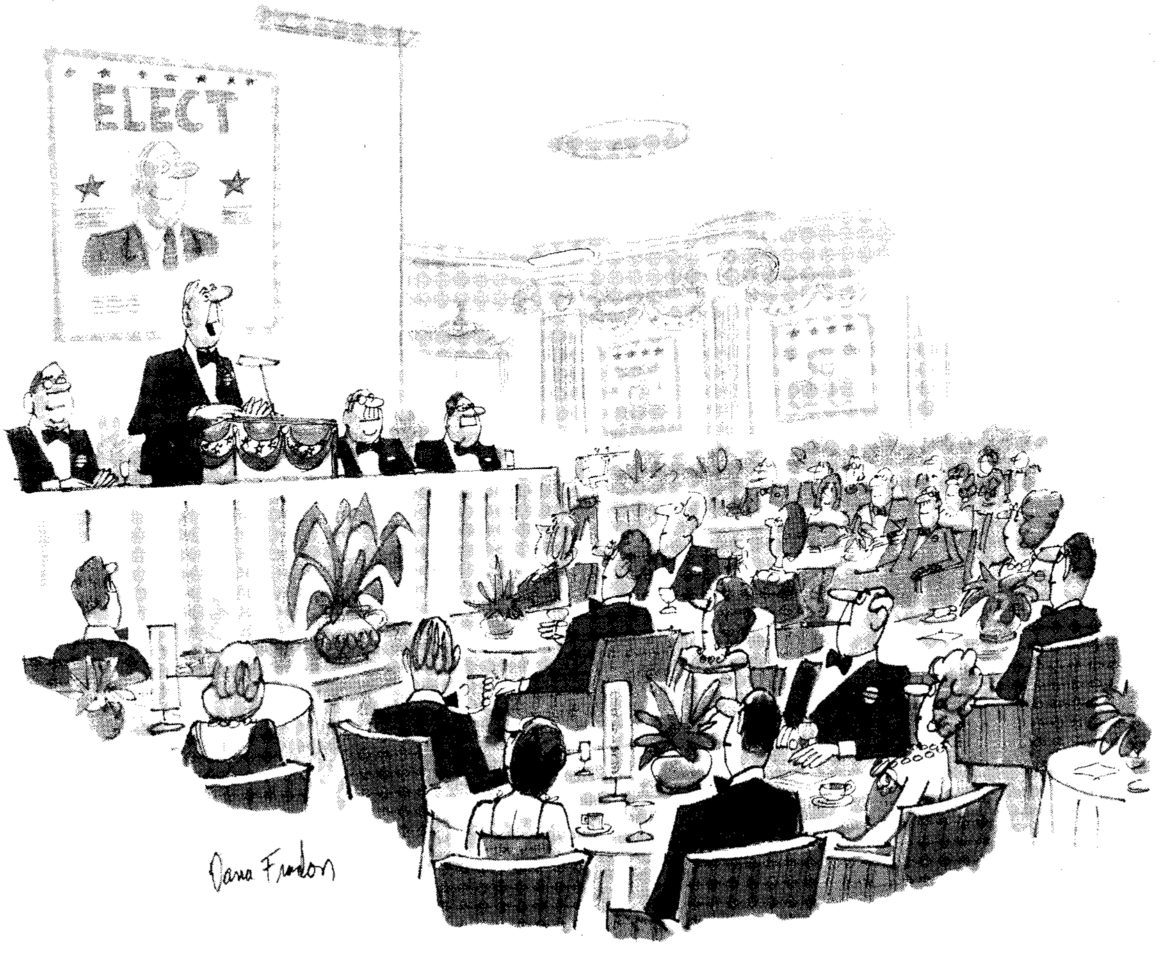
t this height of disress and dishevelment, he cleaning lady arives, and impartially idies up. "Mrs. Rodburn took over. By lunchtime Gerald had been removed, the table cleared, the breakfast things washed up and put away." Life goes on, in an atmosphere of harrowing triviality.

The light-handed speed and offhand knowingness of the prose could have been achieved only by a highly skilled writer impatient with mere skill. From such exquisite, charmingly placed phrases as "swivelled on her haunches" and "flying away as though stung," the prose can descend into the telegraphic, as when Phyllis's daughter encounters marital trouble:

> The impossible had happened. Sophia and Bron had talked about his affair. About all his affairs. She had left him. Walked out on Selina and Jasper. That was it. That was the end.

These fragmentary and breathless sentences tell us all we need to know, and the grim comedy of Sophia's violent reaction (she runs to her mother, who unbeknownst to her has her own troubles) lies in the prodigious importance this standard, casebook event has for her, to whom it appears unique. Sobbing into paper towels, she spills to her distracted mother all day long the young wife's classic litany of wrongs:

> Bron had been having these affairs, these things, for some time. Well, Sophia didn't blame him. It wasn't that. She knew she wasn't, well, perhaps she wasn't much fun in bed but she was so worried all the time, it was all right for men but of course she wouldn't take the pill—you didn't go out of your way to get cancer, did you?—and she hated the idea of having some foreign body inside her, she meant the coil of course, and she was terrified of getting pregnant again, terrified. . . . No, what she couldn't stand, what really upset her, wasn't the actual *sex*, it was—well, she didn't know how to explain it—it was the *nice time* he had with these women, it was the fact that he talked to them and went to discos with them and took them to the movies, and they had no children to worry about, they could go out any time they liked, they could spend hours over their hair and their—well, it was all that. It was so bitterly unfair. . . . Well, she had put up with it so long as it didn't *inter-*

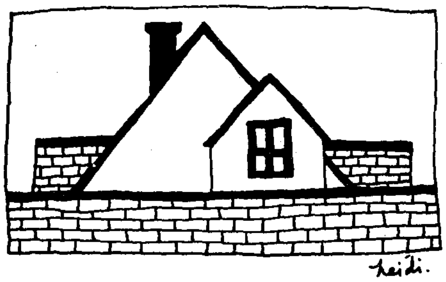


"Mr. Chairman, distinguished fat cats . . ."

fere. She had settled for it. That was the way things had to be, she had told herself, and so long as he kept quiet about it she could manage. But he had actually expected her to *discuss* the situation, as though it were, as though it were something else he expected her to deal with.

The reader's laughter at this long, winding plaint isn't altogether heartless; it is congratulatory, honoring the author for the prototypical perfection of the imagined discourse, and the virtuoso deftness with which the requisite notes are played. Mrs. Mortimer's ear is as keen as her eye; again and again the distances behind ordinary banal exchanges open up, and all our troubles are put in the withering perspective of human repetitiveness—of authentic sorrow seen as chronic cliché: "Isabel watched her mother approach with a familiar sense of doom. When she finally arrived after this arduous journey up the path, she would certainly inflict some punishment. 'How did you sleep?' she might ask, inferring that it was Isabel's duty to sleep soundly; 'Have you had breakfast?', implying that if she hadn't, she was deliberately starving herself to annoy; worst of all would be 'How do you feel?', a question so unanswerable that to ask it was a deliberate gibe."

Rebecca Broune, an anti-social, burnt-out writer, is the only even remotely companionable neighbor for the widow Muspratt in her lonely Cryck cottage. Rebecca is lovingly described, in sentences of breezy compression and verve. "Her three marriages and countless love affairs had all ended in disaster; so, on numerous occasions, had she herself, or very nearly, snatched back by stomach-pumps, blood transfusions, electric current, medications of the most dubious kind and enough psychiatrists to set up a small symposium. All this had not made her the happiest of women, but had given her insight of a kind." The kind of insight, we may infer, that enables Mrs. Mortimer to cover so much psychological terrain with such rasping authority, from the menace grandchildren hold for a grandmother ("their merciless eyes, which weren't turned inwards, like Sophia's, their greed, their ruthless clamping on to her old love") to the bachelor blankness of a son who has loved his father too well, and from the jaunty effrontery of a country con man and pervert to the style in which a prospering Jewish banker husband shines in the eyes of his former, and now sadly deteriorated, wife: "Ralph had always been a handsome man, but uxoriousness had perfected him. As he came out from behind his desk and glided rather than walked across the enormous drawing room of his private office toward her, Rebecca felt a spasm of admiration and regret, cruel as a wet winter. . . . He was tall, and had never been slim; she knew that a considerable belly must be contained somewhere between the massive chest and spare hips, but there was little sign of it—his dark suit gave him the line and grace of an old race-horse, lovingly groomed. . . . They were not just an old divorced couple. He had moved back to his Hebrew origins, entrenched himself in law and legend; from this inviolable position he saw her, she felt, at a great distance, a trivial, despicable creature, physically repulsive and morally unsound." Rebecca's physical ugliness is rather doted upon: "Her ugliness gave her a curious satisfaction. It protected her against upstarts and repelled nuisances. In case anyone should see through it she reinforced it with wild, greying hair, baggy denim, shapeless clod-hopping shoes; what remained of her fingernails were ridged with earth; through constantly holding a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, one eye had become smaller and redder than the other." Her daughter, timid, suicidal Isabel, has an even more fearful view: "Isabel, thinking herself camouflaged in the shade of the plum tree, imagined her mother as an old dog, scarred and moth-eaten, its yellow teeth still able to tear flesh, its hydrophobic little eyes like red-hot cinders in dark places." Rebecca has ceased to write, is rude to everyone, and gives all her love and energy to her roses. In the end, she returns to the typewriter, to tell the story of Phyllis Muspratt, as if to atone for having been an indifferent neighbor; Rebecca's revival as a writer turns out to be the hidden thread of this many-sided, relentless chronicle of the way in which parents and children, husbands and wives fail, frustrate, and fascinate one another. We are all indifferent neighbors. I don't know when I have last read fiction that gave me such an exhilarating sensation of being scoured by the brisk, bleak truth of our human condition and human interrelations. The long-silent Penelope Mortimer (whose last novel, the equally remarkable bu quite different "Long Distance," appeared in 1974) has made a brillian return to print.



THE Irishman Benedict Kiely, a year younger than Mrs. Mortimer, has also produced a novel tinged by the bitter wisdom of late middle age and raked by sore disenchantment but his book, "Nothing Happens in Carmincross" (Godine; $16.95), is lamentably diffuse, as muddied and meandering in its execution as the Englishwoman's is crisp and direct. Mr Kiely has always been a garrulous writer, most winningly so in such lilting short stories as "A Journey to the Seven Streams," where the easy, talking prose tumbles along as brightly a a mountain brook. He has, Thoma Flanagan informed us in his introduction to Kiely's collection of storie "The State of Ireland" (1980), a mind spectacularly stocked with quotations and songs; echoes drawn from this mental treasure have often deepened the run of his heroes' meditation and enriched our awareness of Ireland's complicated, incessantly verbalized history. But through his presen hero, the historian and college teache Mervyn Kavanaugh, Mr. Kiely ha provided himself with too smooth a conduit to his own erudition and ha drowned his tale in recollected words.

The tale is a slight one: in the summer of 1973, Professor Kavanaugh, who has been teaching at a girls' college in Virginia, returns to Ireland to attend his favorite niece' wedding; accompanied by an overweight and complaisant barmaid named Deborah, and pursued by phone calls from his estranged wife in New York City, he drives north from the vicinity of Shannon Airport to his home village of Carmincross, in Northern Ireland, where terrorist mischief mars the wedding. On this journey I clocked the literary allusions a two and a half per page, and braced myself every time the dialogue veered into the thudding rhymes of Celtic balladry:

—Up from the south, Deborah, at break of day bringing to Winchester fresh dismay. The affrighted air . . . what's afte that?

—You're asking the right woman.

—Was it with a shudder or like a shudder bore, like a herald in haste to the

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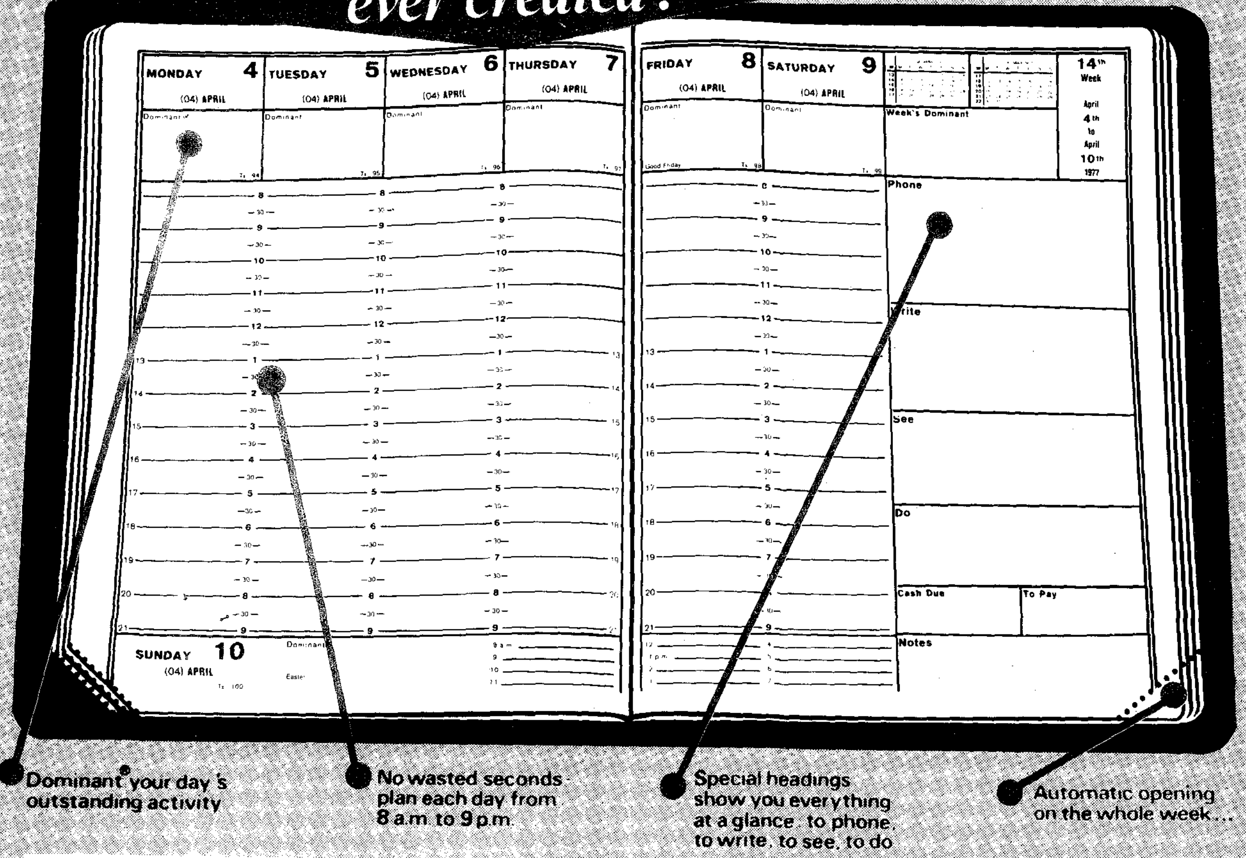
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> chieftain's door, the terrible grumble and rumble and roar . . .
>
> —Rhymes with whore.
>
> —. . . telling the battle was on once more and Sheridan so many miles away. Deborah, how many miles away was Sheridan?
>
> —Don't know, Merlin. Don't care, Merlin.

She calls him Merlin and her pursuing husband Mandrake, and Mervyn repeatedly indulges the fancy that the three of them parallel the legendary triangle of King Fionn, Queen Gráinne, and her lover Diarmuid. Another character, helpfully called Jeremiah, wields Biblical verses with a vengeance. "Quotations. Quotations," Mervyn's wife complains to him over the phone, and he himself reflects that "the mind of a reading man cursed with a plastic memory, who also goes to the movies, and watches television, is a jumble sale, a lumber-room." Irish history is discussed by the board foot, and a whole scrapbook of terrorist atrocities, Irish and other, is presented by way of conversation, rumination, and daily newspaper reading. Several long letters to the absent Mrs. Kavanaugh are indited in a style quite as leisurely and farraginous as the narrative method itself. Italics are never used to distinguish levels of reality, third person and first swing back and forth from sentence to sentence in Mervyn's stream of rumination, and Mr. Kiely's Joycean loyalty to the dash as the means of signifying speech (a typographical preference whose only conceivable utility is to brand the work at a glance as stubbornly, honorably avant-garde) further clouds the raddled flow. When the author does have an immediate, potentially affecting event to relate—and he has several, toward the end—he tends, Faulknerishly, to skim right past it and then reel it in by flashback. Though not quite incoherent, the novel appears to place coherence low on the list of aesthetic virtues. References to the Falklands War and the Ayatollah's Iran dot the 1973 scene, and an afterword blithely acknowledges such anachronisms with the question "Does it matter?"

Not that Mr. Kiely's fine native style is altogether suppressed. Individual sentences flash out smartly:

> The plane shudders, shakes him out of the brandy torpor, and Ireland is there below him, flat and marked in fields, green and brown, bog and marsh by the silver estuary. One small cloud, cast out by the herd, limps and melts away toward the northeast.
>
> He is blocky in build and low to the ground: with a tonsure of hair of no particular color, a ruddy, pear-shaped face with the plump end of the pear to the top billiard-ball eyes, and a slow sinister smile
>
> The sun is shining. The river now and again spits silver into the air.

But the narrator's eye rather rarely focusses on external appearances. An extended wayward process of self-recrimination and consolation takes tha eye inward and backward. The private aspect of Mervyn's journey, his sexua fling with Deborah, feels wishful and recalls Colonel Cantwell's amour with the Contessa in Hemingway's "Across the River and Into the Trees" even in its cadences: "She stands close beside him, breathing like a young girl. It is a lovely morning over the glen. She is with a man she likes to love with.' "Tell me about Ninon who made love until she was ninety," Deborah begs in much the same tone in which the Contessa requested, "Kiss me once again and make the buttons of your uniform hurt me but not too much.' The barmaid assures her erudite lover "Your fabulous face. It's like a sunse seen from the clifftops." The lady indeed, is so purely the echo o Mervyn's desires and thoughts tha when, late in their travels, she develops an individual decisiveness and a misfortune of her own the author and the hero both hurry, unchivalrously, to drop her.

The public aspect of "Nothing Happens in Carmincross" is of course the Ulster wars, the vicious pollution that Northern Ireland's competing terrorist factions have worked upon the beautiful land where Mervyn was reared, as a Catholic with Protestan neighbors. Carmincross is another version of Mr. Kiely's native town of Omagh, in County Tyrone. The bucolic scenes of his early fiction, to which war and violence travelled only as rumor and as legends spun by Ireland's adventuring sons, now are given over to the "Bombomb Yahoos" of both religious persuasions, whose explosives, homemade (a new cottage industry) of gelignite, fuel oil, and ammonium nitrate, are thrown into pub doors, dropped into letter boxes and delivered by teen-age girls pushing prams. The gangs, whether I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) or U.D.F. (Ulster Defence Force), extract "black rent"—protection money —from shops and businesses, pour appropriately colored paint (orange or green) over the heads of girls suspected of collaboration with the opposite side, and murder farmers in their

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ields and children in their beds. The enturies of Irish struggle against British rule have come, in Mervyn's iew, to the triumph of "thuggery and laggery" and the destruction of muual trust, of every decent institution rom the neighborhood pub to the public schools.

This is a sombre and mighty theme. And no living writer is better equipped han Benedict Kiely, out of the depth f his feeling and knowledge, to dramtize it. But Mervyn Kavanaugh ofers a poor handle on the situation. He as always been, he tells us, an odd nan out among his own fellow-Irishnen: "Coming home to his own peole he realises with a more painful ntensity what he is always conscious f: his oddity, the *éan corr*, the one ird that slipped out of the nest." Our mpathy with Mervyn feels obstructed; ve want to like him better than he ikes himself. Even as he visits the old ites and drives along the old ways his eart hangs back in America, with his nhappy, tenacious wife and "dogvood visions of slim girls like white ish in a blue pool." "They're a happy eople," he jokes, of Americans. To he unhappiness of his own people he as returned as a tourist. Grieve hough he does, Mervyn is merely visting the distressed areas of Ireland; he oes not have to live there, and the end f the novel sees him safely tucked ack into the anesthesia of the New World. Having drunk thirteen Brandy Alexanders before boarding the plane o Ireland, he rejoins New York by aving several more.

One would feel shyer in expressing eservations about this novel's treatnent of a topic so momentous had not Mr. Kiely, in the story "Proxopera" 1979), already handled it consumnately. In that long story, which concludes "The State of Ireland" and is edicated "In Memory of the Innocent Dead," the hero, Granda Binchey, ike Mervyn a teacher with a mind full f quotations, is, unlike him, a lifelong esident of his tormented village and as achieved all his ambitions there. Also unlike him, he is the protagonist f a dramatic action: with his son, aughter-in-law, and two grandchilren held hostage, the elder Binchey is orced to drive a car laden with a time omb into the heart of town. This acion, shown entirely through the old nan's fluctuating observations and resolves, better conveys the agony of Northern Ireland than all the news tems, horrific and deplorable though hey are, that are strung on the crooked line of Mervyn's boozy peregrinations. At its most effective, "Nothing Happens in Carmincross" shocks us as a newspaper does: this happens out there. In "Proxopera," it happens within us, as fiction makes things happen. Compared with the circumstantial, suspenseful flight of the shorter work, the novel rushes ponderously about, feathered in quotations and wildly glowing, like an angel beating its wings but not quite getting off the ground. In this failure to rise we feel the heaviness of its theme.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

STANLEY AND THE WOMEN, by Kingsley Amis (Summit; $14.95). Stanley is Stanley Duke, a successful advertising man escaped from South London and the lower middle class, a reasonably attractive, reasonably likable fellow whose most glaring fault is a tendency to loiter near the drinks tray. The women are his upper-class second wife, his actress first wife, his mother-in-law, a former lover, and a psychiatrist. The story here centers on Stanley's teen-age son by his first marriage, who goes mad and is admitted to a mental hospital for treatment, but it is. Stanley's relationships with the several women in his life—the changing relationships brought about by the boy's madness—that give it substance. None of these women are women that many women would much rejoice in being. Stanley's ex-wife is a horror of self-absorption, his mother-in-law is simply a horror, the psychiatrist is a jargon-spouting idiot. Stanley muses, "Women were like the Russians—if you did exactly what they wanted all the time you were being realistic and constructive and promoting the cause of peace, and if you ever stood up to them you were resorting to cold-war tactics," and, later, "Terrible how they drag us down to their level, isn't it?" Mr. Amis has never before been so vigorously sexist or so brutally chauvinistic. "Stanley and the Women" is a wicked caricature, but it is also a very funny one.

ORIENTAL TALES, by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated from the French by Alberto Manguel in collaboration with the author (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). Published in France in 1938, this book

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is here made available in English for the first time. The recurring themes are desire, art, and the presence of the mysterious in human affairs, and although the collection is a remarkable work of chinoiserie, it is free of the studied feel of imitation; it's as though the stories had actually occurred to the author in the pictorial, vertical structure of Oriental transcription. As she explains in a postscript, the inspiration for the tales was various: the first, about an artist who saves himself from execution by painting a boat onto an unfinished seascape and rowing away, is based on a Taoist fable, and another recounts the circumstances surrounding the death of Prince Genji—a scene omitted by Lady Murasaki. Tellingly, a story that Miss Yourcenar composed solely out of her imagination to explain the lovely name of an actual chapel, Our-Lady-of-the-Swallows, sticks in the mind as possibly the most enduring.

The Death of My Brother Abel, by Gregor von Rezzori, translated from the German by Joachim Neugroschel (Viking; $19.95). An E for "Effort" to the reader, and one for "Exasperating" to the author, of this elegy to Europe—which, it argues, was murdered by Hitler in 1938, to be reborn after "Doubleyou Doubleyou II" as "Yurop—a remote American province." The grief-stricken narrator, a jaded scriptwriter in thrall to "movie piglets," lapses now and then into magnificent prose (a cunning portrait of his aristocratic Bessarabian uncle, reflected in the bulbous contours of his samovar; a fine paean to French light, making for the sort of paragraph that challenges a translator), but too much of this tome consists of dated Sartrean blather about "the vortex of the verbal" and the problematical nature of the "existential consciousness" that is the mark of Cain.

Note: "Rumor and Other Stories," by James Robison, has been published by Summit ($14.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Rome: The Biography of a City, by Christopher Hibbert (Norton; $25). A concise but unhurried history of perhaps the world's most famous city, and certainly the one most celebrated by its visitors. Goethe, arriving in Rome in 1787, exclaimed, "Only now do I begin to live." William James called it "just a *feast* for the eye." Freud called it "an overwhelming experience." William Hazlitt, on the other hand, complained that "the smell of garlick prevails over the odour of antiquity." It is with such comments, such feeling for the human detail, and with an understanding derived from long familiarity with the city that Mr. Hibbert gives us the experience of the ancient republic, the incomparable empire, the holy city, the birthplace of the Renaissance, the centerpiece of the Grand Tour of the eighteenth century, the prisoner of Alaric, of Napoleon, or Mussolini. Mr. Hibbert's method is chronological but epochal: he takes giant steps but stops and lingers when his sense of the significant (or the interesting) is aroused. We learn that Herman Melville dined at the Trattoria Lepri for fifteen cents and that Pope Gregory XVI, in the eighteen-forties, banned railroads in the Papal States as being harmful to religion. In addition to his formal text, Mr. Hibbert includes fifty-five pages of detailed notes, and there are more than a hundred nicely illustrative illustrations, and a map.

Sovieticus: American Perceptions and Soviet Realities, by Stephen F. Cohen (Norton; $12.95), and Grave New World, by Michael A. Ledeen (Oxford; $17.95). Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Mr. Cohen, a Soviet specialist at Princeton, whose book is a collection of his essays on Russian affairs which have appeared in *The Nation*, and Mr. Ledeen, a historian at Georgetown who has worked in the State Department, agree that American foreign policy is inadequate to the challenges it must meet, but thereafter they part company. Mr. Cohen believes that the American government, media, and public suffer from a reflexive anti-Communism and see nothing but evil, suffering, and failure in the Soviet world, while Mr. Ledeen thinks that our media and government soft-pedal the wickedness of the Soviet Union and the malaise of its satellites and cat's-paws. Mr. Cohen maintains that although the Soviet Union needs economic reform, it is not in crisis, while Mr. Ledeen believes that it is. Mr. Cohen argues that increasing trade with the West would gradually commit the Soviets to a friendlier foreign policy, while Mr. Ledeen cites chapter and verse to demonstrate that they are so busy stealing Western technology that they have no incentive to buy it. Mr. Cohen wants us to treat the Soviets as equal partners in the world, and (for example) invite them to play a larger part in the Middle East, while Mr. Ledeen laments our ineptitude in not taking advantage of diplomatic openings to expel them entirely. Mr. Cohen feels that détente would persuade the Russian leaders to attempt domestic policies that might make life more tolerable for Russians, while Mr. Ledeen believes that Russia's privileged bureaucrats, the "Nomenklatura," have no incentive to alter the present system, and regards the Soviet leaders as unreformable, like the czars. The two men often rely on the same data, both are lucid and persuasive, and (perhaps without being aware of it) they share many of the same values.

A Scattered People: An American Family Moves West, by Gerald W. McFarland (Pantheon; $17.95). The story of the author's ancestors down to his mother, who was born in California in 1900, this volume recounts the steady movement of Americans westward, from 1630 on, in search of land and opportunity. Except for John Brown, who was a half brother of Mr. McFarland's great-great-grandmother, the people in this history are not famous, but, through the author's meticulous research, every one of them comes to life. Mr. McFarland's ancestors were involved in the Revolution, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, and were affected by the advanced ideas of their time, including abolitionism. Though distances were great, the bonds of kinship remained surprisingly strong in the two hundred and seventy years of this story, and, with a very few exceptions, the migrants carried their culture, their attachments, and their history with them, like household gods, over the centuries.

Orwell: The Lost Writings, by George Orwell, edited and with an introduction by W. J. West (Arbor House; $20). Orwell spent two of the war years—August, 1941, to November, 1943—as "Talks Producer" for the Indian Section of the BBC's Eastern Service, and the lost

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writings of the title are spoken essays, dramatized stories, and interviews of various literary kinds which he wrote in that capacity, all of them here gathered together for the first time. The pieces—an imaginary interview with Jonathan Swift; "The Meaning of Sabotage;" an essay on Jack London; an adaptation of Ignazio Silone's story "The Fox"—are interesting largely as newcomers to the Orwell canon, but Mr. West's introduction is a fascinating biographical footnote. He relates the circumstances of Orwell's association with the BBC (financial need, in part), describes Orwell's determination to speak only what he believed to be the truth, and gives an account of the famous folk that Orwell enlisted for his service: T. S. Eliot, Stephen Spender, E. M. Forster, Cyril Connolly, J. B. S. Haldane. Mr. West suggests that both "Animal Farm" and "1984" had their genesis in those BBC years, "Animal Farm" owing something to Silone's "The Fox," and "1984" to the working of the BBC and the British censor in wartime.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AN UNKINDNESS OF RAVENS, by Ruth Rendell (Pantheon; $15.95). Ruth Rendell tells us about a man—a husband and the father of a teen-age daughter—who leaves his home in an English village for a sales trip and disappears. She then reveals that he was a bigamist, with another, younger wife and another, younger teen-age daughter. But, she reveals, he doesn't show up with them, either. Then his body is found in a shallow grave. Chief Inspector Wexford learns of a teen-age women's-liberation group whose members are pledged to violently repel the advances of men. The novel starts explosively, it moves through a roller-coaster middle, and it rises to a double-barrelled climax. This is a suspense mystery of the highest order, a novel that—in its structure, in its handling of character, in the quality of its writing—puts most of its like to shame.

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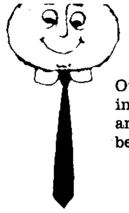

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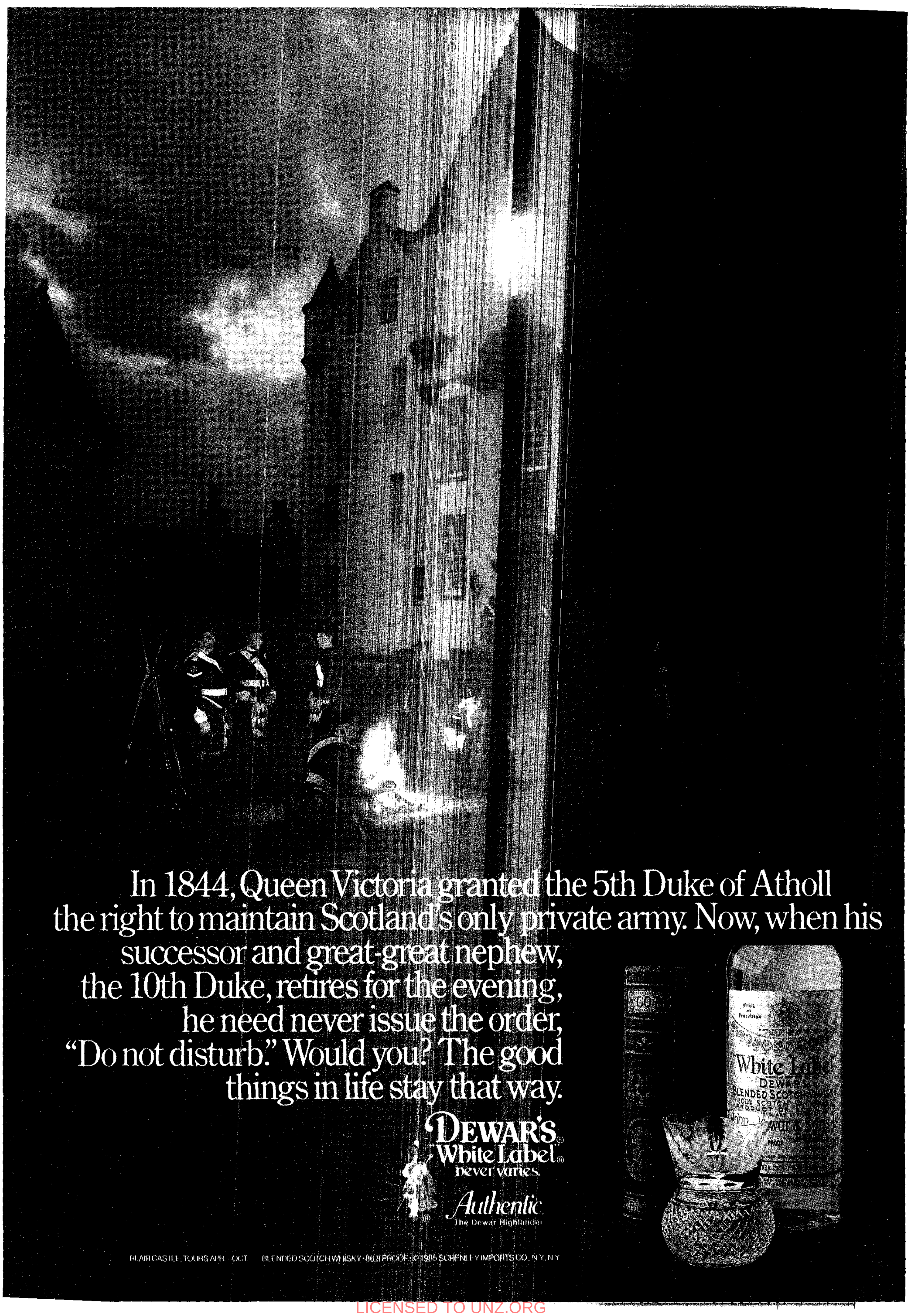

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